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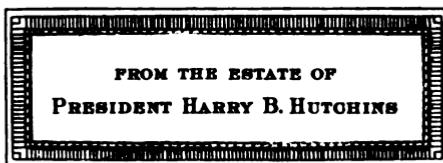
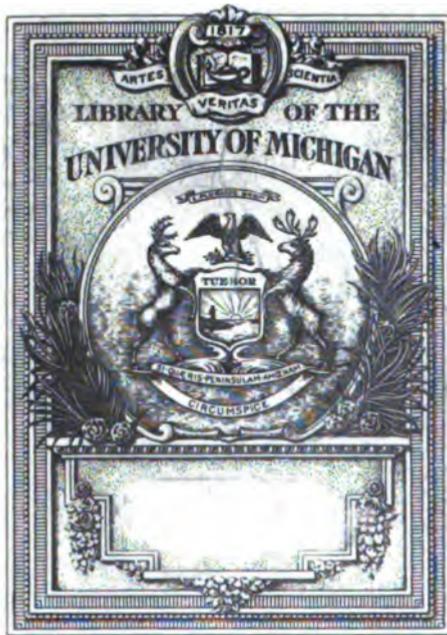
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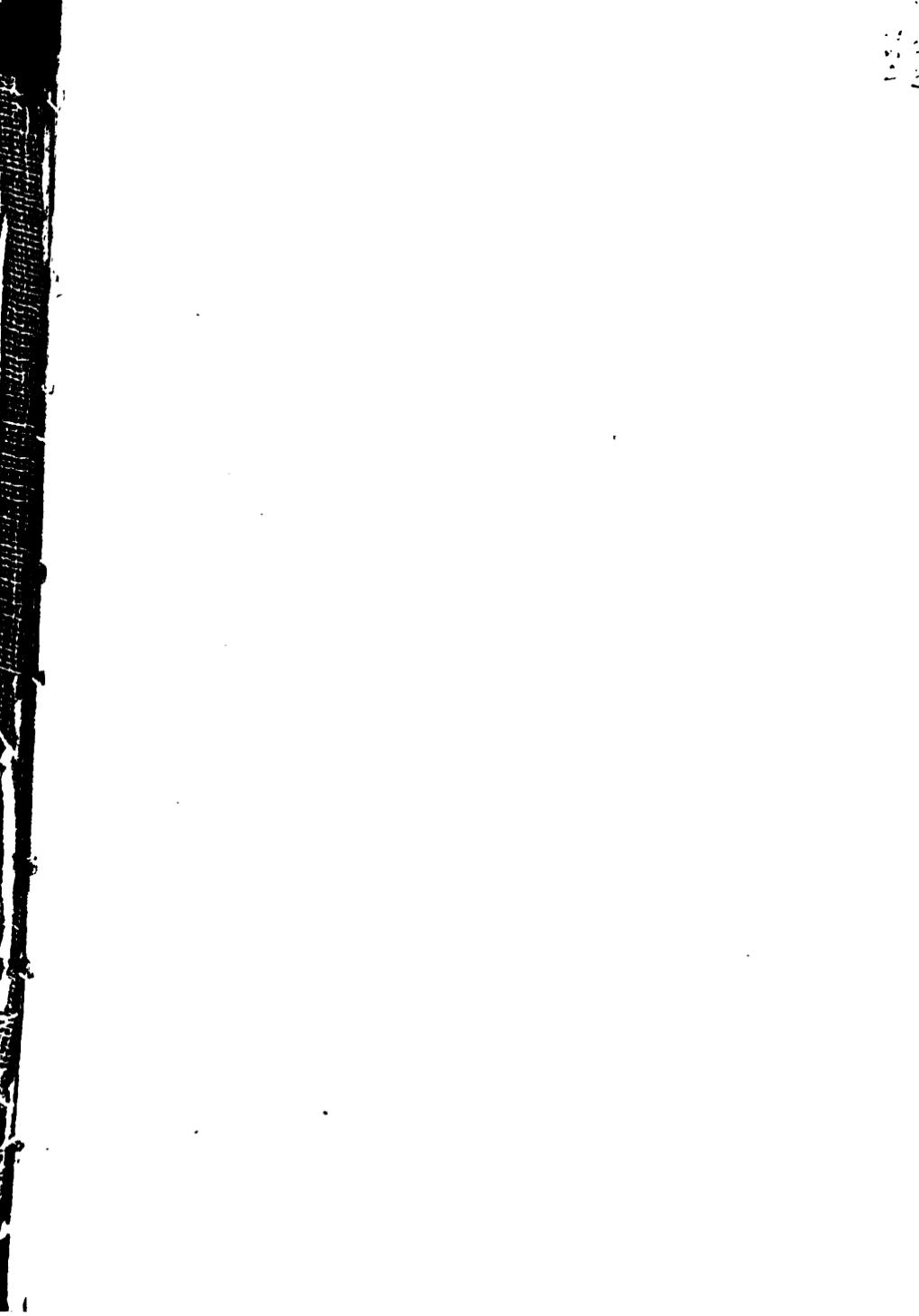
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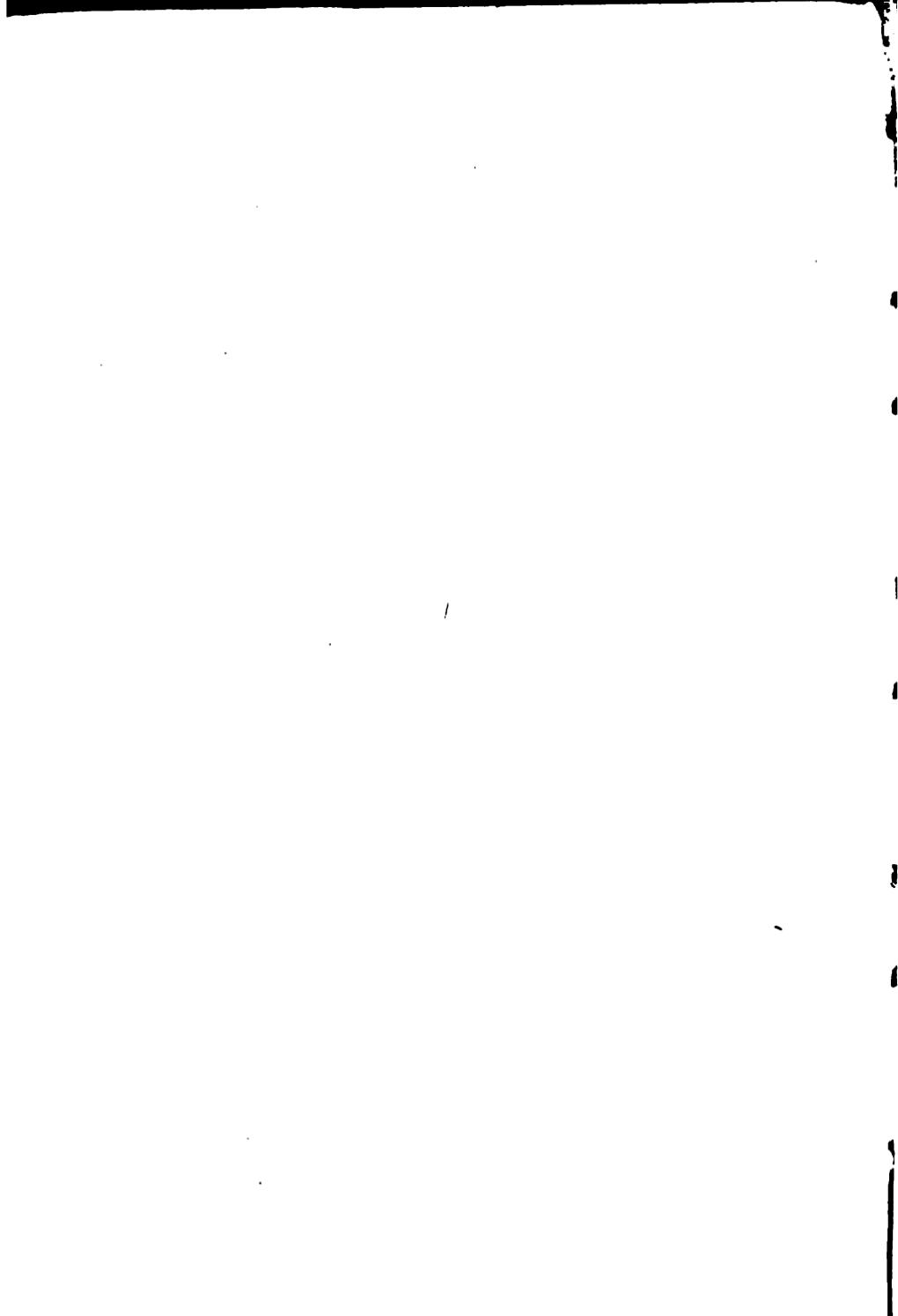
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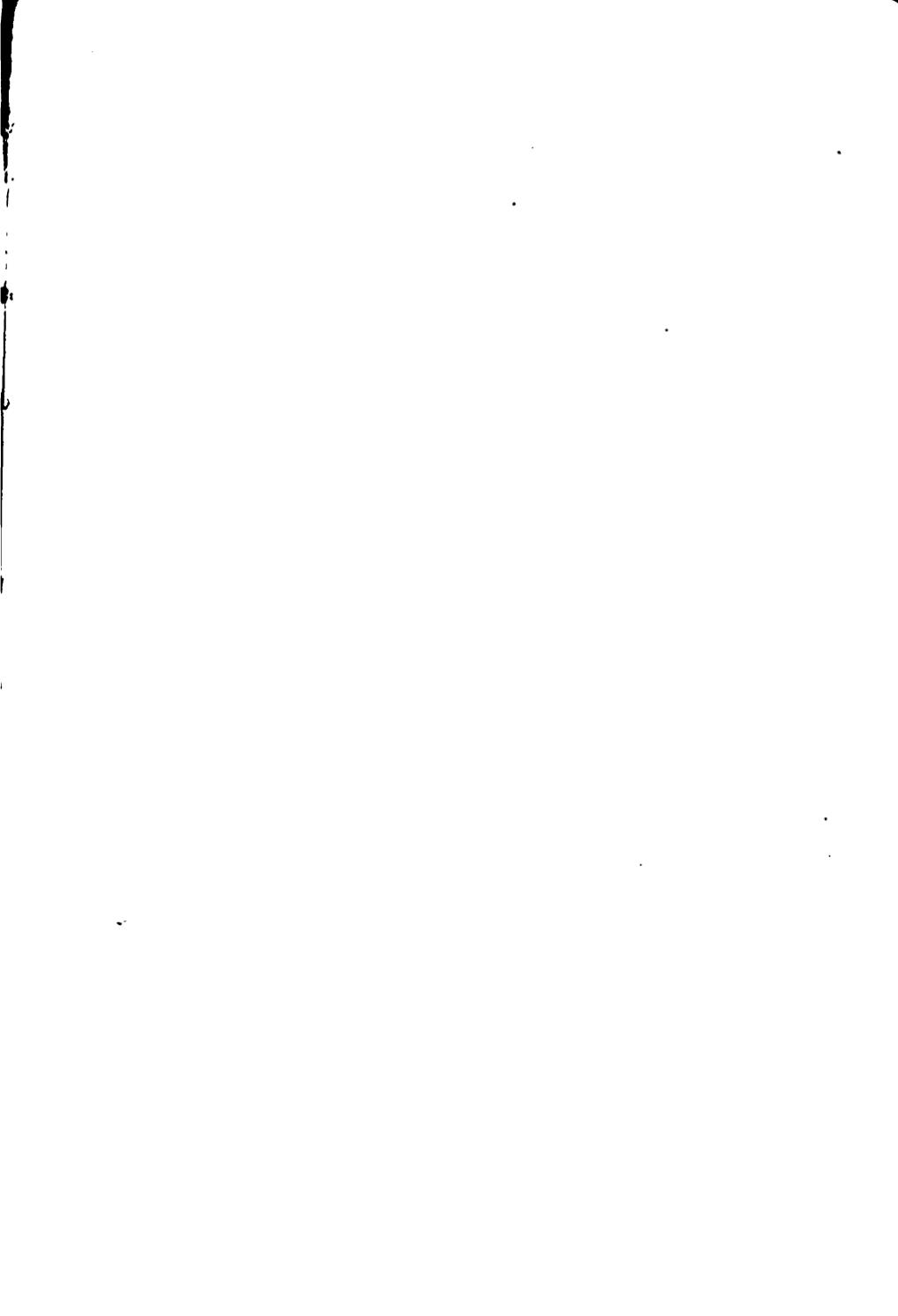
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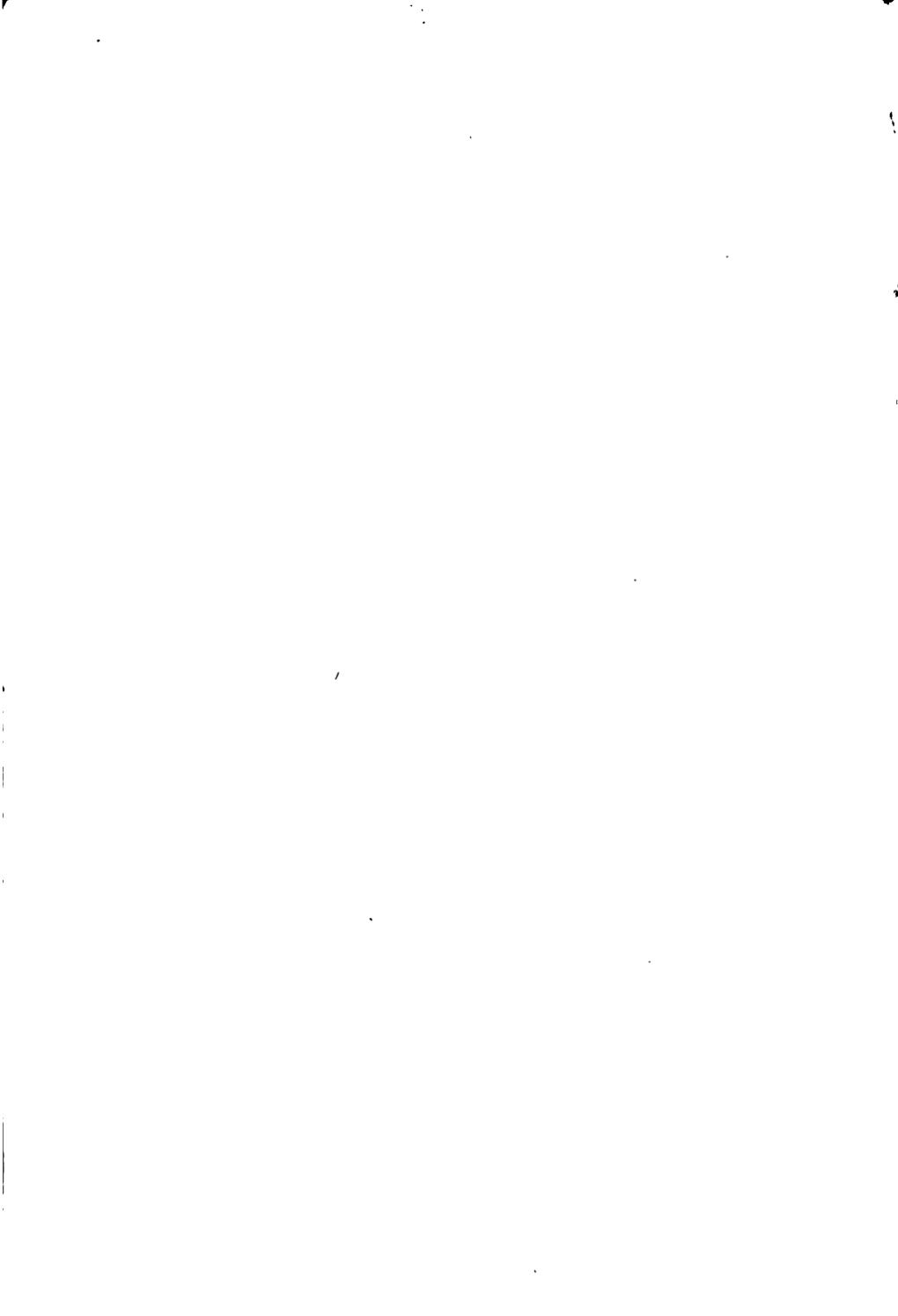


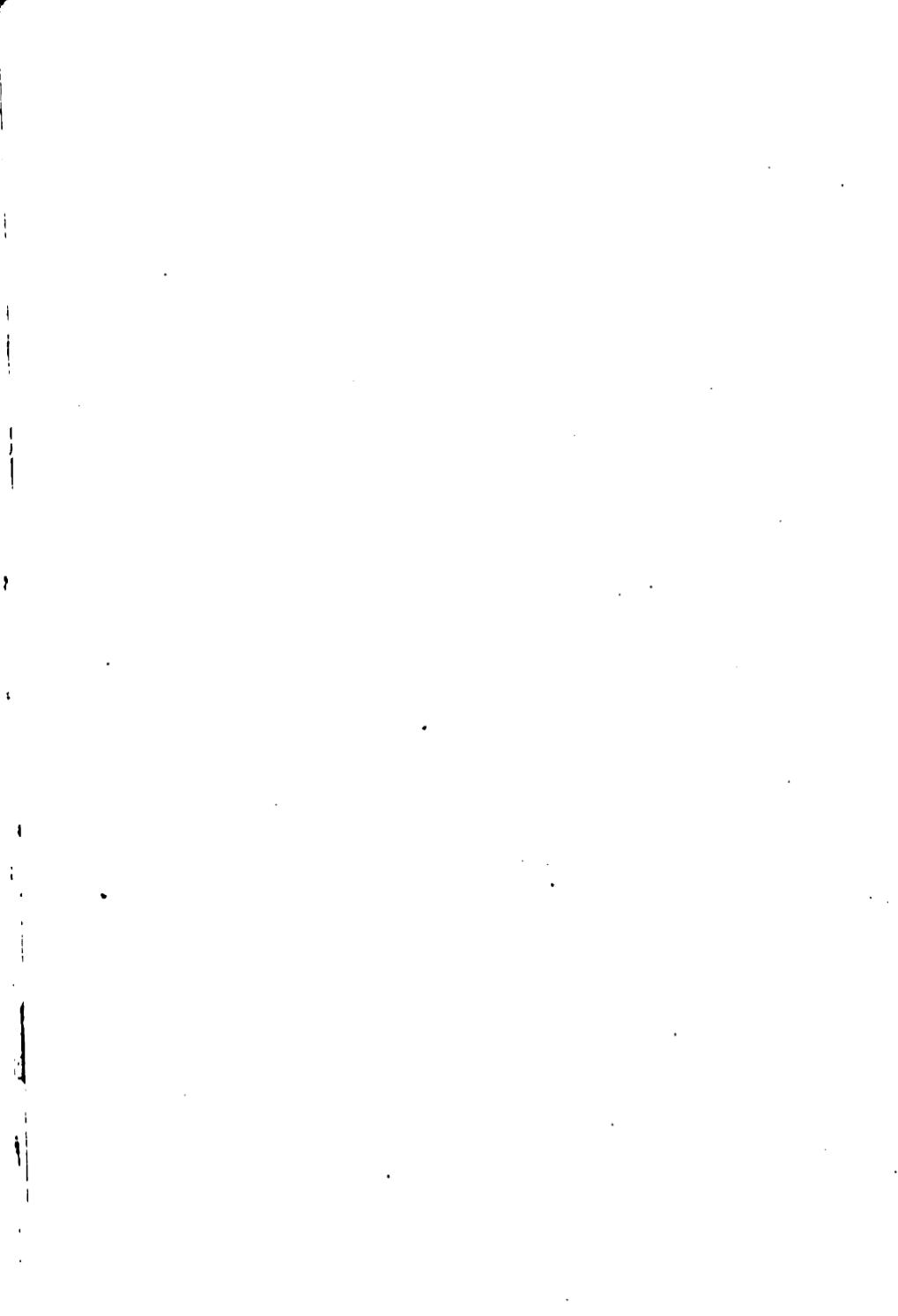




YESTERDAYS
IN A BUSY LIFE

6







CANDACE WHEELER



YESTERDAYS

In a Busy Life

BY
M^{rs}. CANDACE WHEELER

ILLUSTRATED



HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON

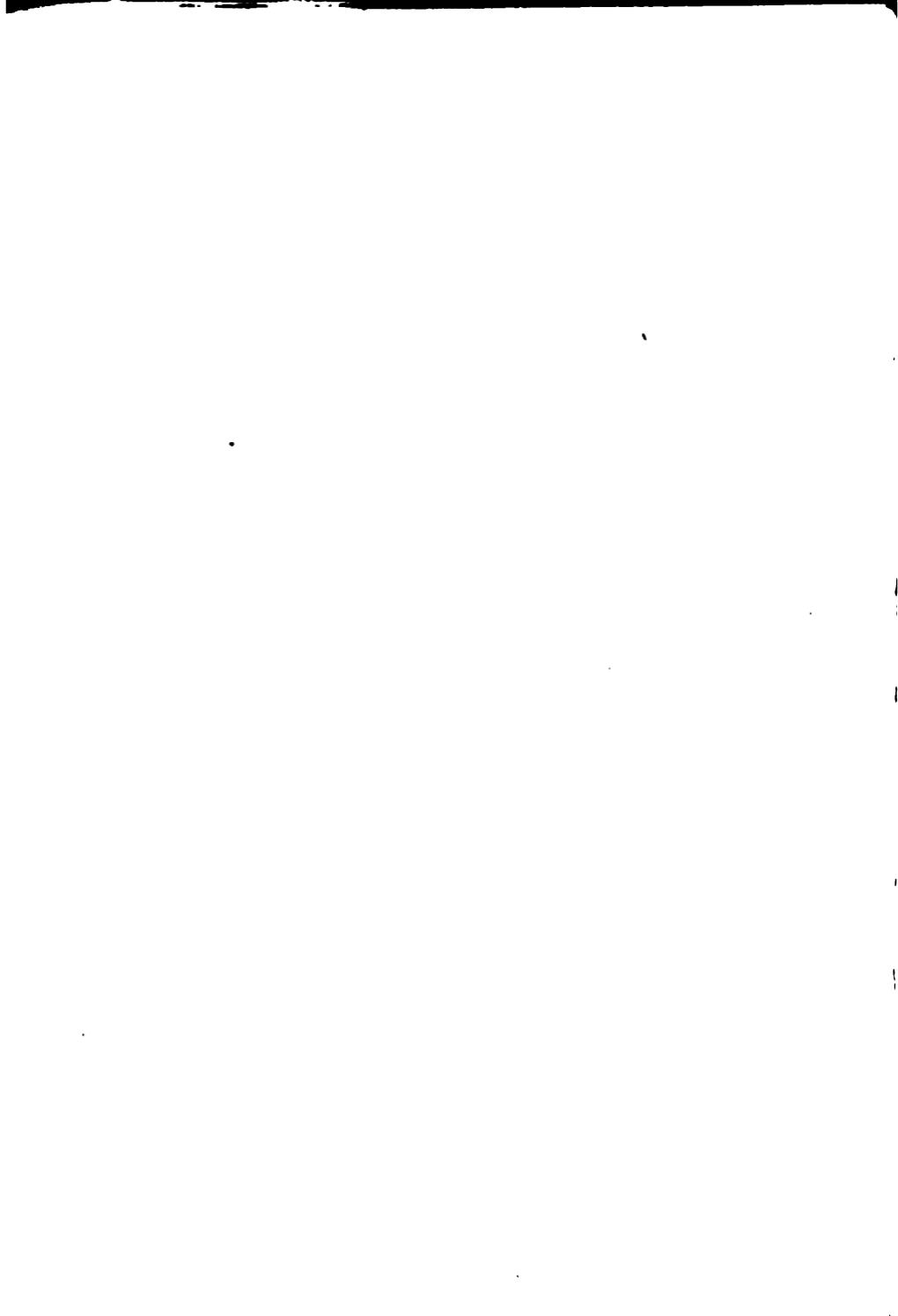
YESTERDAYS IN A BUSY LIFE

Copyright, 1918, by Harper & Brothers
Printed in the United States of America
Published October, 1918

*Gen. M.
From the State of
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2-8-31*

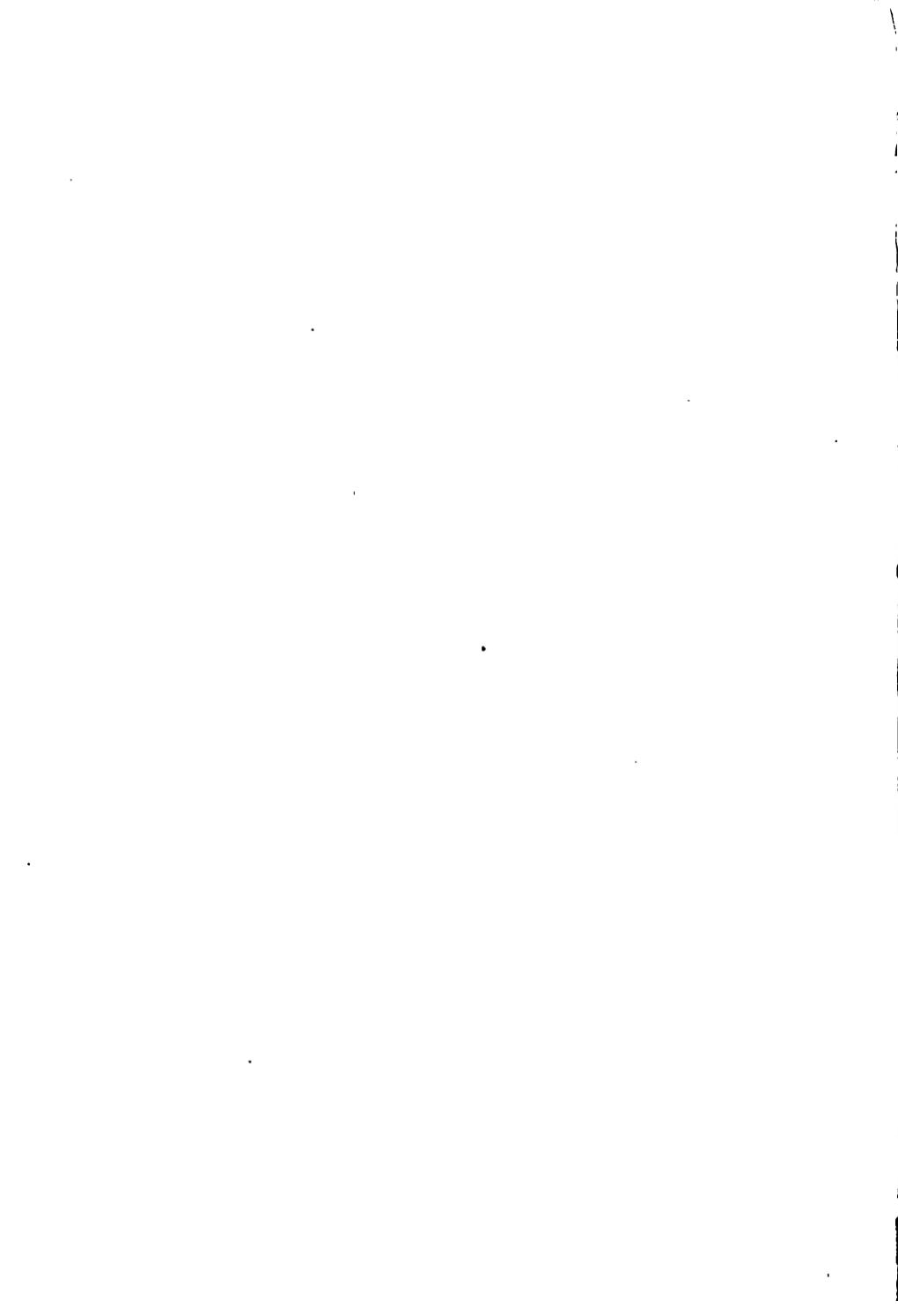
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**YESTERDAYS
IN A BUSY LIFE**



YESTERDAYS IN A BUSY LIFE

I

“WINTERGREEN”

IN writing the story of one's life the instinct is to begin where one stands, at the quiet resting-place where all the issues of life are finally gathered.

To the present years, which are almost unbelievably good to me, and to the future, I have given a new setting—a winter home in Georgia where everything I plant grows into beauty with almost audible joy, where everything I plan falls into a delightful whole, and where the friendships I have made are like a new blossoming of life. All this came to me with an air of whim, quite unbecoming to my years. I saw its unbecomingness in the faces of my old friends, whose exclamations of surprise sounded in my ears like remonstrances. They spelled, “At your age!”

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At my age it becomes increasingly difficult to deal with the new position in which one finds oneself—so much behind and so little before; and certainly, if a certain degree of usefulness and dignity has been maintained throughout life, one would like to plan a graceful exit.

We are told that when a bird's wings grow old and its body too weak for happy migration it looks for and creeps into some small, inclosed solitude. There it remains, and no one knows when its little spark of life goes out into the great force of animate intelligence, to be finally re-fashioned and repartitioned and launched, in new shape, into life again. This final seclusion and secrecy is a part of the bird-wisdom which air-dwelling and sky-flights have taught them; and, since we are learning to fly like birds, perhaps we shall yet learn to die comfortably, decently, and confidently, without offense or anguish to our friends or to the world.

But if I unconsciously planned for seclusion in my Georgia home, I reckoned without my host; for during the nine years of my occupation I have been constantly contriving and building new bedrooms and adding to kitchen and dining-room, until now my retreat houses three generations. Nevertheless, in spite of its being an individual venture, planned for myself alone, I was greatly encouraged and abetted by a friend still in the hey-day of life, who tempted me with a joint forty

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acres of pine and magnolia woods, sweet with flower growths of various delightsomeness.

“Wintergreen” is a great success, and, like all things of virtue, a constantly increasing one. And so, just now and here, I am beginning the story which my children and friends are always urging me to write—the story of my life.

I fancy that every soul of us could write a book which the world would read, if only we dared to tell the exact truth about ourselves and our happenings, and so give a perfect reflection of one human life.

But who of us does dare to do that? Our ideas about ourselves, our very standards of good or evil, inevitably make us hypocrites. The traits which would be interesting in a life-story, we keep in shadow, or carefully cover up. I am conscious of it in every page I write, and I would no more tell of my own mistakes and tempers than I would parade them as belonging to my dearest friend, not half as soon, indeed, for we find various excuses for relating little accidents of behavior in our friends. We even pride ourselves, to ourselves, upon the cleverness of our own conclusions.

Every human being is new in some of his personal idiosyncrasies to every other human being, and if this difference is brought out with absolute fidelity it is of interest. If we should say what we really thought and tell what we really did in

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the different befallings of life, we should be considered original, to say the least.

If I tell a pathetic or laughable or interesting tale of something I have seen or experienced in my ninety years of travel along the highways of life some one is sure to say, "You must write that!" Or, if it is an intimate story of some well-known man or woman long since dead, or an absurd recollection of childhood, or if I recall some of my experiences in the Old World—of meeting Browning at Lady Jeune's in London, and taking mental notes of him as he ate and talked, and thinking that on the surface it was a commonplace personality—some one always says: "You should write that down! You ought to write your life! You have seen so many interesting people, and done so many interesting things!"

"But we have all lived," I protest, "and if we all wrote, why, the world would be full of personal stories, most of them dull."

"But these modern days are so commonplace," some one objects, "and we all see, and know, and live them. You remember things which are different, and which happened before we were born."

Truly so, and I do realize that the old times are different from this present generation and consequently of peculiar interest. I remember that once when we visited Lowell in Cambridge I admired a tall mahogany desk in his library, with

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closed-in book-shelves above. It was a beautiful thing, with shining panels in which the experiences of tree life were to be seen in free-running branches of crimson lights, sienna darks, and delightful shadings of mahogany red; at the top it was finished with urn-shaped finials of shining brass.

"It was my grandfather's," said he. And as we still exclaimed at its beauty, he comforted us by saying, "You can all have relics if you live long enough."

So it seems the beauty and value of the old mahogany desk were in the story of its life, written all along its veins in color, mellowing with the years. If the life of a man or woman could be half so beautiful as that which the tree writes—then it might well be worth preserving.

Now that it is taken for granted that I shall write this book, I get much and various advice as to how it shall be done.

"Tell the truth about everybody!" charges my delightfully frank and honest and withal successful woman-of-the-world friend, Mary Hewitt. "Don't start with the idea of a *book*—write the story of your life; make it a real human document; tell just what you think about everybody; tell of all the great people you have met, and just what you thought of them; relate their vanities and weaknesses, as well as their greatnesses; make the story real, and it will be interesting!"

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Now no one else has said just that to me; they have taken it for granted that I should tell the truth, but, of course, in a genteel and considerate way. My friend, however, will not have any human incidents polished; she wants them in the rough, and she tempts me with success if I tell the naked truth.

"But the truth is sometimes disagreeable," I say. "Moreover, you are not obliged to tell it all; you can leave it out."

"Not if you want your book to be read. Tell the truth about everybody and it will take; everybody will want to read it; the truth about people is always interesting."

I wonder if I shall?

A friend who came in the other day, just after a visit to a many-millioned owner of one of the princely plantations hereabout, remarked, pensively:

"It takes a lot of courage to tell the truth to a man worth eighty millions."

And it may take courage to tell the truth to a prospective audience of readers! Who knows? I shall certainly try to be truthful, but I confess to a sort of passion for picturesque language and a somewhat eager desire to impress people. I remember hearing one of my cousins, who could tell an exceedingly good story, admonishing a child of mine who had been repeating one of them —with variations.

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"Dora Wheeler, when you tell a story of mine, I advise you to tell it *exactly* as I do, for I always make it *just as big as it will bear!*"

Smiling over this reminiscence, I find myself comparing the impression made by my amusing cousin and my truth-telling friend, and I decide that it is as amusing and far more original to tell the truth. But it certainly does require courage. So, for better or for worse, I have begun my story, and, being here, at Thomasville, in the south of Georgia, I will tell how the translation came about, and somewhat postpone the turning back to those small beginnings of me which are the proper starting-off places in any well-ordered autobiography.

The friend of long standing, who was partly responsible for my Georgia experience, and who, although much my junior, was tolerant of age in others, had found this enticing patch of woods. Thereupon she invited me to join her in building each of us a winter home and living in it, instead of drifting from one Southern city to another and consorting with other ideals than our own.

The building of cottages was a much-beridden hobby with both of us, for Mrs. Hoyt had inaugurated the "Shinnecock Art Village," and had planned and adapted numerous small and inexpensive houses for the sandy shores and bays of Long Island at Southampton; while I, for my part, had founded and helped materialize a dream of

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"Onteora in the Catskills!" To each of us, therefore, the designing and building of a house of our own, suitable to the pine woods and the climate, and fitting our very own selves in every wrinkle of our individual natures, was mere play. We were both so enchanted with the thought of actual possession in these ranks and crowds of pine-trees stretching up to the blue, and in the great magnolias with leaves a-glitter in the sun-rays, that we proceeded at once to measure our house spaces and distances from one another without waiting for the formality of deeds. We were, happily, out of reach of masculine remonstrance, and the mocking-birds and crested cardinals seemed to advise immediate action; so day by day the tall pines began to fall from their sky heights and let the sunlight into unaccustomed places.

There was trouble in fitting the prospective houses to the trees, the latter were in such crowds, and one big and very noble one stood exactly where my chimney ought to come. When I shifted the house back the tree crowded the front door, and if I moved it sideways it butted into a pair of twins a hundred feet high. Which should give way, the house or the trees? It was of no use to take counsel with myself, and then the trees were so hopelessly in the majority. There was a trumpet Creeper which had climbed the shapely gray trunks of the twins, covering them with closely lapping leaves and never look-

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ing down until it reached the top, where it leaned into the air and spread its scarlet blossoms among the topmost branches. Of course I spared it, but the wriggling of that inchoate house was wonderful!

Of necessity it had to be what in the North we call a summer cottage, for we could not contemplate anything so serious as a Southern house in the Southern sense, with great columns at the front, fourteen-foot ceilings inside, and all the bravery of the old plantation days, a style evolved by Sir Christopher Wren, and fitted to the broad acres of the South as well as to the great estates of earlier generations of Englishmen.

It was a joy to find lumber and labor cheaper than in the North; wainscoting at fifteen dollars a thousand, instead of thirty-five or forty, and labor at one and two dollars a day instead of from two to five. This meant just so much larger area which could be covered in, and we sat under the pines and watched the quick growth of our summer-winter houses, delighted with the sympathy of our black builders. They are so full of it, this kindly colored race! And the money they earn, apparently, plays so small a part in their satisfaction with you. Any one accustomed to the close bargaining of Northern labor knows how much of the joy of building is lost in the atmosphere of hindrance and demand. One may admire the independence and what goes under the name

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of the self-respect of the Northern laborer, but the smiling co-operation of the kindly black makes life much more pleasant to live. It is true that when some white friend has told you the usual rate of remuneration for a day's labor, you are surprised at the end of the week to be asked twice or three times that amount.

"Oh but, Columbus," you say, "I can't pay that! I will give you a dollar a day."

"Jes' as you say, miss," he answers. "If it gib you satisfaction, it 'll satisfy me."

It is all so easy and pleasant. Think of dealing with a newly arrived Scandinavian in that way! How quickly he would shoulder his spade and go. To my mind, these friendly coal-black, chocolate- or coffee-colored workmen are delightful. Quite different they are from the too sophisticated Northern negro. They have a primitive charm. Their bodies are so unconscious, and follow so thoughtlessly the idle motions of their minds. I wonder if it is wicked to wish that they may never grow to have bodies trained into self-consciousness, or minds which will ape the fashions of the white men.

There is but one small difficulty with this delightful Southern creature with his inheritance of respect for authority; he stands by and sees the private cars come in, and the automobiles let loose, and the plantation acres bought up by thousands, and the old homes swept and garnished

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and scraped and varnished until the very heart-throbs of them can be seen; and, naturally, he thinks that every one who comes from the North is literally stuffed with gold. There is, of course, a certain satisfaction in being considered in this high-flown connection, and it is painful to disabuse the simple souls; however, it has to be done, and the process is unexpectedly easy.

Possibly something of my interest and sympathy is due to the fact that in far-gone days I grew up in a mental atmosphere strongly tinctured with abolitionism and in a house which was one of the out-of-the-way stations of what was picturesquely called "the underground railroad." Slave life to me was then all tragedy, and there was no hint in it of the affectionate relation between slave and master which, I now know, often existed. My child-mind was so dominated by the Puritan thought of wrong that the sense of it remained until the experience of years taught me that even wrong has alleviations, and that servitude in some form is a condition of life.

But old experiences and abstract questions have little to do with my enjoyment of the cheerful if somewhat unskilled labor of the black men. They are so willing to please. It is the quality which wags in the tail of a dog, asking for and appreciation of recognition; and beyond that a capacity for affection unknown to Northern experience. It was that quality which during the

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sorrowful days of the Civil War made them the friends and protectors of the lives and properties of the people who owned them, and so furnished an instance of fidelity unparalleled in history.

We talked of all this, my neighbor and I, as we sat in the shade of the forest, out of reach of the falling pines, those noble trees whose roots had grown far down into soil which was at least prospectively our own, and whose tops swayed in our chosen cube of air and under our own patch of sky.

When we received the deeds of our acres, to me it was not simply a sheet of legal paper, for it covered forty acres of close-crowding gray trunks, with sky glimpses between their feathered tops, and a broad, thick earth-cover of sweet-smelling ocher-colored "pine straw" beneath.

So our houses progressed through the warm Southern winter, and in six weeks we were picnicking in front of our newly built fireplaces, roasting quail in tin camping-ovens in the blaze of our own pine-log fires, and going back to our hotel at night with satisfaction made up of both anticipation and reality. The houses were not half finished when we camped down in them, having ordered our mattresses and bedsteads and bureaus and chairs and dishes and kitchen stoves from that wonderful Chicago fountain which we call a mail-order house, and which spouts every variety of "want supplies." The carpenters knocked to-

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gether our tables, but we made our own curtains and covered innumerable lounge pillows of Southern moss, with satisfactory Southern "domestic" of just the blue of the patches of sky between the pine branches—and, oh, what a joy it all was! And how happily the "blue domestic" contrated with the new pine interiors!

' This is the ninth winter since we did these things, and now there is a broad and long log studio on the eastern side of my "Wintergreen," every log cut from my acres, with honeysuckle finding its way between the logs and doing its best to decorate the interior. There is a green ivy-draped studio for my grandson, Elisha Keith, built by the men of the Keith family and entirely without reference to the picturesque. However, I am training numerous vines into hiding this artistic deficiency; also the close-crowding pines and the experimental orange-trees and persimmons and peach-trees are doing their best to carry out my wishes. The house is covered on the east with two great wistarias, and on the north with the beautiful native Cherokee rose-vines. There is a four-hundred-foot path along the front leading down to my dear neighbor's pretty stretch of bachelor quarters and pergola on the one side of the house, and pergola and studio on the other. This long path between us is bordered with a six-foot bed of lemon lilies, the roots of which came from flower-populated "Nestledown" on Long

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Island. The complaisant roots not only accepted the transplantation, but the plants blossom twice a year—in April and November—instead of once, as they have been in the habit of doing in June at “Nestledown.”

But why should I attempt to tell all that I have done, and all that nature has done, to make my winter oasis beautiful? It is beautiful with all natural growths of the ground, through all heights of air; with roses and azaleas and camellias up to man-height, and vines reaching the tops of the tallest pines; with yellow jasmine, and scarlet trumpet Creeper, and purple gloria, and striped honeysuckle, and snow-white Cherokee roses—every one a native wild growth, doing its best to make good its claim to beauty.

Of the nine winters spent here, every one has vindicated my experiment of making for myself another home, in a warm and quiet corner of the dear earth, now that I am old enough to retire from all creative experiment and can sit down to ruminate over the sins and mistakes of the years of my pilgrimage. My folly and temerity were a seven years' wonder among my friends and pitifully admiring congratulations were innumerable.

Much of the charm of life in the South is due to the kindly helpfulness of one's neighbors. They would so much rather do a helpful thing and say a pleasant one than not. I cannot help feel-

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ing that it would be easy and natural for these soft-voiced, pleasant Southern people to detest the actors and instruments used by fate in that almost unimaginably bitter blessing which gave them the opportunity of building a new and greater civilization on the ruins of an outgrown one; but it may take generations of the women of the South to destroy the consciousness of having been both wronged and defeated.

But even this second generation cannot evade their birthright of cordial manner and sweet responsiveness, in spite of past bitterness. They are still, notwithstanding changed relations, a master race living among a tribe of born vassals, whose occasional realization of the fact of freedom and its possibility of license requires constant vigilance. Probably the dominance will continue for many generations, and perhaps always; and yet who can tell when the mysterious alchemy of Time may stir into the quiet animal patience of the under race some mental or spiritual acid which will transform them into creatures of to-day, instead of growths of a torpid past?

When I came to make a garden at “Wintergreen”—the name applies only to a condition, and not to a prevailing plant—I found all my previous experience in garden-making in my precious hill garden at Onteora quite superfluous. There I was obliged to earn my joys; here they

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jumped to meet me. It seemed only necessary to think of flowers, and straightway they grew.

But the influence of the Onteora garden followed me, for one and another of my new Southern neighbors alluded to it as to an old acquaintance; and when one of them said she was glad to know me because she had so much pleasure in reading *Content in a Garden*, it dawned upon me that it was the book, and not the real garden, with which they were so familiar. It came to me also that I should like to reread this book, which I had thought drowned beyond resuscitation in the five years' flood of garden literature; so when this last friend reiterated her joy and comfort in it, I wrote the Houghton Mifflin Company to send me a copy. I read it all one wakeful night, and breathed again the odor of my high mountain garden, and rejoiced again in its beauty. I told some ladies at luncheon of this little personal experience.

"And how did you like the book?" asked my hostess.

"I liked it," said I, frankly, whereat, of course, every one laughed.

But why not like my own work, I wonder, if it is the best that is in me and I have not outgrown it? Perhaps that is the most that can be said of what we have done in our past—that we are *satisfied* with it, for we learn to be critical of all things, as we grow old—of our own work as well as that of others. We have seen so much that

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is bad and so much that is good, that we judge of things by a sort of instinct.

I remember something that Mr. Drake—the long-time art editor of the *Century Magazine*—said to me when we were a committee of two on some competitive drawings. As we proceeded with our sifting, putting out the bad, and then the tolerable, and by this process of elimination arriving at the fairly good, and then at the really good, I said:

"See how we proceed with this thing which concerns so many people intimately; we never stop to think about them, or even to compare their work."

"What is the good of being an expert if you have to stop and think?" he answered, and it dawned upon me that that covers the ground of all expert knowledge. It must be so experienced as to have become instinctive.

I found one thing in *Content in a Garden* which seemed to have a bit of personal prophecy. It reads:

I sometimes wonder if, instead of this garden fixed like a jewel on the bosom of Nature, where her lovely raiment flows in folds of mountain and valley, my garden were upon a plane of earth where prostrate miles lay in succession over the land, should I still seem to hold all nature in my heart while I walk among my flowers.

And now the wonder is to be solved, and I am to know whether these horizontal acres hold with-

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in their dust a quality equal to the wine of the uplands. But why compare happinesses? The living element of beauty, whether it lies drowsing among the ocher-colored grains of Southern sand, dreaming of the shape in which it shall speedily arise, or in the atoms of the red pulsating clay of the hills, it is still equally potent.

When my dear neighbor, according to her sunset wont, wanders up my long pine-leaf-strewn walk, I join her in watching the emergence of new things from the earth, as one may watch the lights come out in the great spread of heaven. Here and there are long-rayed stars of green, gradually lifting themselves and growing into the superlative forest grace of the young long-leaved pine. If we walk into an unseen current of fragrance, it may be of the low-growing dream lilies, standing in a flash of rose-tipped white, or it may be the spilled odor from the cup of a great magnolia blossom balancing itself against the blue.

There is no question as to my love for this evenly spread pine-wooded state, with its wide, flat orange-and-vermilion roads, and its possibilities of all flowers and all fruits under the sun; and yet I love equally the high slopes and rugged peaks of the Catskills, where the mountains lap one another a little higher and a little fainter, until the last one melts against the sky. Both are good for soul and body. Even the birds know this and follow their aerial track from the low-

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lands to the highlands almost when I do. How long it has taken me to learn the wisdom of a bird!

There is tonic in the mountains, and in mountain people. My country neighbors there keep me up to a standard. It is not, “Jes’ as you say, miss”; it is, “Just as we can arrange”—we, you, and I, and *I* first. And there is always a stout argument between us as to the best way of doing things. I like that also; to spend part of the year among these self-respecting men and the mountains, and part with the roses and pine-trees and the complacent black workmen; and, coming in between, six weeks of spring and fall in the city and at the old Long Island home. I wonder if I have earned it. *There* comes in the New England conscience! Nobody thinks of earning things that are good and bad in Georgia. They just befall.

But my kindly, soft-voiced Southern neighbors, and the amusing and interesting Southern laborer, are not all that belongs to the animate life of Thomasville. In it I have come to a new experience, that of multimillionaires. Perhaps only old people know that “multimillionaire” is a new word coined to meet a new creation.

In my childhood the species can hardly have existed—not, at least, in such numbers as to call for the coining of a name; but the simple *millionaires* lived in our minds securely. They were

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few, but kingly. I remember, after a business trip to New York, my father telling us children of a wonderfully rich man whose name was John Jacob Astor, who lived in that city, and who had built a great stone hotel and given it to his son for one dollar. As his fortune had been made in the buying and selling of skins, which was also my father's business, we found all the possibilities of a fairy-tale in his great treasure of a million dollars.

Our fur trade dealt with the purchases of individual skins, of a dozen red fox, an occasional "cross fox," which bore a distinct cross of black upon its shoulders, and sometimes a black fox, and, rarity of rarities! a silver fox, which would sell in New York for at least ten dollars. We were made to do sums in multiplication of fox and mink and muskrat skins, to the value of a million dollars, and that was all we knew about millionaires. Now, at the other end of my life span, I was brought into actual friendly contact with modestly rich millionaires, and comfortably rich multimillionaires, and I find them almost invariably delightful.

They are scattered in a great circle around the little Southern city of Thomasville, at a distance of from two to ten miles, each one owning an old plantation, with its Colonial house and old corn and cotton fields, and its stretches of tall pine woods covering thousands of acres.

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It is the possession of the latter which has made their great purchasing power good and beneficial, in my mind, to the state of Georgia. It saves the forests. There is no scarring of noble trunks for turpentine, no felling of them for lumber where the millionaire proprietorship exists. Thus owned, they need not stand from day to day or from season to season, trembling on their feet for fear of the "enterprise" of some needy mortal. There is profit in the blood and bones of this great, vanishing tribe; and the ambitious Southern men are keen for profit; therefore, for the salvation the millionaires have wrought for the forests, and because they have become our warm friends, I call these great millionaires, "the sons and daughters of God." For surely they are the most favored children of the earth, kings of subjects who need not war. Yes, I am glad of the multimillionaires!

And what ideal lives they lead on the noble old plantations! Their activities are for the most part in line with earth's own ambitions; it is a co-operation with nature with "sweat of the brow" left out. Every winter, when some friend or friends stop over with me for the first time on their way to the uttermost South, we drive them for an afternoon through the Wade plantation, with its wonderful beauty, or to the Payne plantation with its galleried and pillared last-century house, perfect in style and place; its palms and roads and rivers and miles of azaleas wild and

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tame, and every beautiful growth, native and exotic.

The two great natural stretches of wild azaleas remind me of an utterance of William Cullen Bryant on an evening when I sat on the front porch of his old Long Island house at Roslyn with him and his daughter Julia, looking at the curved arch of a bridge reflected in the still water of a wide, slowly flowing inlet. As I looked at the long oval of the bridge and its reflection I said, "There are two bridges there."

"Yes," said the poet, "I built one and God decreed the other."

And so it is with the great fields and stretches of the wild azalea—God decreed them.

Two such places as the Payne and the Wade plantations would dignify any city anywhere. They stand within driving or motor distance of many others, each one with its special charm. And there is the Briarhill plantation of the Billingses, where wild turkeys come to feed with the barn-yard fowls, where are lovely woodland lakes the waters of which sink into the earth some unexpected day, leaving their finny tribes behind, and rise again almost in a night and smile in the face of their bewildered owners. Here the planting of native and exotic trees has been so skilful that no mortal can tell where nature rested and man began.

There is the Sage plantation with its uninter-

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rupted heritage of beauty come down to these modern days, enriched by growths which it has possessed these many years. There are trees which perhaps were spared when home fields were chopped out of the wilderness; now, having come into the hands of their present owners, their beauty is intensified by the careful spread of green lawn in which they stand, and the care and thought bestowed upon them. So the great leafy sentinels standing at its gate share in their own beauty and a chance to enjoy that which is so lavishly spread around them. I hold a thread of interest in the gracious owners of this plantation which stretches back for almost a century to the time when I was a small girl and sat behind another girl's desk in the old Delaware Academy. Susan Lynn she was, Susan Sage she became when she had grown to womanhood; and now her grandchildren and mine are busy with school-girls and school-boys of their own.

There is the Morse plantation where all wild-wood things are fostered on thousands of acres; where the out-of-doors housekeeping is as perfect as that of the home; where the chatelaine dispenses body-and-soul comfort to every living thing within eye or mind reach. And these are not all. There is Pebble Hill plantation, known of the colored laborers from all the near counties for its Easter festival planned and perpetuated for their happiness; and finally there is the beautiful

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Hanna plantation, which is the father of them all, where claret-colored stems of sunset roses have grown like limbs of trees along the highway, and camphor-trees stand sentinels over acres and acres of fertility and beauty.

It is interesting to see exactly what will be done when one of these principalities comes into the hands of a new owner. There is always the chance of its becoming simply another means for the competitive display of the power of wealth, but it must be confessed that there is some quality in the air or soil of Georgia which is at war with extravagance. The owners neither build palisades nor dig trenches. "The freedom of the city" is offered to the world.

The Archbold plantation is the latest of all, and in it there is a happy combination of business ability and kingly opportunity. It is distinguished by scenery as well as beauty, for it lies along the high banks of a stream or river which finally makes its way to the Gulf, a body of water so strong as to defy the thirsty sands through which it forces its way. But for once scenery is dominated by crops. They are called out of their sleep in the generous earth in masses, which become impressive—armies of green things growing into man-food, an offering of earth which finally becomes man.

Many of the great plantation-owners belonged to the Middle West, and as a matter of mental

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speculation I should like to know what subtle influence of earth and air has made them in one important particular differ so widely from their brothers and sisters who have grown up near the Eastern coast. It is a difference in spirit as well as in act; a sort of spontaneous generosity both material and spiritual. They bestow fruit and flowers and vegetables and hospitality on ten-mile neighbors, as we Eastern people might hold out our hands in simple greeting; they offer liking and affection with open hearts. Where did the mystic quality of it have its birth? In unworked and gladly generous soil and unbreathed air, or is it in the chemistry of circumstance, the real brotherhood of like motives in their voluntary separation from old surroundings?

When I am surprised by some unlooked-for generosity or new kindness from the "plantation people," I always wonder why they are so different and why they came to be different from the dear, devoted friends of my childhood and middle life and old age. The whole mystery is solved perhaps in the old command, "Freely ye have received; freely give."

It is curious to me that the brief springs of this short nine years spent in Georgia should seem in a way to overflow the memory of the long and varied ones which preceded them; in fact, those experiences seem to belong to an entirely different self (to some one of my name and looks and place).

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Of course I remember vividly such things as long and pleasant visits at the Bryant home at Roslyn, and the table-talk and evening talk of the man and his friends; and I recall the silvery speech of Lowell, and the crisp utterances of Holmes, and the marvelous wit of Aldrich; I remember even two wondering hours spent in taking stock of Browning, of his looks and words as seen and heard at a London luncheon. And yet, just now and here, the interest of my life centers upon the performance of certain flowers at certain times—whether the great magnolia buds will open before I go North, whether the dream-lilies will finish their celestial existence, or the persimmons hang on the trees until I come back in the fall. Yet I know that the flowers and fruits which are so absorbing to my present mind concern only me and themselves and the mysterious will which made them; while the wonderful souls with which I have been brought more or less in contact, with whose bodies and ways of speech and expressions I have been more or less familiar, are human stars in the firmament of thought, and of strong and lasting interest to the world.

In this December of my life there are three places on the earth where I am at home; about each of the three I shall write. "Nestledown," the old home on Long Island, where I really grew up with my children and where I plan to end my days; "Onteora-in-the-Catskills," which was the

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outcome of all I had learned and experienced in the first half of my life, and “Wintergreen,” in Georgia, where I am harvesting a late aftermath of flowery satisfaction. Is the crop of my life quite without weeds, I wonder? I have lost appetite for many things, but I find the beauty of nature very enticing. The ground and its manifestations, its outgrowths, are very dear to me, while the love of my kind, and the love I feel for my kind, satisfy in a measure the inner something which demands happiness.

II

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THE spark of consciousness which grew into the present me became visible to the father and mother who were anxiously watching for its appearance, one wild March morning in the year 1827, in the small new settlement of Delhi in central New York. The two people who were waiting my appearance were Abner Thurber and Lucy Dunham Thurber, the appointed life-house-keepers for the eight small pioneer children of whom I was the third. Every family did its share in adding children to the village flock, twenty-four being the maximum.

I was born early enough in the eighteenth century to see and realize all the great business of the settlement of America, near enough to the troubled beginning to have my dreams tortured with the happenings to early settlers, whose stories were a repetition of the tragedies of unforgotten lives. My dreams were of pursuits and killings and scalpings and house-burnings by dispossessed, resentful Indians. I suppose no child of the present day

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dreams such savage tragedies, because they are distant, but my dreams were of the near-at-hand.

I grew up in this newly founded village in the valley where the Delaware River begins to gather its waters. The name of Delhi must have been chosen by some young English surveyor with Eastern traditions. It accorded happily with that of the retiring tribe of Delaware Indians, as well as of the Delaware River and entrancing Delaware Valley. The classical names of many of the little town centers of middle and western New York must have been given in the same hap-hazard fashion by other well-equipped younger sons seeking their fortunes by surveying the wilderness of the New World. I can fancy them going up and down the great fertile valleys of the states doing the behests of the government and availing themselves of those liberal provisions by which any prominent and responsible citizen who bound himself to settle fifty existing or prospective families at a favorable center, received the grant of great tracts of land, of forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers. At first these newly recruited pioneers lived upon the produce of the abandoned fields of the Indians and their relinquished heritage of fish and game, living as simply as they, the only difference being a settled instead of a nomadic life. Gradually they acquired, with joy and welcome, a stray doctor or a missionary minister, a journey-

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man carpenter or a traveling shoemaker. The patroon furnished machinery for a sawmill, and they became a town—generally the shire town of the county—and proceeded to organize society according to its rules. Such was the beginning of all our great Middle States population.

I suppose that in every one of the little communities which were gradually settling the Northern and Middle States there were families like ours, where New England traits and traditions were the yeast which was making a quality of good American bread out of the diversified population. Some one of the early New England divines said, "God sifted a whole nation to find seed for New England," and it was this sifted seed which has so largely influenced American character.

According to my present estimate of the two people to whom I owe my existence, Father was a saint. No soul of the little community in which we lived, whether of good or bad report, passed into the darkness of the end without the clasp of good "Deacon Thurber's" comforting hand, and when the mysterious boundary of present life was reached, Father's prayers and blessings floated around him.

Luckily for us, Mother's superiority was of a more material kind. Handsome, healthy, and a notable wife and mother, she fulfilled perfectly all her home and neighborly duties, a happy

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sharer of the joys, an efficient helper in the accidents and calamities of pioneer life.

Father belonged to the line of religious enthusiasts, the prophets of the world, who stand upon the mountain-tops. I remember his curious assurance of things unseen. His dreams were often revelations, and we accepted them as facts, they so frequently proved themselves to be so. One morning comes back to me when he said to Mother, "Wifie, the little church at Oswego is gone." That very night it had been burned to the ground. During the great sickness—as we called the visitation of spinal meningitis—he assured Mother that our house would be spared, for in a dream, as he was standing at the gate looking down the valley, a woman whose face was bound with a death-cloth appeared upon the path and said to him, jeeringly, "I suppose you think the sickness has not come to you because of your righteousness." "No," he answered, "but because of the mercy of God," whereat her face wrinkled with a queer constrained smile on account of the death-bands and she passed on, saying, "No, I am not sent to you; but I am going there and there and there," pointing to other homes in the valley. Father had us all kneel down while he prayed for our afflicted neighbors.

I was afraid of Father's prayers when they concerned me, and particularly what he called "the prayer of faith." Fulfilment seemed so

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often to follow his petitions that I was ready to weep over myself when he prayed that "Candace should be a missionary." I saw myself sailing across unknown seas to unknown lands and living among savages who could not speak English. In these later years I have been brought into contact with the assured faith of Christian Scientists, and I recognize in it the same belief in prayer, a belief born of the same human helplessness, but without the former asceticism which envelopes "the prayer of faith."

As I grew up I emerged from this atmosphere of religious mystery into the free, dusty air of the world, breathing it and existing by it lo! these many years, and coming at last to the place where the mystery of life touches the mystery of death and our eyes shall be opened to the knowledge of the immortals.

✓ Mother was of the Roman type. She had the broad-browed beauty of a contadina, as I recognized, when I came to see the race in Italy, but with it the eager intelligence which the constantly recurring problems of pioneer life demanded. This fine motherly face was in strong contrast with that of my father, which was distinctly of the enthusiast and idealist type, but the characters of the two wonderfully supplemented each other. Mother manifested all the human and practical virtues, and Father supplied the heavenly fire which sanctified them.

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The principles in which their children were reared had the Puritan narrowness belonging to Puritan thought, and, as they were practically applied, they made our lives quite different from those of the rest of the community. The inevitable censure called out by this habit of life was modified by constant and important public activity, and generous, self-denying social help on the part of both Father and Mother. This sense of obligation did not, however, weigh upon our schoolmates, and we were branded in our childhood with the obnoxious virtues of our parents. The training of the eight children who composed the family flock was based directly upon the precepts of Solomon, not in the least mitigated by centuries of divergent thought. We were not only traditional, but actual Puritans, repeating in 1828 the lives of our pioneer New England forefathers a hundred years before.

I must have been horribly self-conscious as a small child, for the very first thing I remember in the way of speech was hearing Mother say to my father that Candace was "a pretty thing." I had learned the difference between beauty and ugliness and treasured this speech secretly and guiltily in my child mind, although I knew the pleasure it gave me was vanity and vanity was almost a deadly sin. I looked in the glass, not once, but whenever I could steal an unobserved moment, to see what Mother and Father had talked about

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together. I liked the little face I saw, but it was not beautiful like the small white faces we were sometimes taken to see when a neighbor's child had died and was laid, like a precious thing, in a satin-lined coffin. I wished I could be white and beautiful as they were, and thought their tiny frost-white hands, with fingers folded into one another, the prettiest things I had ever seen. I used to smooth back the blood in my own small pink fingers and fold them together to make them look like theirs.

It was pitiful, according to my present thinking, to take little children to see their dead playmates, but to the minds of our father and mother death was a part of life, a fact not to be withheld. We were shown these beautiful dead bodies and told that they were folded in the arms of angels in heaven, and that if we died and had been good we should also go there. I remember wondering if, in such case, they might think I was "a pretty thing," and like my blue eyes and yellow hair, but—and here was an awful possibility—if we were bad we should go to hell. To tell lies or to steal was to be bad, and I used often to threaten my little brothers with hell, for they did tell lies and stole Mother's cake and preserves. I can fancy my child voice shrilling out the anathema I still remember, "You will go to hell, you will, for you tell lies, and steals, and you swears; you say, 'By Golly!'"

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Being an imaginative and intrepid child, who could bear the consequences of sin for the pleasure of sinning, I suffered conscientious whippings for a tendency to change plain facts into fairy-tale happenings and otherwise varying the monotony of our sternly prescribed lives. The later children were more liberally dealt with, as I remember pointing out to my mother when I grew to an age of observation and comparison, and I was told that we three elders were such failures in point of goodness that they were trying a different course with the rest, hoping for better results. This was not consoling, but Mother probably enjoyed the point she made.

The little house "over the river" from the town had many guests in the shape of straggling missionaries collecting funds for special missions, colporteurs distributing Bibles through the country, temperance lecturers, and the like, all of whom we half-grown children heartily detested. I hardly know why we disliked them except that, being trained in the simple principles of bodily labor, we saw at once that this sort of life shifted its exercises to others. Children's deductions from principles are mercilessly direct, and these men who came and went, quartering themselves and their horses upon the family for any convenient time, we called among ourselves "religious loafers," and gave them very grudging service. I think Mother's heart was with us in

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this view of the matter, but Father bolstered up the practice with Christ's directions to his disciples.

The visits of these men were now and then varied by the appearance of a black man of a far more ingratiating type whom we generally saw first in the morning, having presumably arrived in the night. After breakfast and morning prayers he was sequestered in the haymow during the day, and disappeared during the following night. Long afterward, I understood that our home had been one of the by-stations on the "Underground Railroad," and that these occasional visitors were runaway slaves on their perilous way to Canada. I think they were forwarded to us, and Father took them to the next station, which could not have been very near, for abolitionism was not popular in our town or county, and we knew no other family which shared with us the obloquy of belonging to the society.

I remember that when the children of the school or neighborhood felt I was particularly in want of "taking down," a favorite method of it was to call me "the nigger queen," after that Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, whose eunuch "of great authority," having "charge of all her treasure," Philip baptized.

At morning prayers, after Father's opening petition, the "colored brother" was always asked to pray, and I still remember the quaint phrase-

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ology of one prayer which was often repeated by my boy brothers:

"And now, O Lord, bress dy servants, de united head ob dis family. 'Spire dem wid holy zeal, and when dey die may dey go to dat happy land, and dere to all eternity sing de praises ob Emmanuel."

There was only one black man who really belonged in our village—"Corporal Tim"—probably a descendant of slaves in the family of his military master, Colonel Paine—so the negro dialect was entirely strange to us and very amusing to the boys.

Our separation from village life, by being on the opposite bank of the small river, and the sequestration of the fugitives except at prayers, seemed to secure their safety; and generally by the second morning they had mysteriously vanished.

It seemed to me in those years quite natural that we should not wear cotton clothing, because cotton was a product of slave labor, and that the painfully produced linen from flax grown on the farm, and spun and woven in our own house, should be its substitute. Mother had been famous as a girl for the fineness of her home-spun linen, so this expedient, although extravagant, was not impossible.

I remember the very *feel* and silvery texture of a pair of carefully sewn linen sheets made of Mother's "premium linen," and kept for the use

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of "traveling missionaries." She had often told us of a web, spun and woven by her own hands, before she was sixteen, and for which she proudly received six silver table-spoons at the state fair. I remember also the gruesome detail of the first cutting from the piece—a shroud which was fashioned for her father and laid away in "the under-drawer" years before he died. That "under-drawer" was sacred in most pioneer houses to exigencies. "Winding-sheets" were there, and choice and fine garments, both large and small, *for the dead*, for in that day of slender resources each household must be prepared for the tragedies of life. There was the "sick-drawer" and the "death-drawer" in the high bureau in our own best room, and we were not unacquainted with their contents. We looked upon these things with interest and awe, but not horror. They were a part of the setting of the play of life and often came into use. For the same reason that we wore no cotton clothing white sugar, other than bleached maple sugar, was never used in our kitchen. The maple-grove on the mountain at the back of the farm produced all the sweetness permitted in our conscientious family, and we of the second generation were quite unaware of the fact that we were being sacrificed to a principle. Maple sugar was good and making it was fun, especially on a moonlit April night when we were allowed to go to the camp for "sugaring off," and could

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spread cups of the thickened-by-fire syrup over the snow crust until it cooled and candied. We then pulled it into skeins and braids and cut it into sticks of maple candy, which we could take to school with us and dispense sparingly or royally according to our moods or likings, without being in the least aware that maple candy embraced a principle. I wonder if such self-denying adherence to principle would be possible in these self-indulgent days? Or is it that my path in life has led me away from the knowledge of it?

In looking back over my Puritan childhood I can see that it held both tragedy and pathos, or at least much that in modern days would be thought tragic and pathetic. Happily the wonderful inexperience of a child had not taught me to discriminate between other people's sorrow and joy. Both were spectacles and incidents of life, each one new and absorbing when looked at from the standpoint of a neighbor.

I remember one period of village life when the newly named "spinal meningitis" ran like a slaughtering fiend along the village streets and when all of the adult well of the community were weighted down with the nursing of the sick. We were sometimes sent, my older sister and I, girls of eleven and thirteen, to watch through the night with sick neighbors or to take care of children whose parents were dying. Young as we were, I know that we were often efficient helpers

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in the saddest human straits. Perhaps, after all, it was not so unwise as it seemed that such hearty little animal natures as ours should sometimes be given a plunge into the everlasting pool of human sorrow. Sooner or later the knowledge of it must come to every one, and we could never afterward be taken unawares. Possibly it made us more pitiful, more accessible to the call of our kind, more free from the curious insensibility of the normal child to the sufferings of others. I do not know.

Being comparatively an elder in the family, I assisted in the upbringing of the ever-present baby and had the entire care of his predecessor, poor thing! But he lived through it, my well-beloved brother Frank, and went out into the world at fourteen to make his own place and enter upon an important and beautiful manhood.

During these years of our childhood Father scrupulously devoted a tenth of his small income to charity and followed the precepts of Christ in every particular like the personal disciples. In his mind there were but two tests to apply to human action: Was it right? Was it wrong? I am still conscious of the very human side of him. He could be possessed with wrath at any infraction of his code in others. It was what Mother called "the old Adam" in him when she felt called upon to admonish him, and I think it must have been a great relief to her, in the pres-

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ence of such extreme goodness, to occasionally find joints in his armor of righteousness. I remember seeing one of these white heats of wrath when I was curled in a chair behind the stove in the store, whither I had been sent to call Father to the family dinner. He was in the midst of a heated argument with General Root, who was the political magnate of Delaware County and had gone for twenty consecutive years to the state legislature in consequence. The argument was upon the divinity of Christ. Finally the general said, excitedly:

"I tell you, Deacon, the man you call Christ was neither more nor less than the illegitimate son of a Galilean peasant girl."

Father sprang to his feet with eyes like flashes of blue lightning, as if they would consume the man who had given this astonishing utterance.

"And I tell you, General," he shouted, "that I will have you indicted for blasphemy!"

For a minute the small space seemed filled with an electrical and visible cloud of anger. Then the general seized his cane and vanished through the front door, shutting it with a bang, and Father disappeared into what was called the "back shop." There was no need of waiting for him to go home to dinner. I knew from my child's experience of him that he would pray himself calm, however he might deal with the blasphemer afterward. I had a fancy myself that the general would be

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visited by the wrath of God and that Father would let it loose upon him.

I remember another instance of the uprising of the "old Adam" which savored of the vengeance of the Old Testament. I suppose that in the dead level of life in the small community there came times when the spirit of youth and manhood fermented to the bursting-point; and in one such period certain clever ones concocted a new "Book of Chronicles" which was let loose upon the community in printed sheets and left stealthily upon door-steps. There must have been considerable malicious fun in imagining the seven unspotted elders of the church going about in the sinful natures which were supposed to dwell underneath their cloaks of Christianity. "Simeon, the son of Adoniram the patriarch," "Abner, the son of Abner the physician," and "Jabez, the son of Ezra the carpenter," tarrying long at the wine and indulging in wicked and disreputable deeds of darkness. Finally, in the successful flow of composition, they were made to do things which are appropriate only to out-and-out criminals.

The whole community, except the small portion which laughed in secret, were aghast. "Such sacrilege! Such unheard-of profanity!"

Father did not talk. He had the one man whose intelligence and facility as well as general lawlessness made him an almost certain participant arrested and examined under oath with regard to

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his knowledge of the affair. One after another of his circle of intimates went under the same inquisition, and almost before the surprise and dismay at the birth and distribution of the "Chronicles" had subsided every participant was under arrest for slander and conspiracy to injure. It was too unpopular a case to be supported either morally or legally, and the little group of young lawyers, doctors, and business men were every one convicted and punished. I know that Father, as principal prosecutor, was strongly appealed to to hold his hand, but he persisted that it was not only a punishment for evil-doing, but a lesson to evil-doers.

In looking back to the family life I can see that it was a center of very lively creative interest. All sorts of manufactures were accomplished therein—cheese- and butter-making on a somewhat large scale, since it was a dairy farm; candle-making for the family, since even whale-oil was a commodity which need not be purchased; smoking and curing of meats; storage of apples, potatoes, carrots, turnips, and cabbages; apple-paring, stringing, and drying; making of sausages and pressed meats; preserving fruits of all kinds; pickling in numberless ways; and finally spinning and weaving cloth for the winter wear of all of us, big and little, and managing the entire outfit of a family. How this was accomplished Heaven only knows. Of course, even as children we all had our allotted share of labor. To this day I remember many of

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the processes of those home industries and could practise them. Does any one want to know how to "dip candles"? I can tell them. It is a process of gradual accretion. One must have two six-foot-long "candle-bars," which are two stout sticks placed parallel to each other, two feet or more apart, with ends resting upon kitchen chairs or wooden horses. Then the bundles of slender three-foot-long "candle-rods" must come down from the garret, and each one be furnished with twelve threads of the candle-wick which has been measured and cut into sixteen-inch lengths the night before. These must be doubled over and twisted from the rod so that they hang in eight-inch lengths, two inches apart. Now the long wash-boiler, filled to the brim with melted tallow, must be set beside the bars and the whole under space covered and double-covered with paper to protect the floor from dropping tallow. Then each long candle-rod is lifted from its place, the pendent wick dipped in the hot tallow, and the rod replaced upon the bars. After every wick has been saturated with the hot tallow and has grown slightly cool, it must be straightened by hand until the candle-bars look like companies of skeleton tallow soldiers. Then the somewhat lowered boiler is filled from a pot which is kept hot by the fire and the dipping process is repeated. It is great fun to see the wicks grow larger and larger, gradually changing into stout, long, pointed candles, rows

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and rows of them hanging from the rods, while the conference as to "one more dip" becomes a matter of intense interest. Then the final pushing of the row from the rods and cutting off of the pointed ends so that the candle may stand square in the candlestick, the packing into candle-boxes and covering them away from rats or mice, the melting of the pointed ends and laying the newspapers full of tallow drops in pans to melt before the fire; finally the finishing up of the whole process by running the remaining tallow into milk-pan molds and putting the huge cakes on the top hanging shelves in the cellar for future use. If any young people of the present day think all this is not fun, they had better try it. It is far more interesting than a candy-pull or any of the indoor plays and games which have survived to amuse the later generations. Any domestic manufacture which is not constant is amusing and satisfies the eternal passion to create. I can see that much of our continual occupation was also a pleasurable excitement.

Mother was a domestic manufacturer. She knew the various trades practised in the house and knew them well. She was the woman of Scripture, "looking well to the ways of her household."

As a family we did not belong to the period in which we lived. We were actually a hundred years "behind the times"; our habits of thought and practice were a century old. We were living

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in 1825 to 1830 and forward, exactly the life mentally and habitually lived by the men, women, and children of New England in 1725 to 1730 and forward. Our reading was the same—the Bible continually. It was our literary bread. For mental exercise, amusement, and improvement we read Young's *Night Thoughts*, Pollock's *Course of Time*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and, happily, *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

There were certain poems, like "The Deserter Village" and "The Cottar's Saturday Night," which were judged to be safe from suggestions of evil and were therefore allowed us.

I had a fresh, unburdened memory and I loved poetry with all my heart. Consequently pages on pages of Young's *Night Thoughts* and *Paradise Lost* lived in my mind and rolled through it in cadenced procession. Then my father, seeing in me what was probably a kindred predilection to his own, began to collect and preserve stray poems which appeared in the *National Era* and elsewhere. In this way I made the acquaintance of the more modern poets. I could and did repeat pages of Milton to my father and poems selected from ribald poets like Robert Burns. His "Cottar's Saturday Night" was one of our favorites, and was like a sketch from our own life. I could always see Father in the line,

He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God," he says, with solemn air.

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And the "Gude wife," who "gars auld claes look
amaist as weel's the new," was Mother. Father
gave me a morocco-covered book—I have it now
—in which to paste stray poems which he gleaned
from newspapers. In it are many of Whittier's
earlier poems and some of Lowell's first anti-
slavery utterances in rhyme. Long afterward,
in that then undreamed-of future, I amused the
latter poet by repeating from end to end "The
Falcon," an early poem which he had quite for-
gotten. If I had known in my childhood and
youth that I should ever in my life talk with the
men who wrote the melodies which fascinated me,
face to face, I should have felt that I must first
be translated into something finer and more
ethereal than a mere mortal. I could not imagine
meeting them in little human ways, answering
back to their words in my own—and meanwhile
there I stood, a little soul with the universe flow-
ing through and around me.

When I look at the plain, pleasant faces of
little country girls it seems to me strange and
mysterious that behind their shyly reserved and
unresponsive exterior presence there may be some-
thing which is trying soul-flights through all space
and no one is aware of it—some unlanguaged soul
which dwells within and may never find a voice,
for the gift of expression comes to but few.

I am conscious of something like a shudder
when I try to fancy one of my granddaughters

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shut up in a primitive farm-house with a library composed of books of biblical literature. On the top shelf of the bookcase the scientific and practical books, of which Dick's *Sidereal Heavens* and Cobbett's *Cottage Economy* were the most secular features, were kept. The next shelf was devoted to poetical works: Milton's *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, Young's *Night Thoughts*, and Pollock's *Course of Time*. Does any one read the last named now, I wonder? There were Bibles and Bibles, and commentaries and commentaries, but no Shakespeare.

The horrible old *Book of Martyrs* was there, with pictures of them all; those who were torn asunder, those who were broiled on gridirons, those who were burned in good plain English fashion—John Rogers with fagots piled all around him and his weeping wife and nine little children trailing away from the pyre. I remember St. Sebastian as full of protruding arrows as a pin-cushion is, or should be, of pins; and the picture of a holy man in quite complete clothing broiling over a slow fire under the eyes of a Roman emperor to whom he addressed the verse—

“This side enough is toasted,
Then turn me around and eat;
And see whether raw or roasted
I am the better meat.”

Certainly no thriller among modern novels could be more exciting than this uncensored tale.

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So far as devotional and concerted music was concerned, we were a musical family. As our only social indulgence was the singing-school, naturally singing together was an outlet for much that would otherwise have been unexpressed in our natures. We all read written music as easily as we read books, and although sacred music was our chief practice, lighter music was not under the same ban as light literature. We could sing Moore's melodies and serenades and love-songs, although novels and romances were forbidden. My oldest brother played both bass viol and flute and had a lovely tenor voice. My elder sister had a silvery soprano voice, and I was a contralto, my part being what we called "second." When Father and Mother sang with us we were fully equipped, for Father sang a good masculine bass and Mother that high fifth part which was then called counter. I wish I could hear "Coronation" sung now as we used to sing it with our five voices, the music so stately and magnetic. I think it must have been very good music, although as different from the singing I hear now as a clear stream of water gushing fresh from its source is different from the same element arranged to reflect the sky in marble-edged spaces or springing in fountains in the midst of velvet lawns. The charm of this concerted music rested largely on our little sister Lucy, the beloved song-bird of the family. Her lovely voice kept its melody as

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long as she lived, and this talent, added to her beautiful face and sympathetic temperament, made her a beloved and valued member of the university town where she lived.

To bring the moral and mental standards of eight healthy children up to the ideals of our parents required constant and prayerful leading, but the monotony of our unnatural effort to be good was greatly relieved by our grandmother, Father's mother, whose tales of her own childhood were not too strongly tinctured with piety. She was born Lois Pickering, of Salem, and as her mother died in her childhood she and her twin sister, Eunice, were sheltered in the house of their uncle, Timothy Pickering, who had much to do with early Colonial history.

There must have been some ungodly children in Salem! They appeared very often in Grandmother's tales and seemed quite alive, for she had true dramatic faculty. She could look and talk like any one, old or young, in spite of a four-inch-wide cap border and the deep-set eyes which were a Pickering trade-mark and traveled all down the race. Hers was a well-peopled mind. A host of beings of all ages and time lived in her memory and stepped forth at her call to widen the mental horizon of her grandchildren. Years afterward, when I was the mother of boys at Andover, I stopped on one of my mother-trips to have a look at the old Pickering house at Salem, the town

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hall where the records of the witch-days were kept, and the custom-house desk where Hawthorne wrote the *House of the Seven Gables*. That was especially interesting because Julian Hawthorne had told me the five-gabled old "Pickering house" had suggested the name.

One may still see in the town hall a small glass bottle half filled with dusty "witch-pins" drawn from the flesh of children afflicted by suspected witches. The children swore that they were driven in by people whose names and faces they knew, principally old women, whose aged aspect impressed them.

Grandmother told me she had never seen her sister Eunice after she left Salem, until they were both over sixty. She knew Eunice had married and gone to Cleveland, which was then the "far west," and once on a journey to New England she had "come out of her way" and stopped at Delhi; so, after many years, the twins met and touched life once more together. They were born in the same hour, but when Grandmother told me of this reunion, with entire lack of realization of the fact, she said, with a look of dismay, "And, Cannie —she was an old woman!"

I have never quite said good-by to my grandmother, for she was not alone the wise, tender, merry old lady, with a wide cap border over a very insistent front of brown adopted hair, and the deepest dark eyes; she embodied the whole

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progress of life from a beautiful, buoyant, well-carried Puritan girlhood through a stretch of pioneer and bravely borne vicissitudes to a calm and beautiful old age. She was such a vital creature, and carried so much of the early history of the country with her, that I have remembered her all these years almost as if she herself were its history. Through her and her wonderful recounts, and perhaps through a gift of imagination of my own, I seemed to know old Salem and its people and their very individualities as if I myself had grown up among them. Every serious, hard-faced old deacon, every wrinkled, bright-eyed old lady with her lace cap borders flapping around her withered face, every one old enough to be a figure or an actor, lived in Grandmother Lois's memory and could walk out for us, fully equipped. When I went to Salem in my mature years, and rang the door-bell of the five-gabled house which was pointed out to me as the Pickering house, and sent up my card with a note of self-introduction, a gracious lady came flying down the stairs to greet me as being one of the family. The low-ceilinged, beautifully finished rooms were all filled with things I was revisiting. I had inherited old Salem and was of it. Even the portrait of Timothy Pickering which hung over the carved sideboard in the dining-room might have been a portrait of to-day of my dearly beloved brother Frank, whose face repeated the deep-set,

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sad-eyed Pickering characteristics. We were shown all the family treasures by the gracious chatelaine—letters from Washington and the men of his day, things which were history. I wonder if that little concentrated bit of old Salem life is to live in a conscious or unconscious *me*, all down the ages, as it has lived through the ninety years of this present existence?

When I was shown the first church built in Salem, a little twenty-four by twenty-four edifice, with high box-pews, the sight of it recalled one of Grandmother's "span" stories, as we used to call her tales of the twins. She would often ask whether it should be a one-horse or a span story, and we always chose those which included Eunice. It seemed her father had brought home from Boston a side-saddle for his two girls, while a pillion, on which the woman rode behind the man of the family, was still the common horseback equipment. Of course there was immediate question as to which should first use the saddle, and they drew lots. Lois drew the longest slip of paper held between Eunice's fingers and chose to ride to church the following Sunday, which she did with inward exultation.

After the sermon, when the usual opportunity was given of asking the prayers of the congregation for "any one in need, or sickness, *or in sin*," an old woman arose in one of the box-pews with the petition:

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"The Lord appear for Lois Pickerin', all so proud on her new side-saddle."

When Grandmother told the story she mimicked the voice and looks of the cantankerous old body so that we felt we had been there, and when I stood in the little high-pewed church and thought of the queer old days when Grandmother was a pretty ten- or twelve-year-old twin, and sat on one of the hard seats, and suffered mortification in the sight of the holy congregation, the stream of her very blood seemed to grow hot within me. Of course, the child was covered with confusion and robbed of her cloud of glory.

But she outgrew this and many another sorry or joyful experience, and so came to the mature age of sixteen to fall in love with a gay young widower, Dr. Abner Thurber, of Providence, who had strayed from that godly settlement to the still more strict one of Salem. He was not in very good repute, this doctor, for he danced, and sang, and whistled, and played the flute, and smiled in the faces of dignified Puritan fathers as well as of the Puritan girls; but Lois fell in love with him; and since her elders were quite of an opposite mind, this characterful chit ran away from her uncle Timothy's home and was secretly married to the gay young widower. Both of them disappeared from Salem forever, Lois leaving her twin sister and her side-saddle, to ride on a pillion behind her enchanter or walk beside him

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along Indian trails to the far Hudson River; then taking ferry across it, they followed devious wilderness ways into the lake region of New York State to the small settlement of Cooperstown on the banks of the musically named Otsego Lake.

Cooperstown was then one of the new great claims of land, marked out and surveyed by the dominant men of the day, who had secured their patents to miles of land on the easy conditions of the government. There were several town or village sites upon each of the manors, chosen for their proximity to navigable water. The waterways helped out communication with other settlements, floated logs to a market, and ran grist-mills.

To this little newly made center of occupation came the man Abner Thurber with his sixteen-year-old wife, and they brought their youth and share of knowledge and instincts for freedom and happiness with them. They seemed to have been a fun-loving pair in spite of the man's twenty-eight years and double experience of marriage, while his doctor's profession was a boon to the small group of human beings who had crept forward into the wilderness. Cooperstown was and is a beautiful spot, the lovely Otsego Lake reflecting the pine-covered hills and the swift-running Susquehanna pouring out a brook-like current which bent and curved through swamp and low-lying land, now turned into sweet em-

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erald meadows. It is easy to reconstruct this seedling of a town and even to name the families which made up its original roster.

Judge Cooper had brought together the families which insured to him his "state grant," and he gave the town its name. A man of Grandfather Thurber's profession was eagerly welcomed, and in this beautiful lake village the run-away New England lovers began their married lives.

Four boys and one girl were born to them before the cheerful doctor ceased his fluting and dancing and careless fathering of children and passed on into the shadow, leaving to brave and plucky Lois the cost and effort of their upbringing. Professions were dear acquirements in those early days, possible only to the rich; so, Lois taking counsel with her friends, apprenticed every boy in turn to some respectable tradesman, reserving for herself the education of the only daughter. She nursed the sick, made dainties for entertainments, sewed fine "India mull" into wedding garments for brides, and linen into shrouds for the dead, and so made of herself a veritable institution and resource in this pioneer community.

When her two oldest boys had finished their apprenticeship—one to the hatter's and one to the shoemaker's trade—the eldest, who had upheld and encouraged his mother through all her troubles, decided to move on into the wilderness, taking a newly married wife and his mother and

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sister with him. The second son had accomplished a medical education "over the lapstone," as he told me, sleeping four hours out of the twenty-four, and learning his trade and studying his father's medical books during the remaining twenty. In due time he became a practising physician, Dr. Horace Thurber, of Oswego. Verily, the making of American citizens four generations back required good material!

Father was apparently his mother's chief stay and support, and, in spite of her unusual character and activity, he was, from his fifteenth year, the head of the family. Perhaps this very weight of responsibility inclined him toward all serious and elevated things. But as time went on his unnatural cares lightened. Younger brothers became self-supporting and he found time to fall in love and marry.

Mother's maiden name was Lucy Dunham. Her grandfather, Dr. Obadiah Dunham, came from Providence to Cooperstown when that was a pioneer town, bringing his oldest son Abner, and choosing a beautiful parcel of acres on the flats where the Susquehanna flows out of Otsego Lake. The two men chopped out forests and built a house before the family came to the new settlement, bringing with them the wife of the son Abner. Mother was born and grew up in this delectable locality—"across the bridge" from Cooperstown—and was familiar from childhood

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with all the wonderful expedients and brave resourcefulness of the pioneers. I remember her telling us children of her being sent out at night with a lantern to "water a web" of linen spread out to bleach on the grassy edge of the stream, and how a large black dog came sniffing around her and would not be driven away. She thought it belonged to some far neighbor, but it growled, and when she had hastily finished her task she ran into the house and told of it; whereupon her father took down his gun from over the mantelpiece, called the two dogs, and went out. There was a great barking and fuss outside, but she was not told until long afterward that her father had shot a bear cub that night which furnished the family with fresh and salted meat for weeks afterward. Evidently nerves were not encouraged in pioneer families.

When Mother was seventeen she taught school at Cooperstown and the Cooper children were a part of her flock. Isaac and Sammy Cooper were brothers of James Fenimore Cooper who had been sent to England to study. Sammy one day was disobedient and idle, and, although he was the son of Judge Cooper, Mother undertook to discipline him. Her first switch stroke was met by a struggle and an uncompromising butt of the boy's head, but she held him tightly.

"Why, Sammy, what do you mean?" said she.

"Darn you, you begun it!" was the panting reply.

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Notwithstanding this early intimacy with the author's family, none of Cooper's popular books were open to us, because they were novels, and no novel was allowed to show its face or even its back in our Puritan library. Our love of literature had to content itself with the fiction of Bible parables and *The Pilgrim's Progress*, because "all novels were untrue." When we urged that *The Pilgrim's Progress* was also untrue, Father explained that it was an allegory, and through that explanation I added another word to my vocabulary.

Because of Mother's and Grandmother's reminiscences, Cooperstown life and history were very familiar to me. Of course the most important figure in it was the man who had drawn a line around this great tract of land and made it his principality. Judge Cooper was undoubtedly a man of state and dignity who little thought, as he walked the one or two street-wide pathways among the newly gathered homes, that he would be known to future generations only through the romances of preceding days, which one of his children should write. Be it noted that "Leather Stocking" was a real person and a great friend of the boy, Jimmy Cooper, who spent most of his holidays fishing and camping with him. His cabin was far up the lake and the old hunter only came into the village to bring fish and deer meat. He always wore leather leggings which he

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tanned himself, stretching and nailing them on his roof for periodical salt-rubbings. The village children christened him "Leather Stocking."

Cooperstown had grown into an important and successful town when the Thurber family left it for the small village along the infant Delaware. It was here that, with Lucy Dunham Thurber's able generalship, my father established the home which was a useful center and brought up a family which has always taken an active part in the world.

I think it was chiefly owing to Mother's management that it was "a home of plenty." There was always enough to feed and clothe and school the fast-growing family. There was always a silver dollar saved to drop into the hat which Deacon Thurber passed from pew to pew on Sunday. I remember a large red and yellow silk handkerchief—"Father's Sunday handkerchief"—kept to spread over the hat before it went up and down the right aisle of the church. We used to watch Mother's face as she sat soberly at the door of the pew, making ready to drop the frugal dollar into the hat, and I remember hearing Father tell her how Deacon Meigs would say, when they counted up the offering: "There is Mr. Gould's dollar! He never forgets that!" Mr. Gould was the one rich man of the congregation, but there was but one dollar in that collection.

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While the energetic Lady Lois of Salem was fitting herself to the new environment at Delhi, her beloved son, Abner, was becoming a founder of church and schools, a molder of public opinion, and a helper to all in stress or strain greater than his own. He bought skins and furs from trappers and hunters and sent them to the New York market, and "journeymen" manufactured for him beaver under-fluffs into hats which also found sale in New York. The word "journeyman" always delighted me, it was so descriptive of the class of men who bore it. They were apprentices who, having served their time and learned a trade, were traveling in search of work during the interval between apprenticeship and mastership. My father also managed a farm which furnished the family food and was a school of industry for children who must work as well as play. It was the farm that unconsciously taught us the book of Nature, the love of which has been one of the richest of my life acquirements.

One periodical excitement of our lives was the "spring freshet," when the snow from the mountains was washed into the river, which soon became a raging torrent, cutting us off from school and church. I could easily imagine school going on without us, but how there could be a church service without Father was a problem. We sat on the bank of the flood and meditated upon the deluge, while we watched the adventurous rafts-

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men who were hooking the great hemlock logs together and tying the bobbing bulks into platforms which they called "colts." The "colts" were waiting for still more breadth of turbulent, muddy surface when they would be joined together, four of them into a great platform, and would start on their journey to far-off Philadelphia.

Brother Lakin, pastor of the Methodist church, was a renowned pilot, and if the freshet culminated on a Sunday great was his tribulation of spirit. It was told of him that he left the pulpit to rush down and jump on a "colt," just as it was leaving the shore on one inopportune Sabbath. The exploits and adventures of the raftsmen and the accidents of parting logs and collisions furnished the danger element which is so attractive to virile manhood.

Things come to me out of the past which are like pictured facts; they lack the roundness of reality and yet they were real. I remember, for instance, the episode of the "anti-rent war," which was a medley of excitement and confusion; of night-marching men, and crowds in the maple-groves; of calico-costumed companies, and the blare of horns and beat of drums, and the imposing figure of the sheriff on horseback.

I had a child's admiration for the sheriff, with whom I always associated a big sorrel' horse, vivid of color and prodigiously graceful, with prancing steps which kept time to the waving of

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a tail silver white for more than half its length. The color and wavy motion somehow suggested the white plume of Navarre which I had read of in history. The shot which killed him seemed to have destroyed a picturesque figure, an essential part of the pomp and grandeur of the world. But the announcement of the tragedy was commonplace enough. My brother came rushing into the house, shouting:

"Father! Father! The anti-renters have shot Bub Steele!" And yet this familiarly named man had stood for the power and majesty of government, and he went to his grave accompanied by the music of bands and the splendor of marching soldiers. I did not try to disentangle the real man from the importance of the things in which he figured, but the boys did it ruthlessly when they said, "They make a great fuss about Bub Steele, don't they?"

The anti-rent war was the revolt of farmers and landowners against the hereditary tribute of a certain number of bushels of wheat or corn, or its equivalent in money, which in my time was still paid to the descendants of the early lords of the manor. It is curious to look back to the time when the whole of New York State and the eastern shores of the Hudson were owned in enormous tracts of wilderness by a few clever and prominent men who had acquired titles to miles of the earth surface by promises of settlement. This

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land was finally parceled into farms, and cleared and owned by hard-working, energetic pioneers who paid in hard cash for their acres. But the patroons, in giving title, always reserved an endless right to a certain amount of the produce of the land. This survival or adoption of feudal law in America, of everlasting tribute from purchased land, finally became an irksome and unrighteous imposition in the minds of the small owners, and an effort was made to have it removed. But the holders of the ancient usufruct refused to yield, whereupon disguised and armed bodies of men and boys resisted the attempts of the sheriff to seize property to satisfy the rent claims. I remember the marching by night along the country roads of these bodies of resistsants, the blowing of horns, the glimpses of queer calico trousers and sheepskin coats under wavering torchlights, and the excitement of war in the air.

Of the subsequent history of the anti-rent war I knew little. It ceased, and so also, after a time, did the paying of tribute; I suppose that one was a consequent of the other.

III

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IT was apparently a long way from the sequestered farm-home in Delaware Valley to the art and music and opportunities of New York, but I had started on the life path which led to it, and every separate year of living with nature, together with the companionship and teaching of my nature-loving father, was destined to be an enrichment of the future. I grew up into early girlhood, drilled in all the expedients, economies, and accomplishments of pioneer and country life, taught to spin, to sew, to knit, to cook, and to house-keep by my wonderful mother, badgered and gibed into becoming humility by my active brothers, learned in maternal duties through the enforced care of a succession of baby brothers and sisters; and so, perhaps, when the future arrived I was not altogether unprepared for it.

Some one has said that a woman begins her life when she marries, and with those who marry early it is true. At all events, the things which happened around me and to me, before that

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event, seem like a story which concerns some one else, and not at all the present me.

In my day there were very few unmarried women. There was no place in American life for them. There were "old maids," and to be an old maid was to be a subject of pity and derision, almost of contempt.

It was vaguely felt that there was some lack in the girl, some want of charm or sense; or, at the very least, of adequate effort on the part of the luckless one who had failed to attract and secure a man.

Did we stop to think—as do the fine, beautiful young women of twenty-five and twenty-eight and thirty who are in the marrying line of to-day—about the responsibilities of marriage, or the possible habits of our prospective husbands? Not at all! The boys were too young for fixed habits, and we knew little and thought less of the dangerous inherited tendencies so dreaded by marrying women of the present. Did we question the ability of the boy-man to get on in the world and make proper opportunities for a growing family? Not in the least! That was all in the future, and the business of the present was to become a married woman.

I was one of the girls of that period, so I can tell its story. In those days a girl *must* marry. There was nothing else for her to do, and the sooner the better.

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In the life of the country town in which I grew up there were no girls of fortune and none who were self-supporting. There were one or two elderly single women who "helped themselves" by school-teaching or giving inadequate lessons upon the piano, and these two pursuits were the only ones open to unmarried women. The career of a powerful and competent single woman, as we know it to-day, was an unheralded dream. The curious, half-mysterious self-sufficiency of such women, together with its triumphant vindication by large results, was all in the future, and meantime we married, or waited, more or less impatiently, for our turn to come.

For the present, I was quite sufficiently occupied. There were books in the bookcase, constant and necessary work, the companionship of the very human crowd of school-girls and school-boys of the academy, and, above all and through it all, our beloved music.

Every Saturday night we went to "singing-school" and were trained in sight reading and choral music by "a professor," who lived in Albany and circled around the state, setting the pitch and beating time for hundreds of young people whose pleasant voices created a musical atmosphere in every small detached settlement. The singing-school was held in the basement of the Presbyterian church, and we four elder children walked our mile there and back, singing as

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we went and came, after we had left the village street and had crossed the little foot-bridge to our own side of the river. If any one was awakened from early toil-earned sleep by our fluting and singing, they probably explained the disturbances by saying, "Oh, it's only them Thurbers going home from singing-school."

I think at this time I had passed all the village boys in review as possible future life-partners. I was not particularly attracted by any individual, but I realized that some one of them might be my fate, unless the unexpected happened and Heaven sent me a special man, made to order by the unseen rulers of my destiny.

In this simplicity of environment I grew to the then marriageable age of sixteen and began to think of a married future; it all came about in a very natural way.

We had come into close relations with our Presbyterian pastor and his wife, both of whom were young and musical, and both from New York City. I think they found in our family something that supplemented the meagerness of country life and country church administration. Father was senior deacon of the church in age, service, and character, a man whose intelligence and integrity, accompanied by an unexpected strain of ideality, made him an interesting member of society, while his musical and happy brood of children were as amusing and new to the

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stranded pastor and his wife as would have been a brood of singing chickens. We became at once very intimate with both, much, I think, to the relief of our parents, who were sometimes troubled by a lack of religious quality in our associates. In my case the friendship was very ardent, for Mrs. Spees was beautiful and cultivated—a descriptive word which I had never before seen humanly illustrated—and, above all, new and inviting; so we fell into an enthusiastic friendship.

It happened—and here perhaps the unseen powers were at work—that Father allowed me to go to New York with them when they went home for a spring visit. There was a brother in the family, ten years my senior and rich in worldly experience; naturally he proved very attractive to my inexperience, and within a year I was his wife.

We were very poor young people, but we did not know it. I had been schooled to self-denial, and he was ambitious and untiringly active—a college man who had served in the government corps of civil engineers, laying out roads, canals, and tracts of public land in Illinois and Indiana. At this period he was acting as bookkeeper in a New York commission house.

One of the chiefs of the house, Mr. Christopher Robert, was very busy during the years of my husband's service in founding the Robert College of Constantinople. I have always felt a great

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intimacy with this important pioneer American college in Turkey, because the figuring of its initial budget was the evening employment of my busy husband; and those blocks of carefully computed small figures, beautiful to look at in their regular orderliness, were the icebergs of my pleasant married evenings. When we had safely weathered them my husband read to me—the long-forbidden plays of Shakespeare, the torrid journeyings of Dante, and the splendid progress of Godfrey of Bouillon as related by Tasso; so I became familiar with the great poets and stories of the world in the most harmonious atmosphere possible. From this distance, I can see that it was like stepping over a century, leaving behind me the habits and thoughts of early Puritan life and coming into a new world of advanced thought and intellectual freedom. My husband, a university man, with a natural love of literature, found in my unschooled mind a good follower and an eager companion.

When the first year of married life was ended the inevitable baby had arrived. I had long been a more or less unwilling student of baby lore and had graduated into practical knowledge of baby wants and needs. If this new, wonderful, my-very-own, perfected bit of heavenly humanity cried, I had no need of a trained nurse to diagnose the obstacle in its generally smooth-running little river of life. I had practical knowledge of all

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these difficulties and set myself to remove them with the wide-awake intelligence of seventeen—the close hourly observation of a ten-years' course of baby tending, quickened by mother love. And so my baby thrived and grew into an existence which was a blessing to her world, and lived her thirty-two short years in an inspired perfection which blessed the early years of her husband's life and shaped the future of her two children, Henry L. Stimson, a man of public affairs, and Candace Stimson, a woman of wide interests and of untiring beneficence.

The early years of our married life were spent in Brooklyn, which was then so merely a convenience to working and growing New York as to have received from that haughty metropolis the name of "The Bedroom." Yet like many another gibe, it held within it a consoling truth, for it was not only the resting-place of tired workers, but a refuge and refreshment to many who were doing great work for the world.

My man and I were fortunate enough to make a home while we were still young and enthusiastic, and it interests me now to see that it was the quality of it which drew around us the friends whose companionship and influence made life worth living. During some of these years my younger sister, Lucy, was with us, going daily to New York for the training of her beautiful voice by Madame Seguin, supplemented by the teach-

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ing of our neighbor, Mr. Erben, for many years the competent organist of St. Paul's and a skilful master of the piano. Music became once more a large part of the family atmosphere. Lucy contributed not only the gift of a wonderful voice, but youth and beauty and an enticing personality; all this seemed to me to complete my ideal of family life. A newly acquired home of my own, a clever, progressive man of my own, and a baby girl exactly to my mind—quite superior, indeed, to any baby of my knowledge or acquaintance—books which were constantly leading me into a much wider world, and a growing circle of interesting and amusing friends—these things were enough to fill my life with joy and content. Yet to be content to live in Brooklyn was always a matter of wonder to people who lived in New York; and perhaps even now the persistence of the idea continues to make it unpopular. I remember that not so many years ago a clever Denver woman, who was inveighing against the superior attitude of New York women toward those of the West, characterized it by saying: "I hate their Brahmin attitude! They treat us as if we lived in Brooklyn."

I was very well satisfied, and even proud of our pretty home, but I recall a supercilious lady of that great adjacent world who came to call upon my beloved guest, "Aunt Pardee," to whom she was greatly indebted for summer hospitality. She re-

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garded our sitting-room-library with a certain condescending surprise and, looking languidly at the books upon the reading-table, asked:

"Who reads Dante here?"

"The family," answered my aunt.

In those early days Brooklyn was a village with green fields lying against its narrow length, with all of pastoral and farming Long Island spread behind, and the great barrier of water between it and New York.

The ferry-boats were not too crowded, and people went over to New York for pleasure as well as for business. In summer afternoons pretty Brooklyn girls—and there were many—crossed the ferries and walked the length of Broadway to Bond and Bleecker streets—then the limit of residence—meeting on their returning way the men young and old who had left their down-town offices at five o'clock and had walked up-town, knowing that they should meet these enchanting girls out for an airing.

In winter great sleighs passed and repassed, the sleighs being transformed omnibuses with bells and equipments which made them veritable arctic pleasure-boats for the merry young people who filled them.

I remember vividly the flower faces of the girls of that period; it was a general and pervading beauty which now I find to be only occasional.

There is no doubt but that the best American

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type has always been a beautiful one. So long ago as when Fanny Kemble Butler wrote her first unpleasant impressions of America, she asked, "Where do these people get their Greek noses?" and she speaks of the Greek profile as being characteristic of our race. In a measure we have lost it, and I have a theory that it is because an ugly physical type came in with the pervading crowds who built our railroads and dug our canals and performed all the public labor of the country. The face of the Irish laborer of that day was quite different from that of the trim policeman or prosperous politician of the present; it had not lost the projecting jaw of the animal kingdom. The less common German type was heavy and crudely cut, and these two strongly marked faces were to be seen everywhere. Just why, under the advent of two physically ugly races, a beautiful one should have suffered an eclipse, not manifestly caused by mixture, who can tell? Was it the subtle and persuasive power of strong ugliness which pervaded the very air?

However that may be, pure American beauty seemed to be lost for a time. One seldom saw a typical American face, and there was no Celtic beauty in the Irish and German laboring classes to atone for the loss. Gradually, however, the peasant crudeness disappeared, the wide-open nostrils and projecting mouth which the Irish emigrant brought to the country became less and

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less marked with every succeeding generation, and an Irish type of beauty began to appear. The blue-gray eyes and black hair remained, but the repellent mouth disappeared. Prosperity and climate had done their work, and in like manner, slowly but surely, the heavy roundness of the German type was eliminated.

Of late years, since the wave of foreign labor has become so pronouncedly Italian, I have been glad to think that there was no racial ugliness in it to overcome. In fact, we have something to gain instead of to lose in physical characteristics by contact with the Latin type.

I remember that in those days crossing the ferry was a constant source of interest to me. There was always a long row of faces to study—faces which told just what sort of experiences life had given the consciousness which lived behind them, and bodies which chanted their own story of work or occupation. For example, there was the sweet old Quaker mother of a prosperous Long Island family, wife of a successful and prosperous farmer who had “thee’d and thou’d” her with constancy and love through half a century, and of course she would wear a Quaker bonnet, lined with half-transparent thin white silk with little plain lace borders. I liked the style so well that after we moved to “Nestledown” and became part of “The Island” population, and finding an ordinary bonnet no shelter to my eyes on our

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long and constant drives, I went to a Quaker milliner and ordered a bonnet. The friendly milliner told the story of the passing of creeds and fashions when she asked, "Does thy mother wear gray or drab?"—taking it for granted that the order came from a previous generation.

The bonnet was a great success, and as for the cap I was so well satisfied with myself in it, and it satisfied so thoroughly the man of my choice, that I copied and wore it mornings for the full period of my Long Island experiences. The outfit was rather incongruous with the high-stepping trotter which I drove to the Flushing nurseries for trees and more trees; and I was somewhat startled at being "thee'd and thou'd" by the owner of the nursery, when he asked, "Where does thee go to meeting?"

But there were other people to be looked at on the ferry-boats besides the dear old Quaker ladies—clerks and merchants, students and teachers, laboring-men and sewing-women, prosperous shoppers and pretty Brooklyn girls, and every day, in time for the afternoon train, that notable man, William Cullen Bryant.

The Long Island road had a branch to Roslyn, and the station was at South Ferry. Mr. Bryant was nearly always alone, nearly always absorbed in a newspaper, always self-absorbed; noticing no one, he moved through the crowd or sat against a window in the line of faces, thinking his own

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thoughts, which had little or nothing to do with the people and things about him. Very occasionally Mrs. Bryant would be there, always with her hand on his arm—or perhaps his tired-looking eldest daughter, Mrs. Parke Godwin, and the man, Parke Godwin, burly and attractive, not too conscious of his four or five hovering children, but admiringly conscious of the groups of pretty Brooklyn girls.

I made unwritten notes of them all, little thinking I should ever chatter to the poet and that he would listen, or that I should become a close friend of the younger daughter and be known of the Godwins through many passing years.

When I contrast the costly Brooklyn homes of to-day with the modest ones of that yesterday of which I am writing, I see that the values of material and perhaps immortal things have experienced great changes. For instance, I remember quite a general consensus of disapproval of one of our neighbors, the cause of which seems now almost unbelievable. This lady had been looked upon previously with much respect as a frequent contributor to magazine literature and as a poetess of some reputation. She lived in our street, a block west of us, and was consequently obliged to pass the house so often to reach the ferry line of cars that her goings and comings were a subject of family comment. At that date to be called "strong-minded" was quite the reverse of praise,

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and this lady was strong-minded; that is, she did what seemed right and good to her without regard to other people's tastes or inherited opinions, her own being freshly manufactured and personal. She wore short dresses of "bloomer" fashion, because long skirts gathered dust. She wore her hair short, because it curled so tightly that it was as impossible for combing as a young cedar-tree. In short, she did what other people did not, and, although her short dresses were tidy and her curls becoming, she was a byword even to the street boys, and I felt condemned for knowing her and, in my secret heart, preferring her to my long-skirted, long-tressed, more conventional neighbors.

But the crowning indiscretion of the woman's life was her devotion, in an admiring and pitying way, to Edgar Allan Poe, who lay slowly dying in his little roadside house in that upper region of New York which is now called "The Bronx." She went there daily—this far too previous woman—carrying delicacies for the poet and lavishing her husband's substance upon the family of a man who had no other claim to this devotion than that of having written a poem called "The Raven" and a piece of jingling rhyme known as "The Bells."

This was the average contemporary sentiment regarding Edgar Allan Poe in the "City of Churches," as Brooklyn was called; but one

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woman openly braved it, and probably many, even in his lifetime, came to know that his melodies were played upon a deathless string.

I suppose Brooklyn was no better in those self-righteous days than now, but it was certainly far less liberal in judgment of constitutional frailties. Now, indeed, it would be a distinction to have ministered to that poor poet with the melancholy eyes and the gift of immortal harmony.

That was also the period of smaller and more respectable poets; of George P. Morris, and Nathaniel P. Willis, and Fitz-Greene Halleck, and Joseph Rodman Drake, and many another of the forgotten singers who trilled their little lays for their audiences of the day, quite unconscious that of the music of their time and circle only the great numbers of "Thanatopsis" and the ringing changes of "The Bells" would sing for generations yet unborn. Poor, vanished poets! How could any one of them know? How, indeed, can any one ever know if one's utterances have immortal quality? Each one says what is given him to say, he repeats what he hears from some inner voice which talks to him in silence, not knowing the rank in the over-world of the being who has chosen him for a mouthpiece, whether it may be as great as the greatest of that spiritual throng or as weak as the weakest.

But whether they belonged to the greatest or the least, it was a privilege to see the singers of

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the world, and we saw them all at one time or another at the "Artists' Receptions." Literature and art were represented by comparatively few people, and those who represented them were drawn much more closely together than now, when literature and art are often common pursuits of the same person. Now, it seems, one need not wait to find whether he has special gift for either vocation. In painting, particularly, so many different aptitudes are available that the subtle personal quality which distinguishes the born artist from the skilful workman can easily be dispensed with.

An "Artists' Reception" was a real function in the forties and fifties—a gathering together of all the personalities that had stepped out of the ranks and had become noticeable.

There were painters among them whose pictures are still considered valuable in comprehensive collections, although the school to which they belonged no longer exists; and there were those who helped form the literary taste of America, as well as others whose words have fallen through the winnowing sieve held in the hands of posterity and shaken by the impertinent years.

Morris and Willis were very well known in that day as the editors of the *New Mirror*, a thin and perhaps triflingly graceful magazine, which held a place of importance chiefly on account of its two well-known author-editors.

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I remember being very much impressed by Willis's personality; he was large and blond and apparently quite interested in the people he met; he looked and was really and emphatically a society man, and he could gossip charmingly of notable people both in America and in England. I have very good reason to remember the *New Mirror*, the numbers of which came to me weekly during the last year of my girlhood from the man who stood at the gate of my future. There is a book of its early numbers, sewed carefully together, in the under-drawer of my desk—this very desk where I am writing; and if I cut the restitched threads at the back of the leaves of each number I come upon seventy-odd-year-old love-letters, written in the finest of words and lines, just such love-letters as my youngest granddaughters are receiving to-day—so far as the subject-matter is concerned—but far more exquisitely written and quite without the freedom and camaraderie of modern love-letters.

Their coming to me in this way was a matter of postage, for my young man was a clerk in a commission house in New York, and poor, as were most young men of his generation; consequently twenty-five cents postage for letters (for that was the price of postage in those days) was an expense to be avoided if possible. My father disapproved of this way of transmitting love-letters; he thought it was "defrauding the gov-

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ernment," and I suspect it gave him a half-unwilling doubt as to the moral fiber of my enterprising young man, despite the fact that he was the brother-in-law of a minister.

Our Brooklyn days were from '44 to '54 of the nineteenth century, and the noticeable men of that time, whom we used to meet at receptions and studios, and sometimes at friends' houses, are many of them almost unknown by name to readers and people of the present day; they have fallen through the sieve and are unrecognized by the present generation. If I speak of John G. Saxe, as a classmate of my husband's, a pleasant Brooklyn neighbor, and a popular poet, some one of my sufficiently intelligent children or grandchildren will be apt to say: "Who was he? I never heard of him." These educated middle-aged people have "never heard of him," nor of George P. Morris and N. P. Willis and William Allen Butler and Fitz-Greene Halleck; yet not to have known the work of these men in the middle fifties would have been simply disgraceful. Moreover, my sophisticated grandchildren will interrogate me minutely about some contemporary of these men. They would like to hear my gossip about Charlotte Cushman; and Fanny Kemble Butler in her beautiful first youth; and Washington Irving, whose long, pleasant face and suspiciously brown-thatched head were even more familiar to me than his printed words; and Bryant

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—"Oh yes, of course! Why, everybody knows Bryant!" Is it because these other men did not make books or because the books are dead? Perhaps they did not write real books—only current literature, "things for the paper." Even I do not know many of their books, but I remember their sparkling articles.

One of our first and most generous and kindly friends was T. B. Thorpe, a man well known in his day as both writer and artist. He was of the "Harper staff," clever in many ways, a successful landscape-painter, and a man whose speech was a special gift. He loved painting, but lived by literature, and was a favorite member of the society of painters and writers. Indeed, we owed it to him that we were gradually included in the set of people who did things—that is, who were creators—although we were at that time only appreciators.

I remember well Mr. Thorpe's first visit, because of just one word of characterization of our baby, who had been brought in for inspection by her father's friend and college classmate. She sat upon her father's arm, a shapely, grave little figure, and regarded him with solemn eyes and mouth, where expression waited upon judgment. The classic oval of her small face excited T. B.'s admiration, but her want of ready responsiveness was a trifle repellent. "My," said he, "what a genteel baby!" It was a clever use of an old-

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fashioned word which was soothing to both visitor and visited, and which fitted the baby marvelously.

"When the Thorpe family came to Brooklyn it was from New Orleans, where Mr. Thorpe had been doing journalistic work almost since his college days. They brought with them an old family slave called Judy, who had nursed and tended the three children, and who, as usual in old slavery days, was perfectly one of the family. Judy did not take to Northern ways. She missed the kindly camaraderie of the slave service, and, being herself of noticeable looks and character, the Irish servants of neighbors made her a mark for their gibes.

At that time Brooklyn depended upon street pumps for its supply of water, and it was the custom for the servants of all the families to meet at a pump corner in the early morning and secure the daily domestic supply. At this convocation Judy found herself a stranger and an alien, and consequently was not happy. One Sunday morning the boy of the Thorpe family, finding her in a corner, knitting, remonstrated with her.

"Judy, don't you know you'll never go to heaven if you knit on Sundays?"

"Oh, laws, Massa Tom," she responded, "I don't want to go to heaven from Brooklyn; shouldn't like dat part of heaven where the Brooklyn folks be!"

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What a sermon was this for the critical underworld if they could but have heard it! Poor old Judy! The free North was too much for her, and her misery became a family affliction which was finally ended by her being sent back to a friend in New Orleans who was willing to be responsible for the comfort of her old age.

The Thorpes lived in a small wooden house accidentally left over among the blocks of houses on "The Heights," but the people who frequented it were not left-overs; they were all men who had come to the front in every line requiring cleverness. Mr. Thorpe was incurably given to small home dinners of from six to eight guests, any one of whom could have furnished wit and wisdom for a dull dozen. I said our friend gave these dinners, but in truth it was a partnership affair between himself and Mary, the cook, who was cook, waiter, and general-in-chief of the whole small establishment. Mary also loved to give dinners—if the guests were to her liking—and her taste in guests quite equaled her skill in providing for them. One night it was a dinner of six, one member of which was Mr. Genoux, a charming and genial French painter whose face and even his head—bare of hair as an apple—seemed to radiate enjoyment. Mary was well known to all these men, and her attendance as well as her cookery was highly appreciated.

This particular dinner was a notable success,

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and the morning after Mary climbed from her basement to our friend's small third-floor writing-room to receive her meed of praise and exchange words of satisfaction.

"Shure 'twas an illigant dinner," said she.

"It was," said the master; "everybody said it."

"And Mr. Genoux," she continued, "was the finest of them all, wid not a hair betwane him and hiven!"

It was during the years of our Brooklyn life that our second child came to us; a boy, to his father's delight, more than made the masculine balance of the family. His boyishness asserted itself as a dominant element while he was still a baby, and stirred the quiet life of the family into currents and bubbles before he had learned that one end of his body was made for walking. Even the tame canary, who had been used to sitting on my toilet-table, trying to partake of all my activities of brushing and plaiting, took refuge on the tops of doors and furniture, although he often sat fearlessly among the flaxen thatching of the "genteel baby." As soon as the child could walk we were startled by occasional disappearances of his robust little personality, and one morning he was missing before breakfast-time. Every corner of the house, even to basement and cellar, was ransacked in vain. A street search was finally instituted, which was interrupted by the appearance of a neighbor's maid, carrying our triumphant

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nightgowned youngster, while he in turn clasped a little cage, filled with cotton-wool, in the depths of which cowered a tiny marmoset, the cherished object of our childless neighbor's care.

The boy was claimed, and the marmoset returned, not without kicks and howls from its captor. For days the question of the family was, "How on earth did the child get out unobserved, and how *could* he have known of the existence of the monkey and where it was kept?" The first question was answered by the possibility of the front door having been left open by the maid, whose duty it was to sweep the sidewalks while the family was dressing or dreaming. But the second continued to be an unsolved mystery. I think his father was delighted with this trick; indeed, he expressed it by saying, "If he wants a thing he goes for it, and I hope he will keep it up."

He did keep it up, much to my anxiety and dismay. Sometimes I compromised his possibilities by taking him with me when I went out; and, although many years have hung their veils between then and now, I remember a morning when I stood at the South Ferry, holding his little hand tightly in mine while horses and men were rushing to the boat, and omnibuses stood waiting for passengers or were starting toward their various destinations. Just as the first one rolled off, the little hand in mine slipped away and a white-and-blue-coated boy started with flying

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skirts for the departing omnibus. Almost before I realized that it was my boy he reached it and was clinging to the step; then he climbed the latter and sat joyously under the dangerous closed door. Of course I ran, and of course I screamed, and as soon as the crowd around me saw the situation *it* ran and shouted; the driver turned his head to see what was the matter, and one blessed man, nimble-witted and long-armed, reached out and rescued the child and waited for the frantic mother who had started this commotion. I thanked him with a face crumpled out of shape and a voice which wavered all over the scale, and that was the end of my promenades with the boy alone, and the beginning of a longing for a ten-acre lawn, free from crowds and omnibuses and ferries and populated only with grasshoppers and caterpillars and birds which he could not catch. In my troubles, my sister and husband comforted me, family fashion, by telling me that I had "not a firm enough hand with the boy," and fortified their position by repeating his speech when one day his aunt called him to "come downstairs."

"Is it Aunt Lu or is it mamma?" he asked.

"It is Aunty Lu."

"Well, den, I'll tum." And he came.

If I could have realized at the time that this child was born an earth-wanderer, impelled by some controlling power to test every physical

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fact and study at first hand every condition of life, I should undoubtedly have enjoyed my motherhood of a boy to a much greater degree; but for real solid mother comfort I could always fall back upon the girl whose transparent little soul I could read and understand.

The first "Artists' Reception" I remember was held at "Dodworth's," for there was no Academy of Design in those days and the large dancing-class room in a building next to Grace Church was the most available gathering-place for an assemblage of the kind. I remember the joyful excitement of the first occasion when I met real artists and real poets, and I realize that I was young to the world as well as young in years.

To see the men whose verses had jingled in my ears and whose pictures had delighted my eyes was a rare experience. Morse was then a painter of portraits, instead of what he afterward became, an opener of invisible doors that the speech of man might reach from world's end to world's end. I approved of his looks as a painter without knowing that he was anything else, and, indeed, at that time perhaps it was all that he knew of himself. Durand, Cole, Huntingdon, Elliot, Ingham, and Inman were of the group.

These men were the founders of the Academy of Design and the organizers of a school of painting in America; and there were a score of younger

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men, all of whom I came to know and who made holiday house for years of the home we built on Long Island after our Brooklyn days were over. It is still our home, thank God! for perpetuity in a home is a blanket for the cold years which come with age.

Among these younger men who became our friends were F. E. Church ("Free Episcopal Church" we called him), Sanford Gifford, McEntee, Kensett, Lafarge, Hubbard, Boughton, Whitridge, Bierstadt, George Innes, Bristol, and dear John Weir, whose "Christmas Bell"—one of the first of Prang's chromos, with its clustering imps weighing the bell-rope—has hung for all these changeable years in my bedroom. All of these men I have seen grow into old, instead of young Academicians, as they were then, and all of whom, alas! with one dear exception, I miss now from my dwindled circle of this world's acquaintances.

The last time I saw Mr. Huntingdon was at one of the Indian Conferences at Lake Mohonk, when he sat in a wheeled chair and listened to the talk of the present makers of public opinion and originators of movements. He looked like a very old man as he sat in the slanting afternoon light, with a black-silk cap drawn over his head, and his long hands, where the veins emphasized themselves like rivers on a map, resting upon the arms of the chair; and yet those hands were busy every morning painting an important portrait, one of the

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last of the "Huntingdons" which people the years present and to come.

Our talk fell upon the painters whose life-work we both followed and admired from its beginning to its end, "the Hudson River School" as it is called; and we both pleased ourselves by saying that those men had done certain things well, and that, although technique has altered, the merit of their work remains unchanged and would always be a heritage of value to the country.

In the years of which I am writing, Cole and Durand were the leaders of the landscape school of America. I remember Cole but dimly, although I saw him not infrequently. I was always conscious of him as a friend of Mr. Bryant's, and the painter of "Cole's Voyage of Life"; also of a picture which hung in the small drawing-room at Roslyn of himself and Bryant standing together upon a rock-ledge in the Catskill Mountains. When I came to live in the mountains I was always recognizing that ledge, whether my steps led me east or west, north or south.

Morse and Durand were ever-present figures at all convocations of artists, both ardent workers for the advancement of art and constant influences in its progress. They had both begun their careers as portrait-painters, but Durand soon left that branch of art for landscape, and it was quite natural that the younger painters who were his pupils should follow in the same direction.

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F. E. Church, who was one of the leading men of the younger school, was a pupil of Cole and follower of his methods, and the growth of American art was decidedly in the direction of landscape.

The influence of the portrait school of England dwindled as the younger painters came upon the stage, although the work of Huntingdon had come into prominence, accompanied by that of H. Peters Gray, H. A. Loop, and others. William Oliver Stone, who died too early to finish his career, and George A. Baker were the "beauty-painters" of the day, and their portraits of the most prominent and fashionable and beautiful women were the great attractions of the yearly exhibits. Of course, there were others; Ingham and the elder Inman were still upon the stage, although shoudered aside by the younger men.

The Peales and Sully were painting American statesmen and American belles, and indeed the great English period of portrait-painting was still a valuable tradition. Some of the men who had studied under Reynolds and Gainsborough were still painting—Stuart himself, and one of the Peales, and Sully—and their influence was felt.

I have a portrait which came from the collection of Burton, the comedian; an unsigned picture evidently painted on a canvas which had been previously used, as some of the under painting shows at the edges. When Burton died and his

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collection was sold this picture was bought by Mr. Thorpe, who had always singled it out as a thing of worth and beauty. Burton told Mr. Thorpe that he had brought it from England and that it was the work of an English artist named Drummond, a pupil of Reynolds; in spite of which testimony all the American painters I have known unanimously declare it to be a Sully; but as Sully was also a pupil of Reynolds it only goes to show that the pupils of great teachers are apt to paint alike; their art handwriting resembles that of their teacher and one another, until wider experience and personal gifts affect and shape it differently.

This particular picture is a portrait of a young girl, whose white veil is drawn across the old-fashioned, largely projecting bonnet; the face itself depicts girl-beauty at its best. The method of its painting is extremely interesting; sweeps and curves of pure color, put in with a full brush, and blending where they meet as softly as shadows upon the face of a flower. This alone would make it an English picture, for none of our early American portrait-painters, save only Stuart, kept the secret of handling pure color and full brush which made and makes the lasting charm of the best English portraits.

As I look back to the days of the Brooklyn home, I can see that our familiarity with painters themselves, with their studios, their work, and

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their talk of art, was a constant education. Most of them had just returned from their studies abroad, so art old and new was still an enthusiasm with them, and when I came to its study personally I found that the way had been prepared by our companionship with these pleasant friends.

There was at that time little opportunity for the exhibition of pictures in New York, there being but one or two shops where they were sold. In fact, I remember but one, "William's" on mid-Broadway. Naturally, artists' studios were more open to the public then than now. After the building of the "Tenth Street Studios" Saturday was a general reception-day, and one could go from studio to studio, generally meeting the painter to whom it belonged and having the pleasure of hearing his own explanation of his work.

I remember George Boughton telling us of the visit of one of the Stuart Brothers, prominent sugar-refiners, who loved art and allowed some of their surplus wealth to find its way into the pockets of the young painters. Boughton related that the bachelor brother came in on several consecutive Saturdays to look at a little sunset which he seemed to fancy.

"Where was it painted?" he asked.

It was in truth a composition, but Boughton promptly answered:

"From Fishkill Landing."

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"West side," said the patron, musingly. "So the sun sets in the east there, does it?"

At that time Boughton was a fresh, boyish-looking man who really belonged in Albany but who had a studio in the "Tenth Street Studio" building. Then and after his transplantation to England he was always a great favorite among the painters. He was chiefly known in his early days as a successful painter of "snow scenes," which found favor with the buyers of small pictures. There were not many picture-buyers among the rich, and, indeed, I think the chief income of the younger painters came from the purchase of small pictures by friends whose incomes had not yet reached colossal proportions. I know we bought them all the way along the "fifties" and "sixties" and "seventies" and "eighties," a habit which resulted finally in a complete collection of the work of early American painters, a collection of which my son, who has fallen heir to them, is justly proud.

There was another story of the same Stuart brother which Mr. Palmer of Albany told with glee. He had just finished his statue of "The Greek Slave," which was being exhibited in New York, together with other of his productions. As he was one of the few American sculptors and his work was deservedly popular, the exhibition was a success. Among the visitors was Mr. Stuart, who wandered around among the other

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exhibits, after a long and careful study of "The Greek Slave." In the course of his circuit he came upon the sculptor and, shaking hands delightedly, said:

"Palmer, I like your 'Greek Slave,' especially the body. I do not altogether care for the head, and I am looking around to find one that suits me. If I do I shall give you an order."

There was a sequel to this, which we found very amusing. When our daughter, the newly grown-up "genteel baby," was going to Paris for a year's study, convoyed by Mr. Wheeler's partner and his wife (who was a sister of the Stuart brothers), we met Mr. Stuart on the steamer and he was introduced to our daughter. In the note which came back by the pilot was this closing sentence, "I think Mr. Stuart has found 'a head that suits him,' for he kissed me at parting."

But to go back to the "Tenth Street Studio" Saturdays. It was a day of general visiting of one another's studios by the painters as well as the public, and on one of the days Genoux exhibited a picture of Venice, gay and fine with color and vivid with streaming flags. In F. E. Church's studio was the result of a summer's work in South America which he called the "Heart of the Andes," a large and impressive picture of magnificent mountain slopes covered with deeply green semi-tropical forests. Meeting Church in the hall, one of the painters asked:

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"What do you think of Genoux's 'Venice'?"

"Peppermint candy," he answered, shortly.

Afterward, strolling into Genoux's studio, the visiting painter asked, "How do you like the 'Heart of the Andes'?"

"Spinach! Spinach!" said Genoux. There was just enough real characterization of each picture to make this exchange of opinions very amusing.

At that time only prosperous and traveled Americans knew much of foreign art; and they were not in the majority, and certainly not in the present sense "picture-buyers." So the rank and file of our people had no opportunities of seeing other than American pictures. I remember when Turner's "Slave Ship" came into this country, having been bought for Mr. Lenox by a friend whose knowledge and judgment of art he relied upon, the public promptly decided that he must be greatly disappointed in the picture, and this was probably the general judgment. Yet this very picture was the great attraction of a gallery of selected foreign pictures given to New York by Mr. Lenox, a gift which antedated the great benefactions of the present day and the wonderful riches of the Metropolitan Museum.

When William P. Wright, an English-American merchant who made a small art-gallery in the stone castle he built at the beginning of the Palisades, bought Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" for the modest sum of six hundred dollars, it was ex-

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hibited at William's "Frame and Picture Shop," on Broadway, and was the art event of the day. Everybody went to see it and the general verdict was that it was "understandable," a quality which the red flare of "The Slave Ship" did not possess in the public estimation. What Turner would have said to this verdict, or what English picture-buyers and picture-lovers would have thought, is an amusing speculation, but that was the general American opinion of two very famous pictures. And yet we thought we knew what was good even in art. If the test of quality depends upon amount of knowledge, everything is good to some of us, and that is a consoling reflection.

The Brooklyn period of our lives was not entirely concerned with looking on or getting to know painters and literary men, for music and dramatic art had a place in it. Music in its simpler forms had made up a large part of the joy of my childhood, for it was our only unquestioned source of happiness, the one enjoyment which, according to the Puritan standard, was "without sin."

I learned to accept opera as the highest expression of music when a wonderful season was given at Castle Garden, where all the great singers of the time were to be seen and heard and where Jenny Lind's first concerts in America were given. The creation of a furor as a means of introducing any great gift or accomplishment to the world was comparatively cheap and simple in those

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days, and yet not perhaps so simple as it looks at the distance of sixty years. It was not alone a matter of calculation of cost, but of intuition and judgment, and the original prophet of advertising, the man who knew how to inoculate the public with the germ of curiosity and enthusiasm, was in full possession of his power.

P. T. Barnum had made himself known to the world before the date of his introduction of "the Swedish Nightingale" to America, but it was a long step from amusing the general and unschooled public with unusual beasts and dwarfs and painted clowns, to charming and gratifying the cultivated few with one of the world's miracles of singing. But Barnum did it! And with a profit!

The attention of everybody, musical or otherwise, was called to his experiment by the amount it cost him—large then, but insignificant in our present full midday of costly advertising. His initial move was to sell the first ticket to the first concert for a hundred dollars, and "Knox the Hatter" gained more by his investment of the hundred dollars than a million dollars spent in advertising would accomplish to-day.

When one man paid a hundred dollars to hear the famous singer, thousands became eager to pay a dollar for the same privilege, and an audience was secured which justified the prophet.

But the Nightingale herself, the subject of the massed thoughts and gathered attention of all

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comparatively new New York and its various extensions! I can see her now with her full-flounced, lemon-colored silk skirts and deep lace berthe, the loops of fair hair over her ears, sloping outward in graceful curves, and her movements as natural and unconscious as those of a child. The piano was not placed quite to her liking and she involuntarily attempted to move it, as any house-wife would try to push a table. All this, I remember, before her notes began to soar and float in the air spaces of the great building. They were not mere sounds; they were alive, like a flock of birds which she could liberate and recall when and where she would. It was an unprecedented experience! We sat, my sister Lucy and I, holding and pressing each other's hands and feeling each other's thrills while the wonderful voice danced and sang to an enthralled audience. I thought then, and still think, her singing the greatest union of melody and art, of wonderful natural gift and complete training, I have ever known.

For the time, Castle Garden became a great musical opportunity. There was one fifty-cent opera season, where the greatest singers of the world, Sontag, and Fosti the world-famous tenor among them, sang for the million whose fifty cents was the limit of indulgence for the inner dweller, which so generally demands more than equal expenditure with its partner, the body;

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and the million went and enjoyed what was generally the exclusive property of millionaires. I have forgotten many of the names of the great singers we heard in those inexpensive days, but their achievements became our standards, and the making of standards is, I suppose, the end of all cultivation.

It was not only music that we heard in those early Brooklyn days. In the very first of them, while I was still young enough and near enough to Puritan standards of my childhood to feel guilty in my very blood at seeing a play; when I was new to Shakespeare and had been taught that I periled my salvation by reading him, my husband took me—not once or twice, but many times in 1845—to the old Park Theater to see Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean in "Hamlet," and other Shakespeare plays. I was too new to dramatic art to think much of Kean's Hamlet. Indeed, it has been a drawback all my life to a cordial appreciation of art in various forms that my knowledge of nature was so comprehensive and minute. I have always the perfect in my mind to correct the imitative and necessarily incomplete. It has been so with pictures whenever they depended upon truthful representation of natural effects for their greatness. It has been only when they had to do with human emotions or moods of nature that I could judge them without comparison and by their effect alone. Dra-

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matic art and in a degree literary art has always had to compete with that inner standard of truth which seems common to humanity. Music alone is exempt from comparison. Melody is only a voicing of the harmonies which sing within us, and composition, although it may clothe itself with melody, has no precedent in nature.

We were not without "inherited friends" in those early days. The first of these to whom I became heir during the growing-up years of my married life were "the Coopers," Peter and William Cooper, brothers, who had played with my husband's father when they were boys, roaming together over the fields which lay between lower Third Avenue and the East River, and through the orchards and pastures of the Stuyvesant farm, or exploring the wilds of the northern and western shores of New York island.

The children of both brothers were our friends, and their children and grandchildren are still our friends, and friends of four generations are not to be lightly reckoned; they are the framework of the house of life, and wholly to be depended upon. There are a pair of pastels hanging in the Cooper Institute, copied by Dora Wheeler from portraits of the father and mother of "the Cooper boys," as my husband's father called Peter and William Cooper, which must have been painted late in the seventeenth century. The faces are characterful and self-denying, and it is curious to trace back

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to these elements the wide-flung benefits of the Cooper Union.

When I first came to know Peter Cooper it was before the full development of the Cooper Union, the earliest public utility in New York City devoted to mental instead of physical needs. But he was even then a man of mark and of means, and endowed with much practical wisdom and general beneficence. He possessed also extraordinary mechanical ability. He could do wonderful things with the concert of mind and hands, and I remember his telling me of his construction of a locomotive engine which antedated the first Fulton locomotive, and just escaped, through accident of time, taking its place as a new invention. He had a perfectly equipped machine-shop over the carriage-house of his home on Lexington Avenue, and one of his first gifts to his grandsons, Mrs. Hewitt's boys, was a turning-lathe, which he taught them to use at the age when other boys were playing marbles. The strain of engineering intelligence trickled through his daughter's brain and made mechanical geniuses of her sons, one of whom, Peter Cooper Hewitt, is reckoned among the prominent inventors of the world, while our faithful friend, Edward Ringwood Hewitt, the second son, creates every-day miracles in the way of farm machines upon his great space of acres near Tuxedo.

I remember sitting next Mr. Cooper at dinner .

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at Mrs. Hewitt's house at Ringwood, where the number of guests made quiet conversation between any two possible and pleasant, and enticing him into telling me of his first thought of founding a great institute for the sons of working-men.

"It began," said he, "when I was quite a young man and a member of the Board of Aldermen—it was respectable in those days to be an alderman," he interpolated—"and at one of our sittings I asked a man I knew about his family, and he told me his oldest son was in Paris, studying architecture. It seemed to me a long way to send a boy to school, and I said so, but he told me that in Paris there was the best of free education to be had in a great institute founded and supported by the French government. I asked about it, for I was interested in such things, and I kept on asking until I knew all he could tell me. At the end of our conversation I made up my mind that if our government could do no better than to give a poor boy a common-school education, something ought to be done about it, and I promised myself that when I was worth sixty thousand dollars I would start an institute for working-men's sons."

"And did you?" I asked, for sixty thousand dollars had grown to be a comparatively insignificant sum even then.

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Mr. Cooper laughed. "No," said he, "but I got the land.

"You remember," he continued, "that old wedge where Third Avenue forks and joins Fourth Avenue and becomes the Bowery. It was covered with hencoops and filled with market-wagons, for it was opposite the little Third Avenue Market."

I did remember it, and Mr. Cooper went on to tell of his favorable purchase of the site, and how, during the years that his fortune was growing, he was studying institutes; and then of the actual organization and contracts and building, and of its being a "Boy's Institute" until he took over an art-school, founded by philanthropic New York women, agreeing that it should not lose its identity, but should always be called "The Woman's Art School."

Of course the enterprise met with scant encouragement at first, but Mr. Cooper's son, Edward Cooper, and his son-in-law, Abram S. Hewitt, joined hands with him in its prosecution, and it became, instead of a one-man enterprise, the affair of a powerful family, that of his brother, William Cooper, adding generously to its resources.

At the time of this artless recital, the Cooper Union had become a great public benefit, its advantages known and used by thousands of young people to whom scientific and art knowledge would otherwise have been impossible; among

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them, I may name Saint-Gaudens, perhaps our greatest sculptor and whose first art instruction was at "The Cooper." Realizing its scope and importance, I looked at the dear gray prophet at my side, and was newly struck with wonder at the living progress of an idea. I could fancy this man, many years younger, sitting beside his brother alderman, simply a quiet, honest, unobtrusive citizen, nursing a thought which would grow into a great power.

It was the same seed that wise old Benjamin Franklin sowed when he left ten thousand dollars in trust to the city of Boston to be kept at compound interest for a century, to found a "Workingman's Institute," when the hundred years should have gone. The ten thousand dollars slept underground, spreading its roots in compound interest until the years were complete. When it had reached the sum of three hundred thousand dollars the trustees of the bequest came to New York to look into the organization of the Cooper Union, and one of the Cooper trustees was so interested by the sudden appearance above-ground of Franklin's thought that he impulsively grafted another hundred thousand dollars into the original stock, with secret delight at its companionship. Perhaps at this date it is not indiscreet to say that the trustee was Andrew Carnegie.

What blessed things are thoughts, when they

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are of such strain! And what a royal lot to have been the ground for one to grow in!

Dear old Peter Cooper! The later years of his life, when "Matthew" drove him daily in his queer old high open phaëton down to the Cooper Union to smile around the building, to stroll through its wide halls and into its great recitation-rooms and to exchange questions and answers with its tutors, and receive hundreds of grateful glances from young eyes which he had helped toward shedding light upon the world, must have been full of happiness and satisfaction. Indeed, I know they were. I considered it one of my choicest honors to have been during my working years one of the advisory committee of "The Woman's Art School of the Cooper Union."

Peter Cooper had two children, a son, and a daughter who married Abram S. Hewitt. During the latter part of his life his simple goodness and one-thoughted benevolence was somewhat overshadowed by the prominent public life of his son-in-law, although he lived quietly and happily in the shadow; neither he nor his family realized the importance of what he had done in his life, until his death, when a walking procession of appreciative working-men, reaching from his home at Twenty-second Street to the far-distant Battery, followed his untenanted body toward his last resting-place.

Mr. Edward Hewitt writes me:

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MY DEAR MRS. WHEELER:

I am glad you are writing about Grandfather. Those who knew him well are getting very scarce now. I believe I can find a photograph of him, I made myself, which is very good, though small. Mrs. Bryce will have good ones of Uncle Edward. I have a book showing a copy of the race between the locomotive and the horse-car which you could copy. I also have his speech at the Arcadian Club.

IV

"NESTLEDOWN"

WHEN I began to count my years into the twenties we left our Brooklyn days and Brooklyn home behind us and built a new abiding-place, one quite to our minds, twelve miles out on Long Island.

How much of the course of life is accidental! It is as if one started for a country drive and turned hither and thither almost at the will of the animal drawing the vehicle, following the road with its changes without knowledge or purpose or even will of one's own; and yet the road with its incidents is *life*. Our dream had always been that when we grew rich we should build a house upon the shores of the Hudson, perhaps in the beautiful neighborhood of Tarrytown, where we could go every Sunday to the little church at Spuyten Duyvel, and put our small contribution in the plate passed for collection by Washington Irving.

In spite of this fancy, we built our family shelter and made our home on the flats of Long Island,

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among the descendants of the old Dutch farmers, who recognized us for forty years only as "those new people."

It happened in this wise. A man came into the office one day, who lived "out on the Island," and asked my husband to bring me out for the night to his place, a modest cottage with many acres of land, lying midway between the north and south shores of Long Island. The pleasant countriness of it, and the homeiness of it, resulted in our buying a gently sloping meadow, which ran back into acres of woodland and to the shore of the "Two-Mile Mill-pond" where great white water-lilies grew.

Our active-minded, nimble-legged boy had much to do with this purchase, although he was not consulted, and a pair of Morgan mares, bred and for sale by our many-acred friend, decided it, without uttering a word of either horse or man language. Upon this ground we built a house, as closely fashioned to our minds as the changing thoughts which shaped them allowed, and we called it "Nestledown," for that name seemed to hold happy domestic possibilities. So the place grew which was the warp and woof on which most of the happenings of our after-lives were figured.

The neighborhood was called Jamaica, for that was the nearest town, then a small old Dutch village, of some importance withal, because of its age and traditions. It had been the summer

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"seat" of some of the governing powers of New Amsterdam, and still bore an unmistakable stamp of its origin in the occasional Dutch farm-houses along the central street which led far down the length of the Island. Beyond the town limits, this street became a road threading through primitive villages and running parallel to the one railroad; it was also the scene of notable activity in horse-trotting. Indeed, all the "trotters" of sporting New York were as familiar with it as we who lived within sound of the flying hoofs. In an old copy of the village by-laws, it is commanded that "no person shall shoot eagles on the highway." Sixty years ago it seemed quite possible to break this law.

When the transit from city to country was really made, and our household gods distributed and set up in our new home, the madness of planting took possession of me. One of the Morgan mares was gentle enough for a woman to drive, so I made almost daily trips across the Island to Flushing, where the first nurseries of New York still exist, hurrying the speedy mare along the smooth road, in spite of my Quaker bonnet, and bringing back in my small vehicle the little beginnings of the great trees which now distinguish and shadow the broad lawn of "Nestle-down," stretching their arms in air and cutting the sky into patches of blue rimmed with fluttering leaves. Now their trunks are gigantic pil-

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lars, gray and fluted and beautiful. And they are still waxing, God be thanked, after the manner of tree life, although the human life which planted them wanes.

Oh! but those were good days! Days when life was rushing so vigorously through our veins, and my husband was busy and happy making money "in town," and the children were growing up, and I was planting. I felt then, as I know now, that one of the most perfect and unfailing joys of life is planting. It is the creative joy felt by God—"when He saw all that He had made, He called it good."

Our Brooklyn and New York friends loved "Nestledown," and found ease and joy in it. The men of the "Tenth Street Studios" drifted out on Sundays and holidays, and shared our breadth of air and space, and ate of our fresh young garden growths, our apples and pears and grapes and other kindly fruits of the earth, or drove with us to Rockaway and ate our picnic luncheon on the Beach. They were all so welcome!

I remember Eastman Johnson in his bachelor days staying with us while he painted a picture which he saw on one of our drives. On the Black Stump Road, which ran across from Jamaica to Flushing, there stood the ruins of a house which had been built in the old slave days for negro quarters. There were just four stone walls and a chimney, and Eastman was struck with the

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pictorial effect of the flare of light down the big-throated chimney. So he stayed and painted it—not a sketch, but a painstaking Düsseldorf picture, with an old darky, whom he picked up on the neighboring farm, sitting bowed over embers in the failing light. He drove my gray mare Bessie, who was a delightful companion, across to the old house every morning, taking his lunch with him and picketing Bessie in the field until night.

Sandford Gifford made little sketches of the sunsets which afterward flamed into glory on his canvases. Bierstadt got up early one morning to paint a sunset of the night before which still flamed in his memory.

George Hall showed me how to mix and use colors and glazes, and superintended my first effort in oil-painting; indeed, I got great help from all these friendly artists, and as I had always drawn flowers enthusiastically and successfully, and loved the intricacies and mystery of color, I found myself before long an amateur flower-painter, with pictures accepted and even sold at the Academy exhibitions.

Mr. Whtridge was also one of the bachelor painters who came to our "Nestledown," and Mr. and Mrs. McEntee, both of whom we loved, each for the sake of the other; and, oh! there were so many friends and friends. There was the quiet, gentlemanly Hubbard, who, like his work, carried a smack of superiority and almost aloofness; also

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the two Thompsons, Jerome and Cephas, and Abbey and Hart. Then there was Inness, since so famous, at that time a shy young artist and occasionally attracted to "Nestledown," not by its own claims, but because it housed as a frequent visitor the most beautiful of beautiful girls—"Little Lizzie Hart," we called her, a child of seventeen with a face like a dream of heaven. We were all enamoured of her, but with Inness the emotion rose to the superlative degree. He was not our special friend, as were the others; he was "Lizzie's lover" and had no room in his heart for anything but that and his passion for art. These two forces well-nigh destroyed the frail organism which held them, for the uncertainty of both plunged him into a long and almost fatal illness. But perhaps this untoward experience accomplished the hitherto unattainable—it gained for him the pity and love of the human vision he worshiped, and ended in his marriage and a long loiter of study in Paris where he realized his dream of art. Happy man! It is given to but few of the world's children to accomplish so much. As I am writing there comes to me by mail a small pamphlet published in the interest of an "Inness Collection," which gives a marvelous history of the success of his pictures. But notwithstanding this, and my enjoyment of his work through an art-long life, the most vital of my impressions of him is that of "Lizzie's lover."

"N E S T L E D O W N"

Launt Thompson, one of our earliest sculptors and whose noble head of Bryant enriches Central Park, did charming medallions of our friends, Sandford Gifford and Jervis McEntee, copies of which are still hanging in the hall which they have adorned for fifty years. A bust of Gifford looks down from the bookcase and we have many reminders of those men and days in the pictures with which the walls are covered.

Launt Thompson was a pupil of Mr. Palmer of Albany, and a man of ability. His large first-floor studio at Tenth Street, afterward and for many years the studio of William M. Chase, was a place of great interest even when it held only the work of his hands, but it was often full of living interest. I can never forget one New Year's Eve when we met there at one of his suppers, and Edwin Booth was a guest and occupied the head of the table. As he sat there quietly amid all the chatter, Launt placed an Indian war-bonnet, which Bierstadt had brought back from the Rocky Mountains, upon Booth's head. I had a fancy that Booth did not like it, but his beautiful face was always as impassive as a mask; and of course he could hardly imagine the wonderful picture he made in the eagle-feather coronet. When midnight came, he read to us Tennyson's poem of "The New Year." There was something in the hour, in the place, in the group of sensitive and appreciative people, and in the wonderful

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gift of utterance of the man who read which impressed us all as if we were a convocation of souls instead of bodies. Tennyson himself seemed present, and the vision was ours as well as his. We held our breath for the entering of the one who "waited at the door."

Our acquaintances and intimacies during the first fifteen years of our lives at "Nestledown" were not confined to people, but extended to animals. Having grown up in Delaware County, which was principally inhabited by cows, great herds with their appointed sultans on every dairy-farm, my intimacies with domestic animals were chiefly confined to that race; but, my husband being a horse-lover and a dog-lover, it followed that horses of all kinds and dogs of all breeds gravitated to "Nestledown." There was the pair of Morgan mares—trotters (for it was the day of trotters on Long Island)—and a tall black pair of carriage-horses, kept chiefly to protect the Morgans from the degradation of ordinary sane traveling, and Bessie, a pretty gray mare who had been bought as a prospective prodigy of speed, but who had been turned down by the master because somebody else's trotter persistently passed her on the road. It was, however, a morning full of joyous thrills when he returned from a "spin" in a discouraged mood and said: "I can never make a good trotter of that mare, and if you can change her gait into that of a saddle-horse, you may have her."

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Of course I knew it would be difficult to teach an entirely new code of morals, for she had been painfully taught from youth up that to break a trot was the unforgivable sin; but I loved the beauty and hankered after undisputed possession. So after the master had gone to town I had Mike put on my saddle, with a table-cloth streaming from under it to simulate the flapping of my long riding-skirt; then Bessie was badgered up and down the carriage road, to see how she would behave under this equipment. Of course she was bewildered with the unusual trappings, but she possessed that most valuable quality in a horse, perfect confidence in humanity. Although she could not imagine what it meant, and looked around curiously at the flapping of the table-cloth, she was calm and quite willing to let me climb to her back, knowing and believing in me as she did; so we started out on the road together, walking quietly. Whenever she broke into a trot, which she supposed was the correct thing to do, she was speedily soothed down into a walk again. By the time she had become used to the combination of a tightly girthed saddle and a woman's skirt we had come to the little hill I was looking for; then by an unexpected stroke of the whip and a lift of the bridle I started her into a run. Poor Bessie! She tried to wriggle down into a trot, but whenever she did so the bridle-lift and stroke of switch were repeated, and her jumps approved

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with soothing pats. It was a wonderful thought when it occurred to her that jumping and running was what was wanted, so we jumped and ran until the runs moderated into a gallop, and suddenly Bessie knew her business. After an hour's companionship and quiet talk over it, we went home on a reasonably slow gallop, and were received by Mike with voluble praise.

In the afternoon the lesson was repeated. We walked quietly along the road until we came to the little hill, and here, to my joy and without a word from me, Bessie broke into a long gallop. We talked over the experience, and I told her the name of her new gait and repeated it until she knew it by heart and understood that it belonged to a simultaneous and progressive movement of two feet, front and back; consequently her vocabulary was enlarged by another word of human speech, and whenever I said "canter!" she cantered. Afterward she learned PACE! in capital letters, and "walk!" but she never again heard the word "trot" in tones of command to her dying day; and yet when she was harnessed to a buggy and Mike drove me to the station we need not take the dust of any ordinary trotter. He always entreated me at starting:

"Don't ye spake, for the love of Hiven, Mrs. Wha-ler, for if she knows you're behind her I shall niver get her off a walk or a canter, and we'll lose the train."

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Another of the stable companions was Musty, an abbreviation of Mustang, a half-savage little beast brought North by General Worth after the Mexican War, so he was more than young when he came to us, but he had the intelligence of a dozen larger horses. This experienced animal was the special property of the "genteel baby," grown now to ten-year stature and attractiveness, and endowed with a gift of understanding dumb existence which was almost uncanny. What could she not do with wicked Musty, whose long teeth and nimble heels were the terror of the stable! One of the prettiest things in the world was to see her ride off of a morning with him and two white fantail pigeons for company. The birds would start out a moment or two after she had gone, fly until they came abreast, and light on the road fence or a branch of the cedar hedge until she had passed; then rise for another flight, and stop again when Musty and the child arrived. I have never seen elsewhere so perfect a playmate relation between animals and a human child, but it was the wonder nature of her which brought squealing, runaway Musty to perfect service and the shy, high-flying pigeons to follow her. The pony would carry the child far and wide among the Long Island farms, as well as on innumerable trips "to the village," where he knew every shop and could open every door if it were closed with a latch, seizing and lifting the latter with his long

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front teeth and waiting quietly at the counter while his rider made her purchases from his back. After coming home, if she neglected to take off his bridle, he would look for a nail or a branch upon which he could hitch the check-strap and slip his head from under; then, dropping the bit, he would go peacefully grazing, with the dangling bridle hanging to his neck. If he were called, he would come and open his mouth for the bit, bending his neck for the bridle and behaving altogether "like a Christian," as Mike said.

How well I remember the misty September and October mornings when we were all out together, my dear man on one of the Morgans with its long swinging trot, I on my reformed gray Bessie with her mind full of a desire to please, and the child, who rode her shaggy Musty as a bird might perch upon the saddle, as untroubled by his wild rushes as if she possessed a pair of wings.

Afterward, when she was a dear, beautiful "just grown-up" and with us for a winter at Rome, her riding with the Hunt Club on the Campagna had just this spontaneous quality. I remember Charlotte Cushman stopping her horse beside our carriage, after the run was over, and comparing her easy sway and flying fashion of riding with the perpendicular steadiness of the English school. She called it "the American way," but we knew it was Musty's work, poor old

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Musty, who lay moldering in the ground at far-off "Nestledown."

Sometimes our morning rides at "Nestledown" would be varied by my husband's chronic discontent with the legs of his trousers, which would "hitch up"; and this most able of horsemen, who liked to tell of his hundred-miles-a-day rides to rejoin his surveying company when he was helping to lay out roads and canals in what were then the Western and now the Middle States, would fidget over this inconvenience like a child. Then I, seeing that this petulance was spoiling a rose of a September morning, would remonstrate, and he would meet it with, "But you are always in such a devil of a hurry that I never have time to find the right suit." But presently I would laugh, and Bessie shy at a dog which jumped suddenly out from a farm-house gate and gallop off; the Morgan mare would strike into her long trotting reach, the little Musty would rush by us like the wind, and we would "whoa" together, and laugh together, and come down to a decent gait as we rounded "Success Pond" and so home.

Yes, that was all real, although it seems like a dream now. Dear old "Nestledown," to have held all this beautiful past! Even if worry and fret and care did exist also. But there were not so many cares and worries, and whatever came, there was always the "earth-cure" for them.

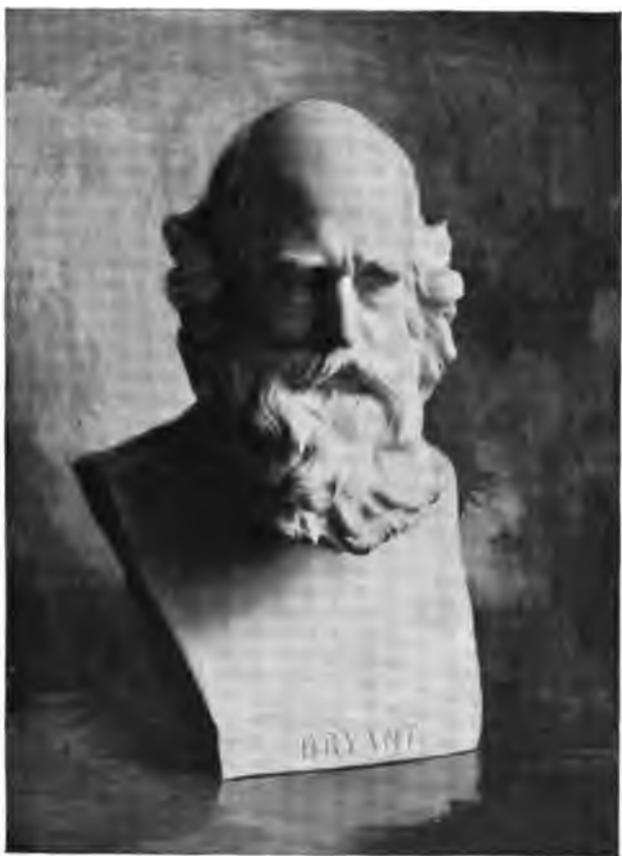
When I was a child and suffered from a bee or

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hornet sting, my mother used to cover the hurt spot with a little plaster of clay, and lo! the smart was gone. And in a larger way I have found that if we come close to the ground, real worries disappear. Dear inanimate nature! Is it because you are truly "Mother Earth" that we find joy and rest on your bosom?

It was a great pleasure to us that our Long Island home was within easy driving distance of the Bryant homestead at Roslyn on the Sound, and as it was a lovely drive across the Island from one house to the other, the interchange of visits was more than occasional. We went through lane-like roads bordered with hedges of lopped cedars, past fertile farms, and farm-houses where, through the open door, we could see families at tea in the early hours of the afternoon. We used to wonder what was on the table, and guess what it might be. My favorite guess was "hot biscuit and strawberries and cream," for that was what I should have liked myself; my husband's guess was "chicken and green peas," and the child on Musty would offer to go and see, but her guess was "custard and three kinds of cake."

Sometimes we made the way longer by driving around Success Pond—the beautiful little lake which is now a part of the Vanderbilt Long Island estate—finally coming out into the breath of the Sound and the crooked, narrow street of Roslyn, and so on to the Bryant homestead, standing



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
From the bust by Launt Thompson, Sculptor



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crossways between the road and an inlet of the Sound.

If it were late enough for the afternoon train or the afternoon boat to have come in, Mr. Bryant was apt to be sitting in the shade of the piazza; if he were ever in the mood for talk it was then, when his day's work at the head of a great newspaper was done, the quiet country which he loved gained in exchange for the crowded city, with home ease and a night empty of all but sleep and dreams before him.

In such hours he would talk, and his opinions so quietly given were of a finality which seemed to need no discussion. Regarding the political matters of the day, his judgment of them seemed to be founded on the great fundamental laws which lie back of mere happenings. The matter, whatever it might be, was suddenly stripped of everything extraneous or politic or even complicated, and the truth and right shone steadfast as an uncovered gem.

In the house at Roslyn Mr. Bryant's library opened on the wide lower hall, and was, of course, lined with well-filled book-shelves and made comfortable and beautiful with old-fashioned furniture and a great Franklin stove. Indeed, Franklin stoves counted for much in the poet's house, for the three rooms on the first floor—parlor, library, and dining - room—were each equipped with one of the oldest patterns and

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largest size; and their manufacture must have been very near the date of wise old Benjamin Franklin's invention of this beautiful improvement upon the draughty wide fireplaces of his day.

It was only an occasional visitor who was asked into the library for the evening, but I remember some notable guests. One Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Justin McCarthy appeared for what Miss Bryant supposed to be an over-Sunday visit, and I recall her confusion when Mrs. McCarthy asked her how long she expected them to stay. The English custom of naming the limit of the visit seemed at that day almost a breach of hospitality.

Of course, every one in the world of letters, and in the world at large, came here on little pilgrimages; so, quiet and retired as it was, we were apt to meet there the personages whose names were in people's mouths. I remember that we met Huxley there, and Doctor Brown, the well-beloved author of *Rab and His Friends*, and many another, who seem to me now like shadow figures walking across the stage of life.

But it was always better when no one but ourselves were there; perhaps Julia would read the newspaper aloud, with the running comments of her father; or Mr. Bryant would ask for it and, taking a candle, make a reflector of his right hand curved around the candle-flame, holding the paper with his left. I remember watching the picturesque effect of the light shining red between his

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fingers and the shaggy brows bent low on the paper. Sometimes allusions in the paper sent him to the book-shelves, his candle-light wavering along the rows of books until he found what he needed for our enlightenment, or for vindication of his own views. Being of a more discursive and outspoken, or perhaps more reckless, mind than my friend Julia, I was often set right in my opinions, for Mr. Bryant had something of the schoolmaster in his composition.

Mrs. Bryant was a dear and most appropriate figure in the family of three—the poet and his gentle, lifelong companion, and the daughter Julia, who was, happily for me, an especial friend. Later, after the death of Mrs. Bryant, the father and daughter lived on in the big old Long Island farm-house, which had been adapted by Mr. Bryant to his own tastes and wants, until he bought and opened the house in New York where he died.

Once I went along the Sound on a little yacht owned and sailed by William Cooper, brother of Peter Cooper. He was an ardent yachtsman, and commodore of the Brooklyn Yacht Club. Peter Cooper was of the party and we were to dine with the Bryants. I don't know how I came to be of this small dinner party of three men, all in the seventies—I and my friend Julia—but I remember that they were a wonderfully interesting trio. Dear, single-minded Peter Cooper and his amusing nautical brother, and the poet who sat at the

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head of his table with a hospitable smile, which was, after all, a little tolerant, like an elder contemplative of boys at play; for these two gray brothers, with every mark of age upon them, still belonged to the play-field.

It was rarely that Mr. Bryant was playful, but I remember once dining in the Bois in Paris with him and Julia, and a great friend of theirs, Miss Laura Leupp, a very lively, clever girl, with no awe in her composition and whose father had been one of Mr. Bryant's closest friends. I do not know how or why (we must have been in a very genial mood) we came to be repeating poems each especially liked, but Miss Leupp would have none of it. Mr. Bryant, who enjoyed her kittenish ways, insisted that she must at some time of her life have liked some particular poem well enough to remember it.

No, she had not, but after much pressure admitted that she had been taught one in her school-days. She "did not like it, but she *had* to learn it," and if Mr. Bryant insisted she would repeat it; whereupon she began, in a very school-girl sing-song voice, to repeat "Thanatopsis," and after the first shock of recognition the poet-author was greatly amused. Notwithstanding his kindly acceptance of me as his daughter's friend and consequently a house intimate, I really was always conscious of a sort of awe of him, as of something unknown and not quite understand-

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able; and it amuses me now to remember that the one occasion on which I was absolutely certain of his approval was when I remarked, with immense enthusiasm, "New, well-boiled oatmeal and cream like *this* are fit food for the gods!" and at this unpremeditated speech his smile was absolutely thrilling. Things which grew—trees and flowers and all of plant life—could never have been doubtful of his approval, for he loved them all, large or small, magnificent or simply beautiful. He was not quite satisfied with the white water-lilies which grew along his borders of the little inlet after I had shown him the great white blossoms which inhabited the "Two-Mile Mill-pond"; when I carried over some roots I had drawn from its oozy depths, he was frankly delighted.

Once when I met Julia on the Brooklyn ferry-boat, she said: "Father has bought a new farm. You must come and see it."

"Why," said I, "did he want more acres?"

"Oh no; it does not join us, but it has a great oak-tree upon it and Father was afraid they would cut it down."

The next time I went to Roslyn we all walked over to the new farm and the big oak, and Mr. Bryant took a tape-measure from his pocket and we stood around the tree base, holding the measure straight, while he read off the measurements: "Three! nine! ten—and a quarter! I told Mr. de Forest it would measure ten feet around," said

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Mr. Bryant. "Then it is the largest oak on the Island," he finished contentedly, and no millionaire in the world could have been happier in his possessions.

On cool evenings when a fire was burning in the great Franklin stove in the library Mr. Bryant had the common weakness of constantly stirring the logs, crossing them, or dropping them into new places, always expounding the philosophy of lighting a fire from the top; and my reverence for the preacher never prevented my expressing a doubt of the soundness of the theory.

Now, after the many years since he has passed from this particular theater of the soul, my memory is of two distinct men—the one who made "The Waterfowl" an inspiration, a picture of far-off aerial motion, with the sound and sense of balanced words lifting us to a mood of high and reverent thought, and the other a kindly, domestic soul who enjoyed, with a certain dignified moderation, all the small things of daily life.

One cannot help laughing at Lowell's characterization of the quality of his work, in his "Fable for Critics"—"He stirs you up with the very North Pole"—but in contrast to the fevered utterances of the poets whose aim seems to be the inciting to wrath, passion, and despair, or even to more ignoble moods, the "North Pole" of Bryant's sentiment is welcome.

In the hall of dear old "Nestledown" there stands

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a large, old-fashioned, mirrored hat-stand, which was once a part of the hall furnishing of the Bryant city house, the home from which his soul passed on into the unknown—

not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

As I pass up and down the stairs I look at the broad glass, with the thought of the poet in my mind and of its reflections of his daily comings and goings, and wonder where they are, whether they have melted into its substance, underlying those of to-day making up a company of shadows where old friends meet in shadow-land. I like to fancy that all those reflections have an existence somewhere, and that we are a part of it.

An event of these years was the advent of the first "Nestledown" baby, a little girl whom we called Dora, whose welcome by the world was responded to with such cheerful and whole-hearted gladness that, as she grew out of babyhood and finally into girl and womanhood, the welcome has been constantly redoubled.

Blessed be those souls who are *glad!* They are a salve for sorrow and fatigue. A sun in days of darkness, a joy in sorrow, a ray of heaven shining through the uncertainty of earth.

It was curious to see the welcome she received

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from our bachelor friends, some of whom had become almost a part of the family; the mixture of curiosity and interest with which they looked upon a real baby—and the mystery of it! It added to the quality of the sensation that it was a girl baby! Through her, they had a glimpse of the wonder of babyhood. She might have been a little princess, instead of an ordinary family fact, from the awe and admiration she inspired. The little lady had her preferences and would hold out her arms to be taken by the serious, dignified Gifford as if there were a peculiar understanding between them, as if they had had speech of each other and had found something in each which answered to the other's ideal.

It was inevitable that this child should grow up a painter; it began in her babyhood.

The second "Nestledown" baby was a boy who, during his first four or five years, was our travelling companion in our winter journeyings abroad. In truth, he was a very enjoyable companion, carrying with him a flavor of family and home and flattering us by being called an angel in every language in Europe. I suppose child-beauty gives us our idea of angelhood, since we possess nothing which more nearly fulfils our sense of the beauty of celestial things.

If the physical perfection of childhood could last, what a possession it would be for humanity! But, unfortunately, all the sordid necessities of

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life are at war with it; even the process of natural growth misplaces the baby features and destroys their symmetry, and so human beauty of countenance is rare upon the earth. Let us hope that when we are born into the reality of angelhood the soul progress which belongs to that state may not include within it necessities which are in themselves temptations.

When the oldest boy, whose exploring tendencies had influenced us in establishing a country home, grew older, I found that he was quite as capable of disappearances on a fifty-acre plot of ground as from a city lot. If I could have understood that the child was a born world-wanderer, that his foot claimed contact with the soil of all countries, and that it was the unknown which called him, perhaps I could have become sooner reconciled to the frequent misery caused by his disappearances. Why should the unseen and the unknown have claimed this child and kept his unfaltering allegiance to the end of his days? Once, after having been lost and searched for for hours, we found him in the hollow of a cedar hedge which no one could reach except by a process of wriggling along the ground. He explained that he was about to start on a long journey "west" and that this was his storehouse of supplies; the collection was a motley one, including cedar apples, a bottle of French mustard, some hickory-nuts, and several cakes of maple

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sugar. Another long absence was shared by his friend, Eddie Cooper, son of Dr. James Cooper, of New York, who was my husband's closest friend and the object of an affection of the sort which inexperienced young wives are apt to resent. The two boys, having seen on the globe which illustrated their geography lessons that China was opposite America, reasoned that digging through would open a short cut to this strange land; whereupon they began excavating in one of my flower-beds as being more easily worked than harder ground. Their progress was enlivened by the discovery of a "gold" mine which these incipient explorers decided to keep quite to themselves for their own profit; therefore, filling their pockets with the bits of yellow quartz, they started on an expedition the first stage of which was to be an ice-cream saloon in Jamaica. Their orders of this refreshment were so generous that they were questioned as to their ability to pay; but their assurance of plenty of money satisfied the ice-cream man until the "gold" nuggets were produced. When the boys found these would not be received as legal tender they decided to postpone their western trip until they could come home and start afresh. But the ice-cream man would not let them go without some sort of security, and so proposed to keep their coats. The boys demurred violently; they could not go home without coats. Finally he compromised by

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taking their caps; they could go bareheaded. By this time it was night and Mike was driving me around the neighborhood inquiring everywhere for my boys. And thus I came upon them, indignant, and tired, and quite sure for once that home was a good place.

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IN spite of manifold attractions, the winters at "Nestledown" had their drawbacks, since my husband found it hard to be in two places at once. He could not sacrifice business, and he was unwilling to forego the comforts of a home; in the end, he bought a house in Twenty-fifth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, which we found a convenient center for schools and friends and all of our varied interests. The popular school for girls at that time was that of Miss Haines and Mlle. de Janon's, and its musical advantages, with Richard Hoffman at the head of the instrumental department and Madame Seguin for singing, were unquestioned. Mrs. Seguin was the popular teacher of the day, and she and her husband had established an English opera company in New York, the first local and continuous organization of the kind on this side of the Atlantic. After Mr. Seguin's death, Mrs., or Madame, Seguin, as she was called, developed many delightful voices in the period when singing was far

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more frequently than now a social accomplishment. She was an aunt of the famous Alboni, and it was amusing to hear her grumble at the "appetite" which ministered to the size of the famous contralto.

Miss Lily Greenough, of Boston, famous as a society girl with a wonderful voice, had perhaps something to do with the prevailing vogue of society singing. She was much in New York in the years which antedated her remarkable social career abroad, when as Mrs. Moulton she was a frequent guest at the Tuileries and Compiègne.

One winter, before we were established in our own New York home, we boarded at a house on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Irving Place, where Mrs. Greenough and her daughter were also staying. Miss Lily's attractions were comparatively in the bud; she was even then a charming creature, and, although less delicately beautiful than the characteristic American maiden, she was very attractive in a free, girlish, almost challenging use of her exceptional gifts. Endowed with beauty, tact, and an inexhaustible stock of silvery notes, she was bound to attract attention in the great world. Nowadays she would inevitably become a professional; the lure of money would draw her; but in those days social life was paramount and the girl of gifts like hers would rather be a great social success than a money-coining opera-singer.

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It is interesting to me to remember the founding at this time of "The Century" Club, and the lively discussion of its prospects among the men we knew. It was the outcome of a sketch club which existed among the painters—men like Morse, the elder Inman, Ingham, Vanderlyn, Cole, Durand, and a few younger men; as an institution it was very popular and difficult of admission. The members who were not artists were literary and professional men, and cultured and successful merchants, who proposed that it should be merged into a club for "gentlemanly and social intercourse among artists and men of letters, with a permanent local habitation." Among its founders were the men of the day, whose names were in everybody's mouth. The result was The Century, pre-eminently an artistic and literary club, and its plan of "gentlemanly and social intercourse" has been abundantly justified during the succeeding years of the nineteenth and the early ones of the twentieth century.

The Century was the scene of many fine doings in the early fifties, such as the Twelfth-night pageants when some favorite society belle was crowned queen of revels; the welcomes and farewells to distinguished strangers from other lands; and special meetings when certain of its members were offered special honor. Especially notable was the occasion when the "Centurians" gathered to do honor to the poet Bryant on his sev-

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entith birthday, each artist with a gift picture, which afterward made a "gem-gallery" of the pleasant dining-room in the house at Roslyn. Poets brought poems and literary friends contributed verses and tributes; it was a gathering of men and women whose lives had been an honor to themselves and to their city, and who gladly came together to honor the poet whose thoughts had enriched the world.

Among them all stood Bryant, for once fully awake and keenly conscious of the warmth of feeling shown by one and all. There seemed to be a sort of surprised and pleased recognition of the general sympathy looking out from under his shaggy eyebrows; his satisfied glance rested like a benediction upon the assembly, and as one took the hand of the small, sweet-faced woman who had grown old beside him, and was the sole human being of whom he seemed eternally and vividly conscious, one felt all the meaning of the tide of human appreciation which was circling around them.

His characteristic withdrawal of himself seemed forgotten. The humanity in him stepped out to answer that which beamed upon him from every member of the assemblage. It was not the far-away consciousness of the poet which answered them, but the brotherhood in man.

The New-Yorkers of to-day, who take Central Park as a part of the city which has always existed, can hardly enjoy it as do the few who re-

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member its creation and who watched the evolution of every new feature as of a weekly miracle, emerging from the ground. The original site was a dreary waste, a jumble of the cast-offs and rubbish of city life. The country road or roads, which led to the farmlands, and Hudson River towns beyond, passed through a desert of weed-grown spaces where emigrants had piled rejected lumber into shanties, shelters for their families and their goats. The human children played at the foot of rock ledges, and the goat children climbed them and posed upon two hind feet in picturesque attitudes, thereby antedating and foreshadowing the future statuary in the Park.

This was the state of the chaotic hinterland of the city when it entered into the minds of a few enlightened or imaginative "City Fathers" to create a park which should challenge perfection and which should be located midway between the two rivers which lapped the growing "Empire City." It was a vision which savored of magic, and fortunately for the public its materialization was put into the hands of men who were competent. Fortunately for us, also, these men were our personal friends, and their plans and work became matters of daily and rejoicing interest to us. Frederick Law Olmsted, Calvert Vaux, and George E. Waring were the three selected by destiny to provide a lasting playground for the ever-increasing generations of New York.

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Our afternoon drives were nearly always punctuated by a stop at the house on the far edge of the welter of park preparation where Calvert Vaux had established his family during the period of building.

Mr. Vaux was an Englishman, Mr. Olmsted a Bostonian, and Mr. Waring—who was our particular enthusiasm—was a man midway of the twenties and thirties, who, after a course of engineering and agricultural study, had been for two years manager of Horace Greeley's farm at Chappaqua. A part of his reputation had been gained by lectures upon agriculture, and although he was a civil engineer by profession, he had a very lively sense of the value and beauty of nature's own processes. As my husband had the education of an engineer, and had practised that profession in the beginning of his manhood, the problems of park building interested him hugely, while the planting of trees and ground-growth was of vital import to me. I remember particularly the setting of its rows of elms upon the Mall. It was then an experiment to plant trees larger than saplings, but a Mall was one of the needed features of the new pleasure-ground, and Mr. Olmsted and his associates undertook its immediate production. This was long before the day of the Long Island miracles of producing fifty-year-old lawns in a year or two of time; but the elms of the Mall were planted and grew—some-

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what hesitatingly—to noble and mature life; and everybody accepted it as quite a thing of course without knowing the anxieties that had attended its accomplishment.

Waring was not only an authority upon agricultural and engineering matters, but a man of delightful social gifts and pronounced literary ability. Perhaps, also, a part of his charm was due to the fact that he was one of the handsomest men of his time. We do not look for beauty in men, and there is an unacknowledged belief that excessive good looks are apt to interfere with general development; but when a man proves in his own person that physical perfection and mental power may go hand in hand, I notice that the door of success is generally wide open before him.

There were two Waring sisters, equally beautiful in their way, and the three together—the “Waring Trio”—were a joy to all who knew them. Curiously enough, neither of his beautiful sisters married. Sarah, who was more particularly our friend and a woman of great mental as well as physical charm, died in Rome many years after the period of which I am writing. I have never known the sequel of Jane Waring’s career. It was involved with the Idealist Community of Central New York, that curious social experiment which enticed the brilliant young English diplomat, Laurence Oliphant, from his well-earned success in his own country, and induced him, to-

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gether with his wife and mother, a woman of exacting tastes and exceptional social and pecuniary advantages, to endure a menial existence under most primitive conditions. Who can calculate the power of an ideal, even if conceived unworthily?

After the triumphant accomplishment of Central Park—a work which crowned the three men who made it, Waring became major and afterward colonel in a cavalry regiment, in which he served throughout our Civil War. When he came back, handsomer than ever, and with abundant laurels, he built for himself a house upon a small gore of land in Newport and gave it the name of "The Hypotenuse." Our visits to them were full of enjoyment. Mr. Waring found abundant and lucrative occupation in devising sanitary living conditions for the semi-royal families of Newport.

The small side-lawn of "The Hypotenuse" gave "ample room and verge enough" in which to demonstrate his successful systems of house drainage, devices which became a sort of bed-rock for all later plans of household engineering.

There was a charming winter society in Newport, composed of gifted men and women whose lives blossomed at all seasons. Julia Ward Howe was a summer resident, but her "blue teas" began early in the spring and lasted until late in the fall; and to their weekly convocations Colonel Higginson, John La Farge, Samuel Colman, Colo-

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nel and Mrs. Waring, "Susan Coolidge" and her sisters, and many another who could do things and say things and write things which everybody willingly saw and heard and read, contributed.

One of the contributions to the final "blue tea" was the following "Ultra-Marine," its author being Col. T. W. Higginson:

Dame Nature once grew weary of her hues, and pined for
more and yet profounder blues.
She told them o'er—blue water and blue sky, and the calm
beauty of a maid's blue eye;
The far horizen veiled in azure haze, and a blue devil lost
in a blue maze;
The first sky tint that marks the violet's bud, and the most
ancient drop of Boston blood;
The blue light burned by sailors in distress, a "cordon
bleu," and e'en a bloomer dress.
She studied these; yet ne'er a dream let fall to find the
blue that should surpass them all;
And cried, still yearning to fulfil her vow:
How shall I find it? Echo answered, "Howe."

Colonel Higginson was a charming and important figure everywhere and never more so than as host, keeping every one on the line of what they knew best, or loved the most, or had the most experience in. He and Mrs. Higginson were domiciled in the quiet wing of a small hotel, which entertained many and various visitors to Newport. I was told very gleefully by Mrs. Higginson of an occasion when a very important and gorgeous Catholic prelate from Rome was a

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guest of the house, and there suddenly alighted among the inmates a beautiful young woman who proved to be a member of the very much criticized theatrical company known as "The Black Crook." The charms of the lady immediately attracted the attention of the bishop, and Colonel Higginson, inspired perhaps by his reverence for the church, and equally by his inherited disapproval of the theater, undertook to enlighten him as to the profession of the charmer, and was met by the frank and innocent utterance:

"I do not disapprove of the ballet—*at all!*"

The Colonel emphasized the encounter in rhyme, to the great amusement of his friends and the frank delight of Mrs. Higginson, who was as much diverted with the bishop's simplicity and breadth of view as with the Colonel's Puritan traditions. The charming and amusing poem which described the affair has disappeared from my "savings," but I hope it still exists in some other one's possession.

La Farge was a very brilliant talker upon art subjects, and his views were always given with an impassioned personal touch and eloquence of diction which made them most convincing. Waring used to say, "La Farge is the best talker at the New York clubs," and I fancy, when he had an audience of intelligent men who knew less than he of the subject under discussion, that that dictum was true. It is curious how much of a hold

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art has upon people who know very little of it, either technically or theoretically, but it is the eternal lure of beauty which rules the world.

Samuel Colman was an artist by profession, a natural and gifted colorist, and an enthusiastic collector of Oriental textiles. Mrs. Waring was a good amateur decorative painter and we all knew enough of art to find Mr. La Farge's eloquent monologues very much to our liking; consequently our evenings with the Higginsons were always anticipated and enjoyed.

Mrs. Higginson was a helpless invalid, a condition which added interest to a personality absolutely scintillating with cleverness. She was always at home to her friends, seated in a wide chair the arms of which spread into pear-shaped tables, the left one holding a liberally selected library, and the one at the right furnished with writing implements of various kinds. The practice of writing, however, was so difficult for her disabled fingers that her clever thoughts generally found expression in speech of a witty bluntness which held all the characteristics of a line of exceptional ancestors. I think Colonel Higginson told me she was one of the Chalmerses, that old New England family which dominated and stamped New England thoughts and created its beliefs during its plastic centuries. Being comparatively shut in from the world, Mrs. Higginson was very eager for the gossip of it, particularly that which per-

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tained to its literary and artistic features. To send her a new book and wait for a day or two for her verdict upon it was always exciting. It had the quality of an authoritative diagnosis and made one wish to reread the things she approved or censured. Few literary reviewers had her breadth or insight.

I remember that my first reading of *Lorna Doone* was accomplished after an exhaustive discussion of it by La Farge and Mrs. Higginson, and I brought to its reading abundant light upon its merits. The little left-hand library of her chair was never without the newest literature of all kinds, and in fact the occupant of the chair was a sort of literary lighthouse to her friends.

Mr. Colman's rare collection of weavings of the past and present was the frequent occasion of discussion upon textile art between La Farge and himself, as every new specimen was apt to accompany him to a "Higginson evening." I listened to these talks with interest and enthusiasm and followed them with careful study, little thinking or foreseeing that I should one day be associated with Mr. Colman, Mr. DeForest, and Mr. Tiffany in decorative work, and that the designing, coloring, and weaving of textiles would fall to my share as a co-worker with these two distinguished painters.

Many years after these pleasant visits at the Waring house in Newport I met the gallant

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Colonel, in 1892, at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, where my appointment as Director of the Woman's Building was keeping me, to find that an interval of thirty years had changed his early manhood into a prosperous and good-looking early-old-age. After the first greeting we looked at each other with interest.

"Well," said I, "you have done things!"

"So have you!" said he.

"Yes," I answered, "I am trying to make people whose lives are saved by your sanitary measures happy with things beautiful."

"Let us shake hands over the invisible crowd," he said. And we solemnly shook hands not only over them, but over the crowded happenings of thirty years.

"Tell me about Mr. Wheeler and the children," said he.

"Mr. Wheeler is waiting patiently for Dora to finish a ceiling for the New York Commissioner's Library; then they both are coming here, bringing Dora's baby with them."

"Dora's baby!"

"Yes. You knew she was married?"

"Dora's baby! Good heavens!"

"Yes," I proceeded, "and Dunham is architecting very good houses."

"And how about Daisy, and Will?"

"Daisy is in Rome with her aunt Sarah. Will is out in Portland, Oregon, on a ranch."

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We found a quiet place back of the exhibits, and sat down for a talk.

"What have you done since your yellow-fever exploits in Memphis?" I asked.

"I hardly know," he said. "I am on the New York Board of Health and am likely to be sent to Cuba.

"And now," said he, smiling his frank old smile, "do you mind telling me just how you came to cut loose from the old ways to start in as a business woman?"

"Not a bit," said I; "it just happened. You know I fell down on my effort to unite art and philanthropy in the 'Society of Decorative Art,' then I partnered Mrs. Choate in founding the 'Woman's Exchange'; finally I joined Mr. Tiffany, Mr. Colman, and Mr. DeForest in a purely business scheme which we called 'The Associated Artists'; and here I am."

"Does Thomas like it?"

"Yes, he says it keeps me busy and makes up to me for not voting."

"He always was a Solomon—"

"And a dear!" interrupted I. "He has given me a house in Twenty-third Street, because I couldn't get on with three partners any better than I did with twenty. So now I am playing it alone."

Waring laughed. "Yes," said he, "for when we know a thing we don't like to be meddled with. But you should try a city council!"

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And we shook hands again and parted.

It did not seem long before we read in the newspapers of his death by yellow fever, the scourge which he had so successfully combated in our own country.

"Poor Waring!" said my husband, sorrowfully, "he was an all-round man doing such good work! He helped the world."

"Was there ever another useful man with his charm?" I thought. And everybody was saying, "Poor Waring!"

He had gone out in a last grapple with one of his old foes.

We had become very intimate with the Vaux family during the Central Park period, owing perhaps to our strong friendship with his brother-in-law, Jervis McEntee, the dear, gentle painter of "*The Melancholy Days*." It was in this companionship that we often met Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stoddard—"Stoddard the poet." They were an interesting pair of visible souls, as positively *two* as a man and woman could be in the close companionship of married life, each admiring and appreciating the other with outspoken frankness and criticizing each other with amusing sharpness. In spite of constitutional perversity, there was always a quality of sweetness in Stoddard's written words, although his spoken ones were often startlingly brusque. I remember Mr. Gilder telling me of Stoddard's appearance in his

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editorial rooms in the *Century* headquarters one morning, bursting out with characteristic utterance:

"Gilder, I've got the damnedest, sweetest little religious poem for you you ever heard," and then proceeded, with profound appreciation, to read a really holy little poem for the Christmas *Century*.

Often through my vanishing years I have found myself repeating words of his which fitted my mood and place, as descriptive utterances of other minds will often do.

We are stronger, we are better, under Manhood's sterner
reign,

Still we feel that something sweet follows Youth with
flying feet,

And it never comes again.

Something beautiful has vanished, and we sigh for it in
vain;

We beheld it everywhere in the earth and in the air—

But it never comes again.

That is the way the words say themselves to me in my mind. Whether they are exactly placed I do not know, for it is long since I read the poem, but it has been a singing comfort to me for many a year.

Both of these vivid, self-asserting spirits—the poet and his mate—have long left this scene of their frank, outspoken personalities, and I can imagine them wrangling lovingly along the lanes

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of Paradise, to the consternation of their fellow-immortals.

These were the years when the Spirit of New York was eagerly planning and preparing for the future of its growing family, as if with a prophetic dread of the individualism which should follow upon that golden period. The day was not yet in sight when multimillionaires should abound and royally endow our present civic benefits, when Central Park—the darling of the city—should adopt and cherish that other child of inspiration, the small museum, which was to become a world benefactor, wonderful in its possessions of artistic riches.

Then there was the new Academy of Design on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, carefully copied from its Venetian model and representing for the time the art interests and opportunities of New York. In those days there existed a charming general society of all who liked and wished for progress in art, science, literature, or the drama; and it had its acknowledged centers. One of them was at the house of Cortlandt Palmer on Madison Square. It was a meeting-place for discussion and sifting of things not seen but felt by men of gift and insight; it was the forum for the social-science study of the time. I think it was there I first met Mr. Carnegie, already known for his achievements in the world of finance, a gay, eager, delightful man unsmoothed

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by social processes. He had seen the world and absorbed its knowledge and incidents as few others have done. Indeed, his description of the Taj Mahal, that Far Eastern monument of art and enduring testimony of love, is a bit of subtle and beautiful word painting which would distinguish any author.

I am glad to have known Mr. Carnegie at that period of his life and before his schemes of general philanthropy had made his name familiar to all the world. It is always interesting to compare the then and now, and to see how times and characteristics modify and fit each other.

Another and more purely literary gathering was at the house of Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison, the first of the brilliant Southern women to accept Northern society and forgive it for being Northern, although perhaps no born-and-bred Southern woman could ever fully understand the ideal which underlay the fighting.

Mrs. Harrison, herself a popular and clever author, brought together all the prominent or modest writers into a reading club where each one read something of his own as yet unpublished work. I think it was at her house that we met Hjalmar Hjörth Boyesen, then quite a figure in literary society, a young Norseman who had adopted our language and views, but in whose work there was always a pleasant smack of Scandinavianism. We saw very much of him at our

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house and studio and enjoyed his friendship. After distributing his homage very generously among the girls of New York, he married an unmistakable and prominent Western beauty and soon after accepted a professorship at Cornell University. His ardent and voluble admiration of his wife's charms earned the indignant criticism of the wives of other professors when he said that "she was created to show the imperfections of other women." Dear, kind man! He had no idea of hurting any one's feelings by his outspoken admiration of his wife's extraordinary beauty.

Much of the happiness of life comes from association with people who think as we do, who speak the same mental language, whose thoughts travel a neighborhood road every inch of which is familiar; and it is equally true that positive unhappiness results from enforced companionship with people who think in different lines. It may or may not be a lower track, but it is not ours. There is a sense of alienism in every uttered word, as if it were spoken in a foreign language.

Much of our personal content and enjoyment in life came from the friendship of people whose inner lives were hospitable to us; who welcomed us to the well-furnished quiet in which they dwelt. They were not always wide open to the world, these characters where thought listened in shy stillness to the voices which have gift of speech. There are many of them, the dear souls who listen

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in the stillness. They are the judges and appreciators, the tribunal before which those who speak must stand, and whose unerring decisions make fame or foretell forgetfulness. We had many of these friends, and their acceptance of our companionship was a joy; they enriched our tranquil days with sympathy.

VI

THE CIVIL WAR PERIOD

THIS period, so happy and prosperous with us, was the years of the beginning and prosecution of the great Civil War. Why we felt the dreadful tragedy, and even the nearness of it so little, I can now hardly understand, except that perhaps we were young and absorbed in the progress of our personal lives, while it so happened that no one who was very near to us went to the war and never returned. Indeed, it was not until it was over that I was brought into actual connection with any of its lasting effects.

Even now, in the last few years, during which I have grown in love with my home in the South, the realization of the greatness of that long-past scourge has constantly grown upon me.

Twice during the great struggle I was made to realize something of its nature, for during what were called the "draft riots" there was a fierce outbreak in New York against the measures of the government. We had taken a large, old-fashioned house for the winter in one of the

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"Twentieth" streets, between Second and Third Avenues, and one day we were suddenly made conscious of a great commotion outside. I can only indicate its feeling by saying it was like a human thunder-storm; the force of the hurrying darkness seemed as sudden and imminent as that of some great atmospheric disturbance in nature. There was a roar in the streets which seemed to come from the direction of Third Avenue.

I was comparatively alone, my husband being in Washington, and only my little girl and the servants were with me in the house, the boy being at the Quaker School near by in Second Avenue. One courageous young servant volunteered to go for him. Finally they came, and, boy-like and servant-like, they went near enough the danger-line of the roar tounderst and its object and nature. It was a mob dragging a dead man (whom they had first hanged to a lamp-post) over and along the pavement. The mob was now in pursuit of colored people everywhere. The next day, when things seemed comparatively peaceful, I took the household out to "Nestledown," feeling there was a certain safety in its remoteness; in fact, when we arrived everything seemed so quiet and normal that I ordered out the carriage and drove to Jamaica.

The town appeared to have its usual sleepy aspect, but while the carriage was standing in front of a shop the horses began to plunge and

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the shop-people came to help quiet them, telling me at the same time that I had better get home as fast as possible, that out of the village the horses would be all right. And so they were, although Joe was hurrying them unusually and looking queer and gray under his black skin. I thought he had been frightened by the horses, and wondered at it, but when we reached home he told me they had been stoned as they were standing in front of the shop.

"But why? Why?" exclaimed I. "Who would stone our horses?"

"It is because I is colored, ma'am. They is after the colored people."

And it was true. There was and is a large population of negroes in Jamaica, descendants of slaves of the prominent old Dutch families who settled it. These negroes bear some of the most distinguished names of Dutch Colonial history, and are carrying them on to future generations, when in some cases the families who originally owned them have been extinguished. Most of them owned small houses and lived in their own quarter, a part of the sprawling village on the South Road. All the afternoon, trailing parties of them passed along the road into the farther country, carrying bundles and bags of clothes, and clocks and chairs and other small articles of household furniture.

As it came near night my boy told me the car-

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riage-loft was full of Joe's friends. Then came surreptitious advice from the village to "get rid of them," that there would be an expedition to round up the black people during the coming night. Many men subject to the draft had gathered together in town and they were possessed of the belief that the colored people were the cause of the war which they were being drafted to support. I had not an adviser or friend among the widely scattered farmers around me. We were "city people," although among the very earliest of them, and consequently strangers to those whose generations had possessed the land since the Dutch settlement.

I took Joe and my eight-year-old boy into consultation, and decided to turn the horses into the pasture, close up the carriage-house, and bring the colored people inside the dwelling. Then an instinct of rebellion against invasion and a thread of native abolition sentiment arose within me. I was quite familiar with firearms, for my husband had taught me pistol-shooting and practice, partly with a feeling that it might be of use in an emergency, and partly as a matter of personal interest and amusement. The boy could also load and fire both gun and pistol, as befitted the son of a sport-loving father. He could at least damage something or somebody, I reflected; and Joe himself was a famous hunter, while two or three of his friends were of the same kidney, and indeed

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were partially equipped with firearms. So the wooden blinds of the house were closed, the doors locked and bolted, and we became a beleaguered garrison. How these preparations leaked out I never knew, although perhaps the Irish gardener and house servants were responsible. But the night passed and we were neither disturbed nor attacked. With the morning came the master and captain of the household, and we were hugged and praised and tremulously laughed over. My husband, being a prominent Democrat, called a party council at Pettit's, the hundred-year-old hotel, and endeavored, with only partial success, to withdraw the protection of his party from these lawbreakers.

He found in New York that one of his own men, a colored porter, whose quality and character he greatly valued, had been killed by the mob during his absence. Altogether, the covert sympathy of the Democratic party with the outbreak resulted in the augmentation of the new Republican party by more than one indignant citizen, including Mr. Wheeler. Poor, successful, fallible Republican party! If it could only have kept the purity of the patriot impulse out of which it was born!

During the first years of the war there were constant individual and social efforts for the comfort of soldiers and the equipment of hospitals. Then came the organization known as "The Sanitary," to which every one contributed money and effort and which made effective the sympathy

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and contributions of the whole North. It was a wonderfully organized and equipped machine which we supported whole-heartedly, giving of our labor and substance without stint, and yet I know that we of the North never fully realized the horror of the war which made it necessary. Bret Harte proclaimed the mission and methods of it in the poem, "How are you, Sanitary?" which voices, as few poems do, the spirit of the time.

Down the picket-guarded lane
Rolled the comfort-laden wain,
Cheered by shouts that shook the plain,
 Soldier-like and merry:
Phrases such as camps may teach,
Saber-cut of Saxon speech,
Such as "Bully!" "Them's the peach!"
 "Wade in, Sanitary!"

Right and left the caissons drew
As the car went lumbering through,
Quick succeeding in review
 Squadrons military;
Sunburnt men with beards like frieze,
Smooth-faced boys, and cries like these:
"U. S. San. Com." "That's the cheese!"
 "Pass in, Sanitary!"

In such cheer it struggled on
Till the battle front was won:
Then the car, its journey done,
 Lo! was stationary!
And where bullets whistling fly
Came the sadder, fainter cry,
"Help us, brothers, ere we die—
 Save us, Sanitary!"

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Such the work. The phantom flies
Wrapped in battle-clouds that rise;
But the brave—whose dying eyes,
 Veiled and visionary,
See the jasper gates swung wide,
See the parted throng outside—
Hear the voice to those who ride:
 “Pass in, Sanitary!”

The big Sanitary Fair was organized and carried on by the women of New York, headed by the one woman who was chosen as being equal to the greatest efforts and never failing in the smallest. Perhaps the large souls who help the world at varying intervals repeat, in different impersonations and at different periods of time, their experiences of teaching and leading and saving; and men who have the stamp of world-helpfulness in our own times are the reincarnation of those who have been sent out through all the ages for the healing of the nations. The great soul which led the hosts of Israel as Moses, may it not have come down through the ages, using his garnered wisdom and greatness of courage in reanimating the spirit of a Lincoln?

It was during what was called the period of Reconstruction that I became vividly conscious of the meaning and effect of the war. When the appointment of a Northern Governor for Virginia was made I was in Washington with my husband, and we were included in the party which accompanied the new Governor to Rich-

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mond. It was made up of curious elements. I remember that Pierpont, the poet, was one, since he was the uncle of the new Governor; an ancient man he seemed to me, severe and Puritan-like.

Then there was "Jim Lane," a Kansas politician and a man of mark. I remember a horrible story he told of "shortening the ears off a man" as a preliminary punishment for the guerrilla warfare in which he had been engaged. We had sailed down the Potomac from Washington, and it happened that "Jim Lane" was in the carriage which was detailed to convey us to the hotel in Richmond. It was like driving through the streets of a dead city, every house closed, every window-blind and door shut, no human being, man, woman or child with a white face to be seen; but groups of darkies, gathered in front of a public-house or on a corner, stood gazing at us. It was like an intensified funeral; no one could help being solemn and depressed, except the gray-suited, sombreroed man who sat in our carriage with clenched fists and shook them at the closed houses, muttering: "D— them! D— them!" There was an intensity of hate in the utterance which was far more personal than sectional.

The hotel to which we went had been a flourishing and celebrated one; now it was the forlornest house of entertainment which could be imagined,

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eaten to pieces by rats and shaken to pieces by the elements; yet there were indications of former magnificence in bits of gilding and broken carvings on window- and door-casings.

The Governor himself and his family were fortunate in being quartered in a private house which was in comparatively good repair, but we others had a taste of the ravages and turbulence of war. There were enough people to fill the hotel, and in the evenings the large, shabby parlors had quite a social look with the temporary union of Northern men and Southern friends. The Southern men all wore Confederate uniforms, in some cases very fresh and becoming ones. There was one man whom we were anxious to meet, the son of General Capers, a hospitable and charming four-mile neighbor of ours on Long Island. His was a Southern family, and in that day when men were obliged to choose between the old and the new, or the past and the present, it was natural for the oldest son, just graduated from a medical school, to join the Southern army. During the past few dreadful years his father had been able to hear little of him, and my husband had promised, in the event of our going to Richmond, to try and hunt him up. But how to get hold of any one in the Southern army when the social fence was so high and so close between Northern and Southern people as we found it to be in Richmond! They could step over from the

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other side if they wished, but from our side the ascent was perpendicular, and all our efforts were unavailing.

There was a pretty girl whom I had seen about the halls, a daughter of the proprietor, but her attitude was so determinedly hostile that it was impossible to approach her. One morning, however, in passing through the hall, I saw her in a corner of the small balcony on the court, talking with a young officer in Confederate uniform, and here was my opportunity. I stepped boldly forward and spoke to him. The girl turned her back, but the boy was civil, although embarrassed. He could not forget his good Southern manners in spite of the girl's hostility.

"Can you tell me whether Doctor Le Grand Capers is at the army station at Richmond?" I asked.

The boy thought he was, and then with an impulse of Southern politeness added that he would find out for me.

"If he is," said I, "will you get this card to him, and say that his father is most anxious that we shall see him?"

The embarrassment and stiffness had passed quite away in spite of the girl, whose trim little back seemed to grow more hostile and repellent every moment. I hurried to remove myself and left the two young things to make up, as I was sure they would from the look of things, and in

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the evening our friend appeared instinct with the true Capers cordiality, and handsome and attractive in his gray uniform. After a little talk together my husband put a finger on the gold braid of the sleeve, saying:

"What is the good of this now, Le Grand?"

"Why, Mr. Wheeler," said he, "there is not a house in Richmond which would be open to me without it!" And the men sighed as they faced each other, elbowing an insurmountable fact..

It was good to see that he was alive, and could be gay in spite of the gruesome experiences back of him. His grandfather, Bishop Capers, had been a power in the South, and I had visited his cousin in Charleston before the war, and gone with her to visit the graves of her parents in the cemetery, with that of the old family nurse lying across the foot of them.

I remember that when I saw it I wondered whether in all the broad North there was such an instance of affection between the servant and the served, a love which would last until death, and after. How well I remember that first visit in a Southern home! The experience of it was so novel! The sight of camellias blossoming in winter, the charming balconied houses, and my husband's low recital of his visit to the slave-market, where an old, kind-looking colored woman on the block, whom no one would bid for, caught his eye and called to him:

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"Buy me, Massa. I'se a good ole woman! I can cook fine! Buy me, Massa!"

And my dear man choked as he told the story. Truly, I thought, there were less peaceful and enviable experiences in slavery than that of lying at the feet of beloved masters and mistresses in the old gray cemetery.

I remember walking with my hostess in the streets one day, and meeting an old colored woman trudging barefooted and somewhat painfully along, carrying a large new pair of shoes, which dangled from her hand as she walked. My hostess stopped.

"Why do you not put on your shoes, Aunty?" said she. "They will save your feet."

The old thing grinned. "Foot belong to Massa; shoes belong to me!" she countered, and faced us with an indescribably knowing air.

There was one thing in Richmond which touched me greatly. After that first day we began to see women in the streets going to and from the markets and to neighbors', every one in black, every woman and every child in the deepest, deepest mourning. I have often thought of it since, and, curiously enough, its sadness matches itself in my mind with the fun of that inimitable story of Ruth McEnery Stuart, which she calls "Moriah's Mourning," a story of the darky widow who,

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in the depth of her sorrow for the death of her husband, dyes even her underclothes black, explaining, "When I mo'n I mo'n!" Dear Mrs. Stuart! herself a Southern woman, and for the last twenty years one of my dearest friends, knowing negro nature as one knows the large letters printed in children's books. Who but she could have imagined that story!

General Devon was in charge of the Northern army station at Richmond, and of course our party were escorted everywhere by him and his aides. I remember one day when we visited the battle-ground of "Seven Oaks." What had been a fine plantation before the war—pasture and corn-field and cotton-field—was still strewn with things which remained after the long battle—bones and skulls of horses, harness and saddles, buckles and straps, bits of metal and leather, lying among and half hidden by a growth of fine wild grass in flower, the grass which we know as red-top in our Northern pastures. It covered the length and breadth of the field, and its blossoms were red, red as blood.

On the far edge of the field was a dilapidated farm-house which had been used during the battle as a hospital, and it made me shiver when one of the officers said, pointing to a corner of the standing fence, "There was a heap of legs and arms there as high as the fence!" Oh dear! Oh dear! the cost of human strife! We went back

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from Richmond sadder and wiser for all the rest of our lives.

When we returned to Washington we went, as all visitors to Washington must go, if they wish to see people, to Willard's Hotel. It happened that the room given us was one of a long suite of connecting apartments on the second floor. It would be considered now very inadequate accommodations, for the first hotel in the land, to have one's lodgment confined to one square room, with big street windows in front, and heavy, large folding-doors at each end communicating with other rooms of the same size, all of which could be opened on occasions to make a long parallelogram of space for a ball or assembly-room. There was neither bath- nor dressing-room, just one square space, with one wide bed, and wash-stand and bureau and chairs. Were we less clean in those days without bath-rooms, I wonder? I do not know. I only know that no one would go to a hotel in these days which could not furnish something nearer the privacy and convenience of a home. Yet the hotels of those days were crowded, and they were talked of as "palatial."

Of course Washington was full. The war was at an end and the capital was the center of activity. Everybody was there who had anything to do with public affairs, and it happened that the very next room to us on one side was occupied

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by General and Mrs. Grant. I am sure they had but the one room, and every kind of business had to go on in it, public as well as private. Once as I passed along the corridor Mrs. Grant was interviewing a maid at the door with a hair-brush in her hand and hair hanging about her face, and within the next few hours the wives of members of the Cabinet were calling at the same room. It was all very democratic, but looked at from the official point of view it was also very unconventional. If the guests were seated near the connecting folding-doors, the occupant of the adjoining room could not help being present, so far as hearing was concerned; and I remember being greatly amused at a lesson Mrs. Grant received from some confidential visitor, less new to the Washington world and therefore in a position to impart information. The question was what Mrs. Grant's position as the wife of the commander-in-chief would require in the way of dress, and among other things India shawls were mentioned. What kind of shawls were India shawls? Mrs. Grant asked, and she was forthwith enlightened as to their origin and qualities. It appeared that a shawl might be solid in color, or else have a border with a Cashmere center. The shawls were a fruitful topic; their necessity and value made them very interesting to any woman, and I could not help remembering the conversation when, two years afterward, we were in Dubuque

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just at the time of Grant's nomination for President. Mr. Wheeler's nephew being then private secretary of the General, we were asked to tea, not five-o'clock tea, but the evening meal of the family.

Mrs. Grant took me up-stairs to take off my hat and shawl, for women wore shawls and not coats in those days, and mine seemed to attract her attention. Was it an India shawl? she asked, and I smiled to myself conceitedly, conscious of its value and of the fact that she had not yet learned to know an India shawl by sight. She was very communicative and unconventional, and I was delighted when, *à propos* of the care of children, she told me that she always "made Ulyss' walk with the baby if it cried after twelve at night." He looked as if he would willingly do it, I thought, as I saw him with his arm around his eldest little boy, his chin resting upon the boy's head, as we still sat at the table after supper. He was not talkative and had the air of being shy, as I think he was; but there was an eager, half-concealed interest in his manner as Mr. Wheeler and his nephew discussed the political situation. Altogether I liked him when I could consciously separate the man from the general-in-chief who had sat furiously whittling a piece of willow at the door of his tent between giving orders for the advance to certain death of thousands of marching men, every one of them as real and living at the moment as he himself.

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"But he could do it!" I thought, as I looked at him, and he could also "walk the baby." It was a curious inside glimpse into the life of a man who at that moment was in the eye of the world. He was a strong piece on the chessboard of life, and yet he was being moved by the finger of fate as easily as the unimportant pawns.

At last the dreadful Civil War was over and the actors in it were gathered together in Washington before being finally scattered to their various places in the great Republic, whose grievous rents must be patched together by the same hands which had made them. It was a sorry time, and yet a great one. All of those whose names, during the years of the conflict, had been hung high in air before the eyes of our world were there as real men. They were no longer remote, like aeronauts fighting in the sky, but men to be seen and felt and noted and perhaps criticized.

The great review was on. We spent days of it in one of the numerous low balconies of Willard's Hotel, while the hosts marched just below us, almost within reach. One after another the great phalanxes of men, yet footsore and weary from their long marches, with tattered flags flying or hanging limp from the heavy staves, passed by. And there were the generals, every one of them once more a man among men, sitting their horses in calm exaltation, and yet with the memory and experience of the hell of war just behind them.

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They had marched through it, leading their forlorn hosts, and here they were still leading them, but under the eyes of cheering multitudes, past the platform where sat the assembled force of government, through the dusty sunshine of the streets of Washington. How eagerly we watched for those who through some accident or meeting of circumstances had been more widely blazoned than the others. On the last day came Custer, a figure of romance, riding like a troubadour, a wide wreath of roses low down on the shoulders of his sorrel horse, smiling, gay, and elated by the salvos of applause which greeted him as he came into view. And his men, too, smiled at the tribute, smiled and drew themselves more straightly. Just then a dramatic thing happened. Sheridan stepped out into our balcony with a little group of friends, a rather short, rather full, quite unchallenging embodiment of almost early manhood. My husband had hardly whispered to me, "That's Sheridan," when the crowded bodies of onlookers recognized him. Then such a human roar! "Custer! Sheridan!" the very air seemed to join in the cry and carry it up and around. It was curious to see the two men under this fire of human recognition. Sheridan went red to his finger-tips and the edges of his close-cut hair. He saluted and bowed and looked immeasurably uncomfortable, and still came the roar, "Sheridan! Sheridan!"

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But Custer was visibly delighted. He also saluted and bowed and laughed gaily while the other man winced. One man had been touched upon a responding key, while the other shrank from the touch as if it were pain. There had been a different look on his face, I fancy, when he "rode from Winchester down to save the day." When he

Dashed down the line in a storm of applause,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because—
The voice of the master compelled it to pause.

His soul had responded to that applause, however much it shrank from this.

Handsome, gallant Custer! As I looked at him in that great review, my inner sense had no prophecy of the future in which I should sit day after day and month after month beside his dear girlish widow, and our hearts should go out together over the wants and needs of our little sisters-of-the-world.

How magnificently this army of the West tramped by! The sides of the streets were filled as they went, not only with civilians who had come from everywhere to see the final review, but with disbanded soldiers of the Eastern army which had been reviewed on preceding days. These last were drawn from all the varied nationalities which crowd our Eastern cities—newly come Irish and Germans, and men of all coun-



ELIZABETH B. CUSTER



GENERAL GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER

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tries who had failed to get the immediate and lucrative "job" for which they had crossed the sea and who had been tempted into the immediate relief of the ranks. On the other hand, the long-limbed Western men—"corn-fed men," my husband called them—were far more uniform in physical development and apparently inches taller than those of the Eastern army. As they went surging by with long, even footsteps, a German-looking soldier was lounging against our balcony, evidently one of the Eastern troops which had been previously reviewed. His look met that of my husband, whose irrepressible pride in the magnificent bodily and mental swing of these men called for sympathy.

"Those men can't march, can they?" he said, jocosely, to the soldier.

The man took him literally. "Nein," he drawled. "Can't do not'in' but fight."

But they could do both, bless them! The one for themselves, and the other for their country.

In the evenings of the days of the Great Review the parlors of the hotel were filled with officers meeting and greeting long-separated friends and new-found acquaintances; and in one of the large parlors Sherman, back from his long march to the sea, held a general reception. It was an opportunity to look closely at the man and feel the very flesh of him as you took his hand. He looked as he should, tall and thin and forceful

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and thoughtful, a brave and careful and prudent leader of a conquering army through the heart of a hostile and despairing country, which, though hostile, was our very own. So might a great surgeon look who, in saving the whole of a precious body from death, was yet compelled to destroy something very intimate to life.

On Sunday we went to church and were put into a pew directly behind that of the Lee family. I think our Confederate friend, Le Grand Capers, had something to do with it, for I cannot imagine mere chance so befriending us. But before we had realized it General Lee stood before the door of the pew, holding it open for the family to pass in, and the sight of him sent a lump into my throat. His was such a noble personality! It seemed as if the greatness and patience and acceptance of defeat, refined by fire, shone by their own light through the image of the man. It was one of the noblest and saddest of faces—so sad, indeed, that it seemed unworthy to take note of it. But I should have liked to touch him.

VII

GERMANY, ITALY, AND FRANCE

AFTER our first winter in our New York home we planned to spend the next abroad, taking the whole family with us and leaving two of the children at school in Germany while we elders wandered over the Old World, finishing part of the winter in Rome.

This was soon after the Civil War, and we had heard so many accounts of the unpopularity of Northern people in England that, in spite of the natural and inherited lure of England, we avoided it by going directly to Germany. To the average American of my generation "going abroad" meant going first of all to England. We had been stuffed with English history as children, and consequently the history of England ranked only second to that of our own country. American, Roman, and English history seemed to be all important, while that of Germany and France cut a rather insignificant figure in the life of nations.

My husband had influential German acquaintances among his business associates, so we crossed

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in the *Deutschland*, a ship of the North German line, fortified with letters to the captain, social documents which insured us the little alleviations possible to a sea voyage.

It was the beginning of a good deal of after-intimacy with German society, for one of our fellow-passengers was a man of large affairs in Bremen and was returning home after negotiating important interests in America.

At the last moment, just as we were leaving the dock, a letter had been handed to Mr. Wheeler, introducing him to Mr. Johann Schmidt, of Bremen, as a fellow-passenger. As a family, we seemed to suit this traveler, longing for his own home circle. My husband talked ships and shipping, which were cardinal interests with him, while I lured him into long talks about Bremen and came upon the fact that his father was a former burgomaster and still stood in marble majesty in the *Stadthaus*. Our elder daughter won his heart by dexterously mending some splits in his sea-going gloves, our four-year-old youngest baby had childhood and beauty to offer to a homesick father, our eleven-year-old boy commended himself by being a candidate for a German boarding-school, while Dora had numerous wiles wherewith to beguile; altogether he seemed to find the interest of varying humanity in us as we did in him.

When we reached Bremen we found ourselves

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friends not only of the Schmidt family, but of a large circle of their friends, and we were included in all the welcoming festivities of the occasion. They were very sane festivities, consisting mostly of family dinners in the prosperous mercantile set into which we had fallen. The hosts invariably were relatives of past or present burgomasters, and each house had a dining-room which must have been built for great civic functions and remained unaltered to dignify such social and domestic occasions as the home-coming of our friend. The long table down the center of these rooms would seat fifty guests, perhaps more, as the impressive rows of chairs along the sides of the rooms could testify.

At first it was rather formidable to be a stranger guest at one of these dinners, for there were little formalities which we did not understand and which were evidently imperative; but as everybody vied in explaining them and seemed to think our ignorance of them great fun, we were soon initiated, even to shaking the hand of each guest in turn and wishing him good digestion (*gesegnete Mahlzeit*). Heaven knows they needed it!

The pleasant theater and opera parties which began at seven and to which the German ladies carried their knitting, to fill in the time between the acts, ended at nine; then home to a glass of beer and to bed. This seemed to me a very

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sensible way of living. Indeed, there was a certain sanity and restfulness in the social life which gave one quite a different idea of amusements, while the novelty of it all saved it from degenerating into dullness.

When our friend Frau Schmidt took us to the Bremen shops, it was always interesting and amusing to see her surprise at my paying bills without first submitting them to my husband and getting his sanction.

"But he does not want to know about it," I would explain.

"Not when it amounts to twenty dollars?" our friend would ask, incredulously.

When I made myself a bonnet because I could not find one in the shops that would answer the purpose, it was a seven days' wonder. Nearly every Frau of our new acquaintance came to see it, and some even brought their husbands, who seemed equally interested.

"Could you make one like that?" a bachelor brother of one of our friends asked my daughter.

"Why not?" said she. "I always make my own."

"*Herr Gott!*" said he, and his admiration was so evidently stimulated by this unusual talent that we decided to leave Bremen before it culminated in a difficult situation.

My husband had taken our boy to Halberstadt, to a school strongly recommended by Herr

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Schmidt, and left him, not without misgivings as to how the boy would fit the circumstances, or the circumstances fit the boy. These misgivings came to light, one after another, in moments of confidence; and I comforted the anxious father by saying that perhaps, after all, it might be good for the boy to have to do things he did not like and that he never would get such experiences at home.

We were to leave Dora in Wiesbaden with German sisters who had had under their care for several years the daughters of New York friends. Consequently we were quite comfortable about leaving her. Still it was hard to separate the family, even for the prospective advantage of the young people, but we might have spared our regrets at the first break in the family circle if we had foreseen the sudden appearance at our table in Wiesbaden, where we had been settled for a fortnight, of a boy about the age of our boy, who looked like our boy and who was our boy.

"Why, Jim," exclaimed his father, "where did you come from?"

"Halberstadt," said he, grinning so ingratiatingly that I could have hugged him.

"But how did you get here?"

"Why, I came on the train, Father!"

"Did Herr Meyer send you?"

"No; I came by myself."

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"But you had no money!"

"Yes, I had. You know you gave me a dollar, and I found out how far that would bring me, and I came."

"And after that?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Father. There was a nice American man in the car, and I sat in the seat with him because I thought he would talk English. I told him my father was at Wiesbaden, and that I had left school at Halberstadt because I didn't like it and was going to him, and that I had no more money but five cents; I said that if he would buy me a ticket you would pay him. He was a real nice man, and he bought me a ticket and paid for my dinner, and when we came to Wiesbaden he shook hands and laughed and told me to give you this card. He said he thought you and Mother would be glad to see me."

We gave him his supper and I put him in bed, with motherly yearning; then we looked at each other.

"I wonder what he will do next," said I.

"I must go and send a check to that nice American man," said Father.

"Well, thank him for me. What would have happened to the boy if he had not been on the train?"

"Oh, he would have experienced a taste of the German discipline you think he needs"; and he smiled at me jeeringly.

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The next morning after breakfast father and son went for a walk, and came back confident and radiant.

"Father and I are going to Halberstadt tonight," said the boy, "and, Mother, I am going to learn German just as quick as I can, so I can tell the boys all my adventures and about American Indians. I'll bet they don't know a thing about them."

The father nodded. "Yes," said he, "you had better go and buy him some handkerchiefs and things he forgot. I can make it right with Herr Meyer."

At Wiesbaden we met our first ideal specimen in the person of the Duke of Nassau, so much of a personage in the minds of the city citizens that we went to Biberich on the Rhine to see his surroundings and possessions and get an all-round view of the new species. But, being familiar with the idea of interminable ranches and ranges and great tracts of land personally owned by simple citizens, I fear we were not properly awed by the simplicity of comparatively large spaces sacred to semi-royalty. His personal presence was rather impressive, sitting alone, in stately and solitary dignity, in a carriage attended by much decorated menials. Just here (southern Georgia) and now (the year of our Lord 1918), on looking back at our German duke, after a lifelong experience of the values of human possessions, I feel that I

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should like to throw an invisible net over the semi-royal ghost, his horses and his menials; then wind them up and set them going on some of the beautiful plantation roads stretching through the "piney woods" and flowering thickets, or along the ordered wildness and through the mystery and magic of half-tropical vistas for unmeasured miles. He would be fond of them all, my specter duke. Magnolias would drop their fragrance upon him and dream-lilies would send up their spirals of unseeable greeting; crape myrtle would smile and dogwood would wave its silver-spotted robes for him, until, reflecting that all these beautiful and rare things belong to untitled people, he might lose the sense of being set apart from the sons of men and might realize that all are indeed the sons of God. Still I must remember that he shared the most beautiful and perhaps the most precious of his possessions with the world. Any one might go and pay his or her respects to his lovely duchess, asleep in marble under a roof in a public garden of Wiesbaden where Thorwaldsen had left her dreaming.

After Wiesbaden came Munich, which had always appealed to me as a center of art. It was not long after the reign of that interesting old sinner, Ludwig I, who built galleries and filled them with portraits of every beautiful girl in Munich, and danced his frail Lola Montez over the heads of his staid citizens.

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I went to see his gallery of beauties and thought of the row of pretty Brooklyn girls I had seen in earlier days ranged along the seats of the ferry-boats; I decided that America had no reason to apologize for what it could offer in the line of feminine beauty. However, I bought photographs of one or two who were really beautiful, and betook myself to the old and the new Pinakothek to see my first Rubens, and the great pictures of that and earlier days. This was the beginning of my real knowledge of what was back of American art, for the Metropolitan Museum had then hardly begun to gather its treasures.

On several of my journeys to and from the galleries I saw the young King Ludwig. He had a beautiful and melancholy face, the young king, and I saluted with the halting crowd and stopped at the next picture-shop to buy his photograph, in spite of the scoffing of my dear man, who could never abide my admiration of masculine beauty. There was not only beauty in the face, but something that foreshadowed the tragic end of his royal life.

One of our letters of introduction was addressed to a family in Munich whose son was an officer in the army of occupation in Venice. He was at home on leave, and as the time of his departure for Venice coincided with our own, he proceeded to look us calmly over, and then proposed himself as a traveling companion, and—after looking him

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over—we accepted. He made our journey easy and pleasant, giving us an agreeable taste of the power of a military uniform.

When we reached Venice, and while he went in search of a gondola, another young man appeared in the cloak and cap of an American officer, with a gondolier in attendance and with every indication that this encounter was entirely to his liking and not at all unexpected. They looked at each other, these two young men, over the as yet unclaimed territory of girlhood, neither of them apparently too much pleased at the meeting.

But this certainly added to the attractions of Venice, for against military escort by day was matched melodious serenades by night of bands of Venetian singers in gondolas moored beneath our balcony at the Hotel Danielli. "Bella Venezia" floated up to us in musical waves and sequences of many other entrancing Italian songs vanished silently into the singing dark of the Venetian nights.

There were Titians and Titians to be seen, and the glories of St. Mark's where we walked, my dear man and I, around the wonderful square behind our girl and the young American, and we were more tender with each other because of them.

From Venice we went to Rome, and somewhere on the way we found, on our return from a temporary railroad wait, a stout, healthy, black-

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eyed American youth in our compartment, amusing our four-year-old with sleight-of-hand performances and vagaries of all sorts—"circus tricks," he called them. He told us that his father and mother were on the train going to Florence. He called them "the old folks" and said they found traveling very slow; he had seen our party and the little boy, and thought it might be amusing to join us. The boy was delighted with the tricksome youth, and we could not help being amused with his artless recitals of his own experiences and comments on the Old World.

My husband led him on to a recital of some incidents of his life, which he evidently enjoyed—of how he had been two years in a traveling circus, after having worked at various trades; for he "could do anything," he said. About a year ago the "old man" had made a lot of money out of land, selling all of his possessions to a growing city, and before they settled down again they had decided to see something of the world. As he was the youngest and unmarried, and wiser than the father and mother in the ways of the world, he had come to take care of them.

Afterward we met them in Florence, where the "old man" was having "likenesses in marble" made of himself and his wife—seven of each, fourteen in all, a pair for each of the seven children. What a godsend he was to the happy sculptor who made the "likenesses!" and what a

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- ✓ dear old pair they were—two babies in experience dropped into the dust of the oldest of civilizations!
- At last we were in Rome, and saw ecclesiastical and historic pomp and power for the first time, good old Pio Nono in his white robe and scarlet stockings giving his benediction as he was carried around St. Peter's in his elevated chair by white-frocked, gold-embroidered servitors. How he wavered and tilted and how physically troubled he looked during the performance!

Afterward we had a nearer and more human, although a second-hand, glimpse of him, when a friend, who was visiting us in our apartment in the Via Babuino, was granted a private audience. She was a gorgeous creature, a young Baltimore widow, whose husband had fallen during the Civil War. She had oceans of money and a keen and subtle instinct for its use without ever expending a penny of it; so when an American Archbishop gave her a letter "To All Catholic Prelates," she proceeded to use it in a way which was a constant delight to us. The first ecclesiastical fortress attacked was Cardinal Barnabo, then at the head of the body of Roman prelates. When this splendid young American widow was presented to him, by virtue of the famous letter, a private audience with the Pope was immediately arranged for her.

To fit her for this momentous function was a matter of anxiety to the entire Wheeler family, but a long-trained black-velvet gown and a

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shrouding Spanish veil were available, and so she was dressed to her and our satisfaction, and finally drawn off in a small open carriage looking quite like Queen Boadicea in a Roman chariot. We laughed to reflect how little the Church would profit by its unusual extension of civility. We had a beautiful time cross-examining her on her return, as to the etiquette of the function and the speech of the august head of the Church. My husband, who was skilful in such processes, got at the fact that the Holy Father had expressed a hope that she would soon be "enrolled as a daughter of the Church."

"What did you say?" asked he.

"That my heart was willing, but my head could not accept its doctrines."

"And what did he say?"

It was difficult to obtain an exact reply to this, but it seemed that the "humility of a charcoal-burner" was recommended to our irresponsible friend, who was quite unconscious of the fact that she had matched her own intelligence against that of the head of the Church. In consequence of this audience we had wonderful priestly visits and opportunities of seeing great ecclesiastical functions. Carriages came to the door of our apartment whose papal magnificence puffed almost visibly the pride of our entertaining friend.

But she left Rome for Paris, having exhausted all her advantages, without, so far as we knew,

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giving more than interest and anticipation in return.

Charlotte Cushman was at the time established in a pleasant house on the Pincian Hill, where we met in the course of the winter all that was best in Roman, English, and American society.

I find among my savings of that winter an old playbill of a little play at her house arranged by her to please her friends. She herself was not in the play, but acted as prompter, and after it was over she recited in a way that sent your blood hurrying through your veins. How the thrills followed one another as she repeated Kingsley's "Mary, Call the Cattle Home"; and what a real tangible thing the "Drowned Maiden's Hair" became as her strong, deep voice gave the lines of it!

She was still in the very prime of life, riding gaily over the Campagna to the fox-hunts which had been established by English residents, knowing old Rome to its core, and yet interested in all it could show of the newest and most advanced in art or literature. She seemed to me then a most fortunate and happy woman who had made for herself an enviable place in the world, where she was ranged as a peer of the best in her own art and consequently on a level with the princes of intellectual life.

At that period Crawford, the prominent Boston sculptor, was not living, but Mrs. Crawford, who was then Mrs. Terry, lived and entertained in

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one of the old Roman palaces with her husband and the Crawford children, Francis Marion Crawford, who afterward made Italian life and character so familiar to us all, among them.

If I had known at that date that I should ever read his Italian novels with such a satisfactory sense of being (really) in Rome, or in Italy, and of newly understanding Italian nature, I should have looked more carefully at the face of the little boy whom I used to see in the old Roman palace. He was just "one of the Crawford children," and how could one know that the spark of creative power in him was stronger and more alive than that which lives in most of us?

It seemed to me a great mistake that his mother should be called "Mrs. Terry." If I were a legislator, I should decree that the name of the second husband should be tied to that of the first with a hyphen; she should have been Mrs. Crawford-Terry, instead of having to perform the suttee of Mr. Crawford's name.

The leader of the Pope's choir came twice a week to give a singing-lesson to our girl, and nothing would have tempted her father or me to miss one of them. In the first place, it was curious and interesting to see that huge bulk of a man, in his long, black skirts, standing behind the girl at the piano, with her cameo face and purely American look, and hear the two voices making long smooth cadences together, or sing-

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ing mounting scales which ran up step by step until they seemed to reach the very topmost limit of sound.

Once he gave us cards to a sort of shut-in ecclesiastical musical function at the Pantheon, the music being given by his own choir. The sound of it seemed to fill all the central space under the dome. They sang in platoons of chanted melody, rank and file, rank and file treading the ordered march of it until Mustapha's high voice (his name was Mustapha) would seem to come dropping down from the sky, through the open circle in the roof, and hover over the crowd of musical notes below. It was all in semi-darkness, for the great space of the Pantheon was unlit except for the little sparks of light above the written notes. No music that I have ever heard in the world had the same shrouded and yet voluminous character. It was like the singing of an army of musical ghosts, or what you might fancy that would be, and yet thrilling with life.

I think it was Miss Cushman who told us of Mustapha, and his teaching certainly added a sort of silvery smoothness to our girl's voice.

It is a real culmination of married life and love when a newly grown daughter becomes a part of it, and if she is all that a girl may be, it makes her father and mother very desirable people. Every one loves beauty, and everybody who is no longer young loves youth and has a half-envious,

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half-tender enjoyment of it in others. It is what one has *not* that makes the eternal quest, and that is why all the world follows youth. When we travel we cannot take with us our houses and lands, or even the places we have earned, but if youth and beauty are with us we do not need them—our beautiful young grown-ups are the open sesame to all that is desirable.

It was a joy to do everything in Rome—to drive along the stony Appian Way and have their old Roman inscriptions translated into modern English by the father; to be welcome in the studios of sculptors and painters whose names were known of all the world; to really talk with them; to exchange words with Story and Greenough about their own art; to walk on the Pincian Hill and see the red sunsets stream through the ilex-trees and crimson the waters of the basin of the fountain; to gather great purple anemones on the Campagna in the shadows of the marble aqueducts that carried water to the Romans of a thousand years ago, and to reflect that they needed the things that we need, and thought and felt as we moderns feel. Luxurious and self-centered and cruelly selfish as those large-necked emperors were whose marble heads are ranged in the Capitol gallery, they still inaugurated and carried out great “public works,” even as our political bosses of Tammany occasionally do. We are all one, this great successive army of mortals; we repeat

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one another down the centuries. I say this to myself between my comings and goings, and then fall to wondering what worthy monuments would be left for the eyes of posterity if New York were crumbled into dust; thus wondering, I think better of the old days and doings of the Roman emperors.

Our last days in Rome were enlivened by an experience which it has always amused me to remember.

The *padrona*, a large and handsome specimen of the genus, had let the comfortable flat in the Via Babuino for endless years and had accumulated a fund of little tricks of the trade which would have made the fortune of any business.

It was the first time we had ever taken an apartment in a foreign city, and when I made an appointment with Madame to look over the furnishings I found everything satisfactory. There was a set of large dinner-plates upon which she laid great stress, and my attention was persistently called to them. They were old and large, but not sufficiently beautiful or interesting as ceramic art to excite enthusiasm. However, I accepted them at her valuation, and, finding them considerably chipped and cracked and evidently not very reliable, had them placed in a pile at the top of the shelves which answered for a side-board, where they remained during our stay.

When we were ready to flit, and were going

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over the inventory of furniture together, the *padrona* and I, marking off and valuing the damage of usage, we came in time to the set of dinner-plates, which I had brought down from the upper shelf for counting. The *padrona* looked them over separately, putting each one down with a word, which evidently spelled ruined. When the pile was complete she explained that she was obliged to charge the value of the set to me, as it was entirely useless. I explained that they had never been removed from the top shelf during our stay in Rome. It was of no use, and I began to see that my experience was simply a repetition of what had happened to all previous tenants. My self-possession had been somewhat strained during the trial of going over the inventory, so when a certain line of procedure occurred to me I felt immensely cheered. I called my daughter to supplement my Italian.

"Very well, Madame. You have fixed their price. I will buy them."

She looked puzzled. "You pay?" she said.

"Yes, I *buy* them; they are mine."

Finally she acquiesced.

By that time my husband had wandered in to help solve the difficulties and trials of the situation and give me comfort.

"You know," I explained, "I have bought these plates; they have cost you twenty-five dollars."

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He nodded approval, whereupon I seated myself on the great stone hearth of the dining-room, hugging my bulky purchases, and proceeded deliberately to break them one by one on the expanse of stone. The *padrona* screamed. My husband expostulated. Cannie took refuge in her bedroom, and I proceeded with my breakage, answering my husband's continued expostulations with the statement, "They have been paid for every year for forty years, and I am going to destroy them." And that was my last purely personal experience in the Eternal City.

But the glamour of the winter in Rome was not lost with the destruction of the *padrona*'s, or my, plates. It remained encircled with an indestructible halo, for it was there that our beloved eldest found her future. It having been settled that she was to be married at the American Legation in Paris in the autumn, we started on our zig-zag journey back to Wiesbaden, stopping for a month in Florence and a few days in other cities.

It was a happy month at Florence, with its rich past and present. We found friends among the sculptors and painters and enjoyed their accomplishments in art, half wondering if any modern work could stand beside that of its wonderful past, and meeting traveling humanity in all its aspects—some of them visitors who came because Florence was on the card of travel, neither understanding nor caring for its wonderful charms,

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and others who were themselves monumental. The "old folks" of our chance-met circus-boy were in the hotel where we stopped, and we were taken by the satisfied parents to see the fourteen "marble likenesses" and enjoyed and loved their Arcadian simplicity in a place so laden with world-knowledge. It was like eating bread and wild honey after a prolonged diet of French cookery.

There are two kinds of simplicity, and both are good—that which has seen and known nothing but that which is true, and that which has seen and known most things in life and rejected all but the true.

We enjoyed seeing the royalty of Florence as well as the art—the abnormal physical ugliness of the good Victor Emmanuele lolling in a shabby open carriage, and being driven from park to palace and palace to park, apparently as unconscious of his kinghood as the horses which drew him. It was a delightful contrast to the beautiful Ludwig, with his unconscious consciousness of elevation, receiving homage as he sat in his stately equipage in the streets of Munich as naturally as a young tree takes the sunshine.

Surely half the pleasure of travel is in its contrasts, and it is an exquisite and constantly recurring satisfaction to "a good American" to compare his freedom, in small as well as in large things, with that of citizens of historic countries. That which pleased me both in Italy and in

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France was the placing of themselves, by the under classes, alongside the upper classes in all things connected with natural human feeling. It seemed to be an instinctive claim of brotherhood, something which, curiously enough, I felt everywhere, in the shops and on the streets—the brotherhood of man. All that was enjoyable in physical or human nature, or all that was tragic, was enjoyed or endured on exactly the same plane, that of common humanity. A beggar does not appeal to you as a patron, but as a fellow-mortal who is more fortunate than he.

This came home to me delightfully one day in the Boboli Gardens, where we stopped to buy flowers of a walking vender. He put a foot on the hub of the wheel and rested his great tray basket on the rim of it, while our girl daughter proceeded with her selection of forget-me-nots and moss-rose buds, putting them together in a fascinating group. The flower-vender watched her and the flowers as the latter fell together; then he nodded confidentially at me, half closing one eye.

"*Bella, per Bacchus!*" said he.

I was delighted to be included in his appreciation. We two were companions in a pleasurable sensation and enjoyed the companionship.

I wonder if it could happen in Central Park even if the vender were an itinerant Italian? I fear me he would have learned American man-

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ners by that time. Our people are too conscious of the space between themselves and those who are higher up; they cannot be confident of themselves. But for a French or Italian peasant the space does not exist.

When we left Italy behind us and came to Wiesbaden we were once more all together—a happy six who knew the joy of being together because we had been so long apart. We spent the summer at Sous Montreux, making excursions from time to time to everything which should be seen, from mountains and lakes to monuments and prisons, seeing what Nature had done in her wildest moods, and what man had done in his long leisure, and hugging the moments and hours and days as they passed; for we knew that when autumn came there would be no more united summers and winters; we wondered what life would be like without them.

But the summer with its mixed happiness passed as all time passes, the jewel of our happiest years was married at the American Legation in Paris to Lewis A. Stimson, afterward Dr. L. A. Stimson, and the two young people sailed for New York to begin their own real lives. My husband convoyed us to Dresden, leaving me with the three youngsters who were to be placed at school for the winter and then returning to New York.

As I remember that Dresden winter, it seems to me to mark a departure from a simply personal

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phase of life, for it was the beginning of preparation for work in the world, for activities which should affect other lives and fortunes than our own. I was shut out by distance from the wonderful friendship and social surroundings of home, and brought face to face with the history and accomplishments of art. I was to learn what the centuries had done in this one direction, and how great a share it had in the interests and activities of the world. I had always felt that it stood next to nature in the interests of life, and I found the study of it very absorbing.

As I look back at those years I seem to see myself standing, not only in the current of my own life, but beside one which was traveling slowly on toward one of the greatest political changes in the history of the world. Without realizing it, I was seeing the first movements of the world war, the initial impulses which animated the Prussian army, and it came about in the most unusual way. Because of my leisure and constitutional activity, I had taken up the study of the German language and its literature very vigorously, and for the same reason had entered the studio of a German professor of painting.

I had but few friends in Dresden, one or two American families only, but there were two American girls in the studio where I painted, one of whom was the sister of a friend of my husband's, and the other the daughter of Chief-Justice Sal-

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mon P. Chase. Both girls were motherless, and as the mother of a grown-up and married daughter I assumed the duties of chaperonage, which grew to be very amusing and interesting, as the abundant population of gay young Prussian officers had a keen appreciation of the charms of American girls and an almost uncanny knowledge of the social and pecuniary advantages of each one of them. I was quite disarmed and almost attracted by the innocent frankness with which they would proceed to the unfolding of their matrimonial plans.

It seemed to be one of the decrees of the paternal government that no member of the army could marry unless the wished-for bride could place sixty thousand thalers in the treasury to secure the dignity of the prospective military family.

"And must this always be furnished by the bride?" I asked.

"Oh no! not if the bridegroom's family is wealthy. But you know officers have only their maintenance from the government, and Americans are all so rich."

The innocent candor of this was enticing from the gaily caparisoned heroes, especially as in one or two cases it was accompanied with voluble protestations of unmercenary affection. There were very amusing if not profitable afternoons when by ones and twos the officers were allowed to call upon us in the studio. Our Herr Professor

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was very obsequious, and often conveniently absent, and the girl students were very merry. When there were more men to be received and more girls to receive, I entertained them in my great bare hotel parlor, and after inviting them into removing swords and helmets, which it seemed they could not do except by special invitation, I was greatly amused by the interchange of instruction in the classics of the two languages. Bits from one and another of the German poets, sonorously delivered, were swapped for rhymes from Mother Goose, which these irresistible girls claimed to be among the oldest and best of our lyrics. The repetition in imperfect English by these splendid specimens of physical manhood had an effect of babyhood suddenly grafted upon magnificent maturity. When they came to the daring experiment of "Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle," I held my breath, for it seemed to me too transparent, but they were imperturbable. I think they could not conceive of such daring. Naturally they were preoccupied with the learning of English in so pleasant a way and at the same time reconnoitering for a domestic future. Yet these attractive innocents were prospective actors in the war which was even then just below the horizon of the future. They talked of it eagerly, the coming time when they should "march to Paris." It was a part of their glory-dream, and they sought to transfer something of its glamour to the

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imaginings of our foreign minds. They made little phrases and speeches of anticipation and had them translated into English by the willing girls, so that they could extend their self-glorification into another language; but there was always something added by the ingenious translators, which savored of a possible inglorious failure; it satisfied our democratic instincts to hear these "double intenders" repeated in our guests' imperfect English.

There was a sequel to these days of military association in Dresden that has left a picture in my mind which has the effect of one of the Rembrandt-like flashes of color seen in a picture-gallery, where rows and rows of pleasant ordinary paintings are hung; and this is the story of it.

An American girl who painted with us was the daughter of a successful merchant of New York, who had been born in Germany, but had made his fortune in America. He knew and perhaps admired the attitude of the German governments in all that ministered to the superiority of the army, so when a young officer of inherited importance wished to marry his daughter the father hastened to furnish the sixty thousand thalers required for the purpose. She was a nice child, and hopelessly in love with the entrancing creature who wanted her, and they were married. I wish I could add the old formula, "and lived happily ever after," but it was not to be.

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The war with France which these warlike young men had been delightedly foretelling came, and the young husband, happily settled in Berlin, went with the army to Paris, and after a time was sent back to Germany in charge of French prisoners. In the mean time a baby boy had been born to him in Berlin, and his instructions took him through that city. It was night when he came, and he hurried to greet his wife and look at his boy, leaving his escort waiting in the street while he ran up to his apartment. One can fancy the meeting and the joy of the father in seeing for the first time his own child. It was a joy that must be shared, so he bundled the baby in its blankets and ran down to the street to his troop, where it was passed from hand to hand and from horse to horse in the flaring light of torches. The happy father was complimented and congratulated to his heart's content, the unconscious baby was carried to its nest again, and the troopers clattered away, having shared for a picturesque moment one of the greatest of human sensations—and that was the end of the story. The father fell in the first battle after his return, and the little bride had only the memory of her magnificent mate to comfort her coming years. But she had had her dream.

Dresden has always stood for much in my memory; its art was great, and its social life was interesting. The gentle, most unwarlike King John

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was merely a picture of a king as he was driven daily around in sight of the people; but once, when the first Emperor Fritz came to Dresden to visit him, and the two monarchs held a great review, and all that was glittering and magnificent and powerful suddenly came to the surface, as if called into apparent being by a conjurer—ah, then one realized kinghood!

After our first experience of foreign travel, we spent many of our winters abroad, and during one of them we were located in a little French hotel in the Rue du Bac. A very French hotel it was, filled with French professors, a few French students, French men of business, and a very small number of Americans, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. James Russell Lowell, John Holmes, brother of Dr. Oliver Holmes, and—much to our liking—our own immediate family of Dora and the youngest boy, and our dear eldest daughter and her husband, Dr. Lewis Stimson, with their two small children. We had known the Lowells at Mount Desert in the years when it was a favorite summer resort of the Boston literary set, as well as of rusticated Harvard students and New York artists. Mr. Lowell and my husband had tramped the Maine hills together in those days to their mutual satisfaction, and they resumed the tramping in the byways of Paris.

Mrs. Lowell and our married daughter, who was the outgrowth of the "genteel baby," of

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Brooklyn days, had also knitted and sewed and crocheted together on the piazza of the primitive Mount Desert Hotel, and this previous acquaintance grew in the course of the winter, in Paris, into an appreciative friendship. Mr. Lowell had a poet's enjoyment of the beauty and charm possessed by the young wife and mother who was spending the winter in Paris while her husband was hearing lectures at the Sorbonne, and he had a great sympathy for our girl Dora, who was shut in from so much of the gaiety of youth in consequence of a misstep on a long flight of marble stairs. Nothing could have been kinder or more spontaneous than his efforts to make her life a happy one. The Lowells' great friend, John Holmes, was staying at the same hotel, and Mr. Lowell unscrupulously enlisted him as an additional entertainer. One or the other devoted an hour every evening in the after-dinner darkness to the telling of stories for Dora's amusement, packing the hour with every interesting happening of the day. Sometimes Mr. Lowell would recite a new saga, or he would incite Mr. Holmes to repeat incidents and memories of their summer camp life in the Maine woods or the Adirondacks—a gathering of that wonderful group of Boston men for whom Providence had arranged a simultaneous term of life and vicinity—Emerson and Whittier and Longfellow and Lowell and Hawthorne and Holmes—together with one or two lesser

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mortals who could contribute stray starbeams to the general illumination. We had read of these campings in Whittier's liquid verse, but it was another thing to hear them recalled by voice with no curtain of printing or publishing between.

Mr. Lowell's talk was always worth hearing; I think he found it so himself, for good conversation is as interesting to the talker as to the hearer; otherwise it could not be good. "A dream of a man," Dora called him. Yes, Mr. Lowell was always delightful! Humanness—and he had much of it—and superiority are a delectable mixture. His theories of literary methods and uses of words were favorite subjects, and I remember his saying that New England had many words in common use which English people called "American." He cited several which I have forgotten, but there was one, not, indeed, in common use, which had made a flying leap from Shakespeare's day into Old New England, and had maintained a sleepy existence there, while apparently dead in the land of its birth. One day his mother was knitting, and her yarn got into a tangle as she worked and talked. Every knitter knows what unremitting attention is demanded by the simple process of lifting a loop from a knitting-needle and making a new one to stand in procession without getting the thread into a snarl. That was what had happened to his mother's yarn as she talked. Suddenly she exclaimed:

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"There! I shall have to slieve it out."

I fancy her son's face must have had the expression of a dog on a scent; for he was "pointing" a word.

"What did you say you should have to do to your knitting, Mother?"

"Slieve it out!" she answered.

"I never heard that word before," said the son.

"Why, it means *ravel*. People always said slieve when I was a girl," answered she, and that, said Mr. Lowell, made a new reading of "Knit up the ravel'd *sleeve* of care." Shakespeare meant the yarn and not a part of a garment.

Mrs. Lowell was a very charming domestic woman, full of sweetness and desire to make people happy. It was just after Mr. Lowell's return from Spain, and he had subsided very contentedly into the unwonted experience of idleness.

After the Lowells and Mr. Holmes were gone a scholarly-looking Englishman and his wife came one day to the little hotel. A "horse-faced" Englishwoman, my daughter characterized her. They were Mr. and Mrs. Lewes (George Eliot). Mr. Lowell had told us of their coming long before, saying that he had introduced us to her and he wished us to verify the introduction. When my daughter saw them at the luncheon-table and recognized Mrs. Lewes's face and style from Mrs. Lowell's description, she made ready to speak to her immediately after luncheon, but was some-

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what delayed by an American friend who came late to the table, bringing with her a book she had borrowed from us, and explaining volubly how much she liked it. It was *Daniel Deronda*, and as even enthusiastic criticism might be disastrous in the presence of the author, my daughter made haste to get over the introduction of herself; it ended by Mrs. Lewes proposing to visit her at once in her own room in order to prolong the conversation.

It proved to be, in fact, a lengthy interrogation, and in recounting it to us afterward my daughter said she felt like a turned-out glove. It covered minutely the days of a school year in a French pension, then a housekeeping year of her married life in Paris, and in fact every incident of her Paris experiences—little minutiae of the domestic ménage, of the servants and their privileges and ways, stopping hardly short of an inventory of the copper saucepans.

"I did not get much from her," she said, "in the way of intellectual sensation, but she got lots from me in the way of domestic experiences. I wonder what she wanted to do with them?" And at this melancholy conclusion we all laughed.

"It is just one of the ways in which authors get their facts," said my husband.

We found the Leweses very pleasant, but self-absorbed and unsympathetic, as we count the outgiving of human kindness. Still, it was a

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worth-while experience to have seen and talked with Mrs. Lewes, and it helped to make an interesting winter.

It was indeed a winter which had much to do with Dora's future, for the absolute bodily inaction which seemed to be a condition of her recovery was so at odds with her mental activity that it resulted in constant use of the pencil. For months she drew incessantly in light sketch-books which could stand against a pillow, and at the end of the time she had acquired a facility which could not possibly have been gained in the same time from the broken practice of schools. Everybody sat to her, from the voluble and interested proprietor and his capable wife and the mademoiselle who apparently controlled the finances to the cook and the porter. The proprietor made an absolute fad of the sketch-books, explaining that "*Mademoiselle la Malade*" should have a complete collection of the "types" incident to a French pension, in the Latin quarter; he would borrow these books on occasion to show the portrait of the United States Minister to Spain, heading a procession which included the proprietor himself. So the winter gave "*Mademoiselle la Malade*" not only skill gained by much unacademic practice, but friends whose friendship was a rare boon. For Mr. Lowell remained, as people do who have given kindnesses freely and unselfishly, always a faithful and interested friend.

VIII

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ALTHOUGH during the years of which I have been writing I was apparently absorbed in family life, and country life, and social life, I see that these things had in themselves elements of wider forms of usefulness; so that now when the loss came which changed my whole attitude toward life and taught me its duties, not only to those I loved, but to all who needed help and comfort, I was not unprepared.

I saw that many difficulties of existence were preventable, or at least capable of alleviation, and here came in the benefit of my Puritan childhood experiences, where self-help had been the first law. There were so many unhappy and apparently helpless women, dependent upon kin who had their own especial responsibilities and burdens, and these women appealed to me strongly, for I could so easily understand their misery.

Forty years ago there was no outlet for the ability of educated women, and yet there was

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often a pathetic necessity for remunerative work; added to this was the fact that washing, scrubbing, and the roughest of domestic work were almost the only forms of paid labor among women.

Of course teaching was out of this class. Teachers of music and letters were grudgingly included in the fellowship of general society.

Women of all classes had always been dependent upon the wage-earning capacity of men, and although the strict observance of the custom had become inconvenient and did not fit the times, the sentiment of it remained. But the time was ripe for a change. It was still unwritten law that women should not be wage-earners or salary beneficiaries, but necessity was stronger than the law. In those early days I found myself constantly devising ways of help in individual dilemmas, the disposing of small pictures, embroidery, and handwork of various sorts for the benefit of friends or friends of friends who were cramped by untoward circumstances.

It was the year of the first "World's Fair," held in Philadelphia in 1876, and among other things of interest I came across the exhibit of needle-work of the newly founded "Kensington School of Art Needlework" (London). It had been established to meet exactly the circumstances which existed among people I knew here in New York. Its primary object was to benefit a class which it called "decayed gentlewomen." This phrase, so

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constantly used in connection with those for whom the praiseworthy and sympathetic effort was being made in England, was utterly rejected by our more sensitive ears and tastes. We would not use so unsavory an epithet for our friends, but, although I rejected the phrase, I was much taken by the idea.

The "Kensington School," as this effort was called, was fortunately connected with an impulse toward the revival of many of the medieval arts, which in the past had enriched the life and history of England. The little group of Pre-Raphaelite painters, who certainly "builded better than they knew," became linked with the available labor of cultivated women. In this way embroidery became a means of artistic expression and a thing of value.

Happily the revival had been shorn of mediævalism by the cleverness of the men who were leading it. The designs of artists like Burne-Jones, Morris, and, above all, the direct and graceful work of Walter Crane, founded always upon forms of growth skilfully chosen and carefully adapted to needlework, gave great value to the new revival of embroidery.

It all interested me extremely, for it meant the conversion of the common and inalienable heritage of feminine skill in the use of the needle into a means of art-expression and pecuniary profit.

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The actual specimens of the Kensington work were to my mind very simple and almost inadequate. They were embroidered towels which were used in that day to cover chair-backs and were called "tidies." Towels were converted into tidies by a small flower design worked in one corner or across one end in what had been christened "the Kensington stitch." It was not a new stitch, for centuries of needlework practice had exhausted every possibility in that line.

There were also table-covers of gray linen, with embroidered borders; one or two composed by no less a person than Walter Crane. It seemed to me a very simple sort of effort to have gained the vogue of a new art, and I saw that it was easily within the compass of almost every woman. It required far less ability than painting china or more or less ambitious pictures, or making elaborate needle-books for sale among one's friends.

All this, it must be remembered, was in the day when women had not learned to use their brains for business or their every-day talents in the thousand and one ways which are available at present.

Gradually a plan grew in my mind for the formation of an American "Kensington School," which should include all articles of feminine manufacture, and then and there, in the intervals of sight-seeing and study of old and new examples of woman's handiwork which had been

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brought together in the great Centennial Exposition, I wrote out a little circular to explain my project to friends and helpers. I have it now, one of the small and, happily, most effective seeds sown in that day of woman's awakening to the duty of self-help.

When I returned to New York and reviewed my plans and visions, it seemed to me that with the help of my friends it was quite possible to set machinery in motion which would work out a new commercial opportunity for women. Those who met at my house saw what great results might come from combination of effort, and were willing to help. After this decision was arrived at, and we were dispersing, one socially wise friend said to me:

"Whatever you do, don't call in Mrs. David Lane."

"Why?" I asked.

"She will make it a success, but she will absorb it."

"She can't absorb its use," thought I to myself, and the next day I went to see her and unfolded my project.

It was not long after the work of the great Sanitary Fair of New York, which had brought a million dollars into the blessed hands of the Sanitary Commission, and Mrs. Lane had been its president and had worked up its thousands of sources of profits and help. I remember after-

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ward seeing the canceled check of one million dollars framed and glazed and hanging in the library of its treasurer, Mr. John Gourley. Mrs. Lane had set this great enterprise in motion, and she had the eyes of a woman who could see things which had not yet entered upon their existence. We discussed calling a meeting for organization.

✓ "Naturally you will be made president of the society," said Mrs. Lane, looking at me tentatively.

✓ "No," said I, "you must be president. Make me corresponding secretary, and manage that I shall have a free hand, for I want to have associate societies in every city in the United States."

✓ "We ought to work well together, each in her own way," said she, with the wise smile which I grew to know so well, and which covered a plenitude of wisdom.

✓ We fixed the time and place of the meeting at the house of Mrs. Benjamin Arnold, whose daughter, Charlotte Arnold, was already interested in the scheme, and whose great drawing-room and adjoining halls could hold a veritable assembly.

"I have enlisted Mrs. David Lane," said I to the friend who had cautioned me against it.

"Oh, you gaby! You have buried yourself," said she, vindictively.

"But the project," said I, "she is going to nurse it!"

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"All right, my dear; do it if you want to, but you will see!"

The meeting came off in time, Mrs. Lane acting as chairman, and I as secretary; and when I heard her condensed and yet comprehensive statement of its object I could have hugged myself in delight at its cleverness; and when the names proposed and accepted as incorporators were announced I was elated. Every one of them *told*, but when the name of the new society was discussed and settled as "The Society of Decorative Art," I felt some misgiving. The name seemed to give undue prominence to an advanced art, a consummation which we should need much time and long effort to compass. However, the thing was done. The new society which was to open the door to honest effort among women was launched, and if it was narrow it was still a door. We proceeded to take a suite of rooms in Madison Avenue for offices, and to arrange conditions and terms for what we called contributors' membership—contributors meaning the makers of articles offered for sale.

Of course, it was through Mrs. Lane's influence that the new society was equipped with a board of managers which included all the great names in New York; and its advisory council were men who had made their way to the top in all the various lines of success. I find they stand as follows in the small circular which I have preserved:

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Mrs. J. J. Astor	Miss Bryant	Mr. Wm. C. Bryant
Mrs. Wm. M. Evarts	Miss C. Furniss	Mr. Howard Potter
Mrs. David Lane	Miss Cooper	Mr. Joseph H. Choate
Mr. Levi P. Morton		Mr. James W. Pinchot
Mr. August Belmont		
Mrs. T. M. Wheeler		
Mrs. J. W. Pinchot		

I find myself looking in vain in this list for the more prominent names of to-day; there is neither a Vanderbilt nor a Pierpont Morgan among them, while many of those whose names I have quoted are now but dimly remembered. It seems that the aristocracy of brains and wealth changes once in fifty years, and we may say of even the most prominent of them, "The places which knew them once know them no more."

The objects of the society are set forth as follows, and, although highly ambitious, they were eminently praiseworthy:

I. To encourage profitable industries among women who possess artistic talent, and to furnish a standard of excellence and a market for their work.

II. To accumulate and distribute information concerning the various art industries which have been found remunerative in other countries, and to form classes in art-needlework, and the decoration of china, under instruction of the best grade.

III. To establish rooms for the exhibition and sale of paintings, wood-carvings, paintings upon slate, porcelain and pottery, lace-work, art and

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ecclesiastical needlework, tapestries and hangings; and, in short, decorative work of any description, done by women, and of sufficient excellence to meet the recently stimulated demand for such work.

IV. To form auxiliary committees in other cities and towns of the United States, which committees shall receive and pronounce upon work produced in, or in the vicinity of such places, which, if approved by them, may be consigned to the salesrooms in New York.

V. To make connections with potteries by which desirable forms for decoration or original designs for special orders may be procured, and with manufacturers and importers of the various materials used in art-work by which artists may profit.

VI. To endeavor to obtain orders from dealers in china, cabinet-work, or articles belonging to household art throughout the United States.

VII. To induce each worker to thoroughly master the details of one variety of decoration, and endeavor to make for her work a reputation of commercial value.

The immediate response was rather astonishing. The advent of the society had been well advertised as fashionable news, and it seemed as if every one of the "contributing members" must have had a storehouse of articles already prepared for sale before the society existed. Of

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course, many of them were inadmissible, and as the work of letter-writing soon became immense the services of a paid secretary became necessary. Mrs. Lane spent all her morning hours at the rooms, and I left beloved "Nestledown" to its own devices through every week-day.

One day Mrs. Lane said to me: "I have just heard that General Custer's widow is in New York, looking for some profitable employment, for her government pension is so small that she cannot live on it. How would it do to offer her the secretaryship?"

"Oh, don't!" said I, impulsively. "I am as sorry for her as I can be, but we must have a business-like and useful secretary."

She smiled her wise smile at me, and I could almost hear it murmur, "Just now her name would be valuable," but she went on, quietly, "I have asked her to come here at eleven to see us."

She came, the pathetic figure in widow's weeds, which seemed to hold the shadow of a heart-rending tragedy. So modest in her estimate of herself, so earnest in her desire to do something for our enterprise, and so fixed in her determination to do something practical for her own needs!

My jealous love for the cause of the society melted into a sense that this one lone woman was an integral part of the great cause. She was engaged at the modest salary we could afford, and an intimacy of work between us began which

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was to grow into an intimacy of love and appreciation that has been the treasured solace of years. The capacity and sympathy she developed seemed made for our needs. The letters of explanation and instruction and encouragement to our army of luckless contributors became a flood, but she was never swamped by them.

Among my friends the painters I had been able to enlist a committee of judges upon the articles submitted for sale, which we called the Committee of Admissions, and these patient men came duly and periodically to criticize our contributions. I found they were always willing to instruct Mrs. Custer, and I repeated to myself Mrs. Lane's "It will tell" whenever I wondered at their patient explanations.

Finding us sadly in need of designs to lend to our contributors, since their own amateurish compositions or selections often defeated the acceptance of their work, our Committee of Admissions established among themselves a little evening club to which half of the members brought an original design every alternate week to be mutually criticized and voted upon, the preferred ones to be given to the society. I joined this club, and had the benefit of their criticisms, a privilege which was to stand me in good stead in coming days.

Of course, they were often amused at articles which came before them as art-work, even after

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our most conscientious selection; and I remember the muttered answer to one of my apologetic recommendations: "I know! I know! The poor ye have always with ye." Also I recall Hopkinson Smith's delight at a glib letter from a clever Washington contributor thanking us for our criticisms of her work, and her remarks as to the functions of decoration, saying that she "would rather decorate a coal-scuttle worthily than to sculp statues for the Congressional squares."

All this was interesting and often confusing. But how patient were our judges and advisers! Their names should be "written in brass," and indeed every one of them has been written where only good and worthy work tells—in the hearts and love of the great art-loving public.

In the mean time we had established classes in Kensington embroidery under a graduate of the English school, for we soon found that we must educate those whom we were trying to serve. Some of the officers of the society joined the classes, for the new stitchery had great vogue, and it was amusing to see the teacher, Mrs. Pode, try to keep her society-class down to the A-B-C of English teaching. At the first lesson each one accomplished with celerity her small piece of a single daisy upon a square of gray linen, done with the modulated English crewels, and then began to look over the portfolio of Kensington designs which Mrs. Pode had brought, at

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the same time voicing characteristic American ambitions.

"Can't I do something in silk?" asked one.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Pode, "after you are through with the course of crewels. That is the last thing to learn."

"Oh, but you do not expect me to do this sort of thing again?"

"Not absolutely the same," said Mrs. Pode, "for you have done this very well, but the second lesson will be a tidy, with the sweet-pea design."

"Oh no! I think I will do a table-cover with this Walter Crane honeysuckle border. I like it, and I shouldn't mind having a linen table-cover for one of my bedrooms in the country."

Mrs. Pode opened her eyes, and a puzzled look came over her face. "That is one of the last lessons," said she.

"Is it? Why, I can do it just as well now! I must have something better than that tidy."

And it was so with all of them. One had an idea for a portière, which Mr. La Farge had promised to design; another had a piece of Oriental brocade to embellish as Mr. Colman had suggested, with a working up of some parts of the design with flosses; and in short, Mrs. Pode was overwhelmed with ideas, a thing quite foreign to her experience as a teacher.

Meanwhile our contributors were learning, as were we, and the enterprise was really a success.

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We went on swimmingly for a year. Boston had ✓ established a most successful auxiliary, and some of her contributors were sending us meritorious examples of pottery and china. Chicago had a ✓ wonderfully successful society and had sent to ✓ England for a second graduate of the Kensington School, who had come over to be educated in her turn in American ambitions. There were already ✓ one Canadian and thirty American societies of "Decorative Art," and the idea of *earning* had entered into the minds of women.

Unexpected talent had been developed in various directions. Clever young Rosina Emmet, the ✓ first to come to the front of that talented painting family, was doing portrait plaques of children upon china, with more orders than she could fill. ✓ Some pupil of Mr. Bennet's, the pioneer teacher of "underglaze" china painting in the country, sent in a vase and cup each a veritable oasis in the sandy waste of contributions, for the first weekly examinations of our patient painter friends; or a piece of conscientious and clever needlework would come from some woman, old or young, who knew her limitations, and did not attempt to go beyond them.

One day we received a piece of needlework tapestry which might easily have been born hundreds of years ago in Dresden or any old German city, so far as subject, color, and stitchery were concerned; and indeed the method of it gave

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me an idea which afterward grew into the "Needle-woven Tapestry of the Associated Artists." I was delighted to find it was done by a married daughter of Salmon P. Chase, who in her girlhood had painted with me in Dresden and whom I had matronized when Prussian and Saxon officers made their very frequent afternoon visits to the studio where we and two other young American girls were painting. This especial girl is now the dear neighbor who sits with me in the afternoon flower-days of March and April upon my piazza at "Wintergreen," and walks with me between the ranks of lilies that border the four-hundred-feet walk connecting our houses. She has kept her art-faculty, and I am never tired of watching her clever manipulation of material. The balustrade and pergola which join her house and studio, the classic vases of the entrance steps, the sun-dial with its woodland sprites laughing underneath, the artistic bridge over our little burrowing brook—all these miracles fashioned of cement and sand came into existence from her wonderfully creative mind teeming with artistic thought. What I am thinking and saying of my neighbor belongs in the story of "Wintergreen," and yet it began long ago with the studio days in Dresden.

The Society of Decorative Art was constantly importuned to receive things which were good in their way, but which did not belong in the category of art; and here came in the stumbling-

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block born of the mixed motives of our organization. Philanthropy and art are not natural sisters, and in the minds of the majority of the members of our board the art motive predominated; indeed, our constitution clearly committed us to art. So we wrangled and continued to wrangle over this point of art *versus* utility. Our clever English prototype had escaped this dilemma by confining its efforts to a narrower range and class.

I had favored from the first a more liberal plan of organization and management. It was not so ambitious, but it seemed to me it would not be incongruous and would be of more general benefit. So thought another of our managers, Mrs. William Choate, whose name is written in the hearts of thousands of women whom she has saved from utter despondency and failure. One day she came to me with a desperate idea.

"Will you join me in founding another society?" asked she. "There is room for it; a society where a woman can send a pie, if she can make a good one, even though she cannot paint a good picture; or a basket of eggs if she cannot decorate china?"

My heart went out to the project.

"But it ought to be a part of this society," said I. "The basement of this house should be the department of utility. No one knows our failures better than I. We ought to touch the whole round of women's needs."

"But don't you see that we can't?" said Mrs.

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Choate. "And in the mean time we are all getting at odds. Our art committee is disgusted with our liberalism, and you and I are impatient with our illiberality. I have cried over it and I have slept over it, and I can see no other way than to found another society which shall accept whatever a woman can do well and help her dispose of it. We will let this one go on its art path without us."

I took the matter home with me and submitted it to the real woman's tribunal, and the wise judge decided that the question was not within the limit of the court.

"You are more hampered than Mrs. Choate," said he. "You really founded this society, and you have furthered its art in every way by your art affiliations and interests."

"I know it," I answered, ruefully, "but I did not limit it. It is as though one side of me were pulling against the other. Why can't I do both?" asked I, with a sudden gleam of light.

"Because you are only one of a body of women every one of whom sees only one thing." And so I got no help from my domestic Solomon.

Then I went to wise, kind Mrs. Lane, and with humiliation and depreciation I stated my case.

"No matter how you *feel*, my dear," said she, "you are truly the art committee of the society, and you have led it steadily in the direction of art education, perhaps against your own sympathies."

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"But I think I shall go with Mrs. Choate," said I.

"Think it well over, and *pray* over it," said she, and we parted.

I went to the first meeting of the new society, and was enrolled as a charter member. We discussed the question of a title and finally settled upon "The Woman's Exchange," a name which I had proposed for the "Decorative Art," but which had been rejected. I felt as if I had really found my child; up to this time I had been nursing a changeling.

For a time it seemed to me that my work in establishing the Society of Decorative Art had been a failure, but I finally came to see that it was the beginning of self-help among educated women. Moreover, it had really broadened the narrow lives so many had been following, and women had learned that creative art was not altogether a matter of instinct, but of study. Indeed, it was instrumental in sending Rosina Emmet and Dora Wheeler into the studio of Mr. William Chase for real training. It had inaugurated the idea of self-help through remunerative labor among women, although it had confined it to the one channel of art. All other activities were closed to women of education and refinement under the penalty of "losing caste." A woman who painted pictures, or even china, or who made artistic embroideries, might sell them without being ab-

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solutely shut out from the circle in which she was born and had been reared; but she must not supply things of utility—that was a Brahmanical law.

The "Exchange" made no such distinction; a woman of brains, industry, and opportunity might make and sell whatever she could do best, and yet not lose her place. So the bars which had kept clever but timid souls in bondage were taken away; women began to work profitably, and found in it the joy of self-help, of doing, and finally of help for the world. It was the seed of progress, sown in a fruitful and waiting soil, and it has flowered into thousands of beautiful activities which are becoming, in the stress of these evil and warring days, even great world benefits.

When I read and hear of what women are doing to-day and contrast it with their accomplishments even forty years ago, I wonder how far the movement will go; I ask myself if women will finally take up the regeneration of the world as their part of life's complex duties, leaguing themselves against "the devil and all his works." It would be a bad day for him, I think. And speaking of his Majesty, I recall a delightful story told me by a girl who worked in the first "settlement" in New York in those early days, a work instituted by a saint who was labeled Brace. This girl was giving a lesson to a small Bible class, and the constant mention of Satan prompted her to ask what and who the

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pupils understood him to be, to which they replied promptly that he was a "fallen angel."

"And why was he dismissed from heaven?"

There was a long silence during which the teacher had time to realize that she had asked too complicated a question. The silence was broken, however, by a small voice explaining, triumphantly:

"Cos he sassed God."

✓ Although "The Society of Decorative Art" did not remain a permanent institution in New York, yet through its ten years' teaching and encouragement it made artistic needlework a profitable and prominent art in America.

I will not follow the progress of the new society, for its continued and prosperous existence in every town in America, and in Canada and Sweden, tells its own story. It is truly what it is named, a *woman's exchange*, open to all perfected efforts of women, and is a living monument to the woman who founded and nurtured it through many years. I remember keeping an appointment with Mrs. Choate for luncheon at the Exchange restaurant, when she regaled me with one of the most delicate and delicious of individual chicken pies.

"Do you know the story of them?" she asked, and forthwith proceeded to tell it.

"One day a charming little Southern woman came to me with her woes. Her husband was a lawyer and a victim of our dreadful war, inas-

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much as his practice had entirely disappeared when he came back to civil life. They were young people with three children, and as a last hope they had come to New York, where he had successful college friends and a promise of employment. Then he had fallen desperately and lingeringly ill. Their resources were exhausted, and what could she do?

"‘What can you do?’ I asked. ‘What can you you do *well*?’

“‘Nothing,’ and the discouraged mouth quivered. ‘I am only half-educated. Of course I can play a little, and sing a little, and dance a little, but I never was properly taught anything.’

“‘Think!’ I went on. ‘Can you sew, can you even darn stockings better than any one else?’

“She shook her head ruefully, and said, with a half-sad little smile: ‘You should see my children’s stockings! They are all puckered up!’

“‘Can you cook?’ I asked.

“Her face brightened. ‘I can make the best chicken pies in North Carolina!’ said she, enthusiastically.

“‘Very well, then,’ I said. ‘You go home and make chicken pies. I will get you an advance from our lending-fund and you send here tomorrow, before twelve, a dozen small chicken pies, just about what one hungry person can eat.’

“‘They can eat a good deal of my pie,’ said the little Southerner, proudly, and the next morning

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promptly came the pies. Heavenly pies! One lady ate two, and the next day two dozen were ordered, and the next day six. The demand grew, and kept up, and the Exchange chicken pies were ordered from outside houses. And now the Southern husband is well and in a prominent office, and the children are in school—with new stockings—and still the pies are made, for the Exchange lunch-room depends upon them for half its patronage. And that is the story of the chicken pies."

I did not take an active part in the daily work of the Woman's Exchange, for my time was too fully occupied in other directions, but I have never ceased to pray for its peace and prosperity.

IX

"THE ASSOCIATED ARTISTS"

I HAD a sorrowful few weeks before I could quite cut loose from my beloved work in the "Decorative Art." Every one disapproved of me. I remember the stony glare of Mrs. John Jacob Astor when I tried to explain my defection; but one day after a meeting of the Committee of Admissions, Mr. Tiffany told me he had sent in his resignation.

"It is all nonsense, this work," he said. "There is no real bottom to it. You can't educate people without educational machinery, and there is so much discussion about things of which there is really no question. My wife says she cannot afford to have me so stirred up every Wednesday, but I have been thinking a great deal about decorative work, and I am going into it as a profession. I believe there is more in it than in painting pictures." So spoke the son of the builder of the great house of Tiffany.

"What kind of decorative work?" I asked.

"Why, various kinds. Colman and DeForest

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and I are going to make a combination for interior decoration of all sorts. I shall work out some ideas I have in glass. DeForest is going to India to look up carved woods, and Colman will look after color and textiles. You had better join us. It is the real thing, you know; a business, not a philanthropy or an amateur educational scheme. We are going after the money there is in art, but the art is there, all the same. If your husband will let you, you had better join us and take up embroidery and decorative needlework. There are great possibilities in it."

This was very alluring, and again I consulted the home court, and again the decision had to rest with me.

"You must remember," said my husband, "that Mr. Tiffany told you it was *going into business*, and business has its laws which you may not like; but, on the other hand, you have an instinct for art, and a good business head—like Tiffany," he added, "and it would give you opportunities which would not interfere with home as much as the 'Society' has, I fancy."

My husband and I had come to the time which sooner or later comes to every family. Domestic life was no longer crowding us. The dear eldest whose interests had continued so long a part of my own was no longer with us. The oldest boy was out in the world and the youngest at school. There was no actual occupation for me at home,

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and I was still young enough to demand an active interest in life, something to do in the world, and my husband was wise enough and broad-minded enough to see it. I had formally resigned my "Society" work, keeping, I was sure, the cordial friendship of Mrs. Lane and many of my co-workers, as well as the warm affection of my dear associate, Mrs. Custer. I promised Mrs. Choate full co-operation in the Woman's Exchange, although my time must be devoted to another purpose.

But to return to my own experiences. There were the preliminaries of a business combination, so novel to me as to be most interesting. My three new associates acquiesced in my suggestion that we should be called "The Associated Artists" instead of "Louis C. Tiffany Co.," which was at first suggested. Of course, it *was* the Louis C. Tiffany Co., but it was equally an association of artists and we agreed to work together under that name.

Our very first order was the making of an embroidered drop-curtain for the new Madison Square Theater, and this enlisted us all—Mr. Tiffany for design and all sorts of ingenious expedients as to method; Mr. Colman casting the deciding vote upon the question of color; Mr. DeForest looking up materials, and I directing the actual execution. The curtain was really a landscape effect done in textiles, for all sorts of materials came into

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use, velvet and plusses for trees and great-leaved plants in the foreground, shadowy silks for perspectives, and bits of misty blue distance in iridescent stuffs of any material which would produce illusion or give the required effect. It was too positive and realistic for tapestry, but it was beautiful and it answered its double purpose of advertising both the new theater and the new enterprise. Unfortunately, it took fire and went up in smoke before the season was over, but we replaced it with an improved copy. I had learned a lesson in the use of applied materials and large effects, which could be adapted to many beautiful uses.

Mr. Tiffany was certainly a very inspiring and suggestive associate in art, and he had the recklessness of genius when it came to ways and means. I remember a very beautiful piece of work done in the workrooms which interested him greatly, because of an unscrupulous use of every stitch possible to that little polished instrument which Adam probably invented for Eve when she sewed fig-leaves together in the Garden of Eden. The thing he so greatly admired was a two-leaved velvet screen of no positive color covered with beautifully wrought roses of all colors; and these masses were softened into the background by long darning stitches and webs, such as our grandmothers used, when darning was an art, in mending large holes in boys' stockings. This particular

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expedient charmed Mr. Tiffany, and he watched the work of the clever girl who composed and worked it with great interest. One day he missed her.

"Where is Miss Tounshend?" he asked.

"Gone to her lesson in water-color at the Academy," I answered; and then, seeing a rather disturbed look upon his face, I asked, "Don't you think it will be an advantage to her embroidery?"

"No," said he, positively. "I would rather have her *think* in crewels."

The subtlety of this expression charmed me, as did also a linked word he used descriptive of color effect. We were looking at the ceiling of his new private studio, which was low and white and broken into unequal masses by the roof gables.

"What will you do with it?" I asked, for it seemed to me a formidable problem.

Mr. Tiffany wrinkled his brows. "I think," said he, meditatively, "I shall paint it a *light black*."

Of course, this meant blotting out its variations, but it was so picturesquely worded.

But the girl whose mental processes he wished to curtail went on thinking in very wide circles, for she was one of those to whom *things* are secondary, and only valuable as they can express thought.

For one season Mr. Frank Millet was with us in our united work; he had just returned from

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Europe, where he had been acting as special correspondent of the London *Times*, serving in that capacity through the Crimean War. Now he had returned to his first love—painting—and for a time he assisted Mr. Tiffany in his decorative experiments. Any one who knew that genial, warm-hearted man, at any time of his life, will realize how his practical knowledge tempered our enthusiasms and how valuable was his companionship. One-thoughted people need the influence of a difference in temperament among them to keep them from growing queer.

We worked along very happily together in the lofts on Fourth Avenue, which were our quarters. At the top were the glass rooms where Mr. Tiffany's experiments in color went on and where he was working out his problems from bits of old iridescent Roman vases which had lain centuries underground; or finding out the secrets of tints in ancient cathedral windows, and the proportions of metals and chemicals which would produce certain shades of color. The actual melting and mixing was done in the laboratory underneath his own apartments, far up on Fifth Avenue, but the results of the study and effects of juxtaposition were tried in the "glass loft."

Something akin to this went on in the embroidery-rooms, where silks were being brought together in wonderful combination, with examples of the effects which time and artistic effort had

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produced in textiles. These were carefully studied, and through them we were making constant experiments in beauty, and I found great content in our success. After a few years, however, the loft became too general a place for our work, and my husband bought a large old-fashioned house on Twenty-third Street, not far removed from the studios of our general work, and fashioned it to our requirements.

The development of design and weaving of textiles became one of my chief ambitions; first, through the practical need of draperies which should worthily accompany the glass and carved woods of Mr. Tiffany and Mr. DeForest; and secondly, because of a feeling that it was a desirable profession for women and a profitable outlet for their artistic talents. The art schools of the Cooper Union, the Artist Artisans, and other institutions were training a large body of girls in drawing, but there was no apparent encouragement for them as painters.

Through our requirements for suitable textiles for decorative use, I had discovered that, although there were silks in abundance woven in America, and extremely good in quality, they were either without design or, as was the case in printed silks, the designs were borrowed or copied from silks manufactured in other countries and more or less meaningless in connection with serious artistic work. Every silk-manufacturer sent his buyer

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abroad to collect specimens of the product of each season; and, after a German draftsman had adapted the design to American looms, they were woven or printed here and sold as English or French, instead of American, silks.

We had no original American design in textiles, embroideries, or even in wall-papers; consequently, our printings and weavings were sold as imported ones. I could not see why American manufactures should be without American characteristics any more than other forms of art. Art applied to manufacture should have its root in its own country—so I thought, at least.

The designs made by the artists who had come to our aid in the Society of Decorative Art had immediately taken the place of the Kensington designs brought from England by Mrs. Pode, because they appealed to our sense of beauty, both in spirit and in subject; and I believed the same thing would be true of printed ornamentation. The Messrs. Frank and Knight Cheney, the second generation of the Cheney Brothers, and then at the head of the great silk-mills in South Manchester, had already taken an interest in the subject of national design, and they helped us in most effective ways, making use of native artistic work in their prints and brocades. Indeed, we felt always in their production that we were working in concert.

It was not long before our design-room was an

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important part of our equipment. Every girl in it was there because she knew how to draw and had a special faculty for composition. I talked to them twice a week on the spirit as well as the technique of design, and once a week I lectured to classes of the Institute of Artist Artisans; my thought of truly American design was not confined to textiles.

It was at this time that the firm of Warren & Fuller—paper-manufacturers—offered two thousand dollars in prizes for the best four designs for wall-paper, and I suggested that we should compete for them. This meant new study in adaptation, the use of different mediums, and due regard to the limitations of printing-machines; it also meant, or should have meant, new materials in the way of paper and pigments; but of these small matters we were ignorant, and consequently we went bravely to the work of competition, mixing our water-colors with plenty of Chinese white for body, and cutting our drawing-paper to proper lengths for repeats. We sent in four designs at the time and to the place appointed, and forgot about them until we saw a notice of the exhibition of the "Warren & Fuller Competitive Designs" at the American Art Gallery. Of course we went to see them.

The judges were three prominent architects, and there was a roomful of exhibits, most of which were German, and all of them so carefully

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made as to look precisely like printed wall-papers.

We found our four placed together, somewhat removed from the others, and we acknowledged to ourselves that they suffered by comparison with the technique of the general exhibit.

"I don't care!" said I. "I like them the best so far as meaning goes," and we went back to the absorbing interests of our daily work without another thought of our designs.

Some days later "Mr. Warren's" card was brought me and I went down to see whatever it might be, not connecting him with the competition. I found a tall and very polite stranger who, after ascertaining that I was the Mrs. Wheeler he was in search of, informed me that my design of bees and clover had received the Warren-Fuller thousand-dollar prize. He proceeded further to inquire if Miss Dora Wheeler could be seen, and when she came informed her with equal ceremony that Miss Dora Wheeler had received the five-hundred-dollar prize offered for the second-best Warren-Fuller composition. Before we had time to breathe he went on to read the remaining names:

"Miss Tounshend, third prize."

"Why, she also is one of us!" I exclaimed.

"Miss Ida Clarke, fourth prize."

"Why, she is one of us, too! Do you mean that we have taken all the prizes?"

"Yes, that is the case," he answered.

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"Then I am justified," said I. "I am on the right track."

Mr. Warren bowed again. "We think you are," said he, "and our judges have *decided* that you are."

After he had gone we sat down to realize what had happened.

"It was the thought we put into it, my dear girls," I began. "It simply shows that design needs something more than just technique."

"Wise mother," scoffed my girl, "did any one suppose that Walter Crane or William Morris came to the top because they possessed technique?" Thereupon we adjourned to the studio and had the whole class in design to tea.

I had always felt that Walter Crane was the foremost designer of that group of men who brought England into a prominent place in applied art during the last days of the eighteenth century. His designs stood by themselves in certain qualities of grace and appropriateness, and when I found that he was coming to America I was keen to meet him. I think his object in coming was to really *see* what we were doing in America. An exhibition of American art work in London in 1900 had excited a great deal of interest, together with some critical and comparative comment which was not altogether favorable to English art. It was an exhibit of pictures, etchings, stained glass, textiles, and tapestries of "The

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Associated Artists," and embroidery from many sources; it seemed to me a most worthy collection, one which would excite interest anywhere. At all events, I think it brought this distinguished man over to look at what we were doing in art and manufacture.

We were asked to meet him at the house and studio of David French and were promised some talk from him. It was a very interesting assembly of sculptors, painters, and art leaders in all lines of industrial art, a cheerful gathering of nodding heads and friendly greetings, for everybody knew everybody and all were pleased to come together in honor of a man who had made his mark in modern art.

He proved to be a rather reticent, far-away-looking man who blinked at this friendly crowd as if he had stepped from shadow into sunshine.

After his first few hesitating sentences he seemed to find a familiar path, that of teacher, and, unfolding a printed handkerchief as if it were a chart, he proceeded to initiate us into the first principles of decorative design, alternation and repetition, precisely as if we were a lot of school-children being taught to square and fill spaces. He illustrated his lesson by folding his printed handkerchief into squares large enough to hold a stereotyped little flower with two lateral leaves and a round-headed blossom above them, which he drew upon a blackboard, and he showed us how

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it could be used without parallelism by filling alternate spaces in different rows. The situation was so funny that it was enjoyable. This famous artist teaching people whose lives were filled with visions of beauty and ideas of grace and perfection exemplified in his own work the A-B-C checker-board of composition! We looked at one another with joy while the lecturer was fingering his pocket-handkerchief.

When it was over, and we were being introduced and named, a blink of recognition would occasionally appear on his face and a reluctant hand would be offered in greeting. But it was a hand which had done notable work for the great angel of the world—beauty—and I for one was glad to meet its touch. Taken altogether, it was a very unreal experience, like live things in a fog, but it did not in the least abate my enthusiasm for the god within the cloud—I knew it was there.

Mr. William Chase, in whose studio Dora and her friends Rosina and Lydia Emmet were studying, had just at that time returned from a long and ardent apprenticeship to art in Munich. He was an inspiring teacher, and these girls were his first pupils. I think he looked upon himself as an apostle of new truth in art in this country, and he certainly was the first who painted with the breadth and freedom which have grown to be the habit of modern painting.

Mr. Chase had taken the large central studio

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in the Tenth Street building which had been used by Launt Thompson during previous years, and where we had seen his gods emerge from clay and stand in plaster or marble in the empty spaces of the great room. The studio was filled with life and color, and all sorts of rare and odd bits of furnishing made points of interest in the room. The door opened with long-drawn musical cadences from some attachment fashioned there to sound whenever the door opened or closed, and there were enticing groups of old silk hangings, and silvery brocades, and cabinets filled with the "truck" which all painters love. I remember over all the intervening years a horrible little human head, no bigger than an orange and brown with the transparent brownness of the dark races. Some ingenious savage had extracted the skull and bones and had inserted bits of dark-red bottle glass for eyes, carefully preserving the long black hair and scanty beard, and with devilish dexterity shaping and smoothing the features until it was a fearsome shred of humanity. But Mr. Chase delighted in it.

There was a black greyhound whose name was Fly, who belonged on a yellow-striped tiger-skin, but would not stay there, and two rainbow-colored parakeets chained to their cross-shaped stands, animated flakes of scarlet and blue and green, shrieking out a gabble of half-human salutation at strangers.

WILLIAM M. CHASE

(From the bronze bas-relief by Augustus Saint-Gaudens)



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One summer we had them at "Nestledown" while Mr. Chase was abroad, and they kept us alive with anxiety when one or the other would pick open the iron ring which held its chain to the stand and, after a little dalliance with things in the garden, spread its great wings and go flashing into a tall fir-tree. As a stable-boy followed it up the convenient rounds of ladder-like branches it would mount, gabbling, to the very top, where a slim feather of green spread itself against the sky. Then the hanging chain would come within reach of the boy's hand and the iridescent Polly would be hauled squawking to earth, to be shut up in the stable while the ring of iron could be closed again.

Mr. Chase was the most generous of teachers, not only giving exhaustively of his stored knowledge of how to do things, but fostering as well the will to do it. Later, somewhat against his will, he was persuaded to take charge of an art-school at Shinnecock Hills, Long Island, and in this somewhat unwelcome tutelage he learned as well as taught. He discovered that he had the teaching quality, which consists, I think, in enthusiasm for the subject. When the enthusiasm is shared by the pupils it creates a sort of electric energy which has great results.

The success of this school of art meant much to Mr. Chase, and resulted in a body of young artists trained to work as he worked, with simple

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directness. His peculiar excellences, both as painter and teacher, soon became widely known. His bits of garden landscape and studies of still life were wonderful accomplishments, showing that difficult combination of breadth and intensity which is the aim of modern painters.

I have a large picture which he called "The Sea-Serpent," where the creature lies coiled in an iridescent mass upon a wide ash-colored spread of beach, with the blue of a summer sea stretching away into the sky background, one little blot of blood upon the fin giving the principle of life and the element of tragedy to the picture. This rare faculty of combination on one canvas of the values of color was not often apparent in Mr. Chase's portraits; he probably had an instinct that personality would be lost in combination with triumphs of color.

Mr. Chase had a passion for the beauty of textiles, and when "The Associated Artists" came to their days of experiments in color he often dropped in to see what had been done that was new to him; and he was never tired of watching the variations of color in some specimen of shadow-silks when every change of position brought out the design of the textile in a new aspect. I remember his saying, "You can do more with silk than we can with pigments, because it reflects color as well as holds it." Alma Tadema said exactly the same thing when I showed him our

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shadow-silks the summer we spent in England at Broadway.

Dear Mr. Chase! His singleness of purpose and supreme love of art carried him far on the road which all true artists travel in whatever line their faculty may lead: the road to the highest and to the perfection of their particular choice of beauty.

When I heard only last year that his quest in this life was over, I remembered gratefully the helping hand he had always held out to me and mine along the road he so earnestly traveled. Each chose his own path, but the goal is the same—the truth that is beauty.

His friendship with Dora was an enduring one, and I append one of his characteristic letters:

MY DEAR MISS WHEELER,—This is only a line to tell you I am here and to say how much I am enjoying everything to be found here. The old gallery of pictures is simply magnificent. Velasquez is the greatest painter that ever lived. How you would enjoy the pictures by him here; I am sure you would be inspired and encouraged. Velasquez is not like many of the great painters; he never discourages any one. On the contrary he makes you feel everything is possible for one to accomplish. I do hope you are in a mood for work and are doing something. Don't forget that you will be at your best when you consult your own pleasure about what you are to do. Everything is delightful here, except the weather, which is a trifle too warm, and the bull-fights, which are simply terrible. I have attended several, and each time have been so horrified that I have vowed I would not go again. I have told you enough about painters and pictures, and now a word about the incumbrances, old Fly and the birds. I was so hurried when I came to leave that

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I could not find time to bring them myself. I therefore left word with Daniel to take them to you. I hope they don't give you too much trouble. If you find them an annoyance please send them to some board place until I return. I will most likely leave for home on the 10th of September and arrive about the 22d; until then, Good-by. Please remember me kindly to your Mamma and all the family.

Most respectfully,

WILLIAM N. CHASE.

It was while the two girls, Miss Rosina Emmet and our daughter Dora, were studying in Mr. Chase's studio that the Christmas card became dignified by the attention of artists. The original ones were published by Mr. Louis Prang, of Boston, who will long be remembered for his successful efforts in color printing. Mr. Prang's idea was the perfecting of the process of reproducing paintings, whether oil or water-color, in the exact tints and values of the originals. It was a subject of great interest to painters, and the progress of it was carefully watched by them. Perhaps there mingled with their scientific and artistic interest something of the solicitude which was felt by portraitists when Daguerre caught and fixed the beautiful sun drawing which has made his name a part of common English speech.

I think the very first successful picture done by the Prang process was also Albert Bierstadt's first successful picture—one which had brought him prominently before the public. It was called "Sunlight and Shadow," a picture about eighteen

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by twenty, of an old cathedral front, the gray façade mottled by the shadow leaves and branches of a great tree. You saw, not the tree, but the shadow, and on the steps sat a tired bowed figure of an old woman in a red mantle, the only note of brilliant color in the picture. It was an extremely well-rendered mixture of reality and sentiment, and the Prang copy did it justice. To have one of them hanging on the wall, carefully framed, came near to having a "Bierstadt," so the process was a complete success. This was followed by John Wier's "Christmas Bell," a delightful composition of sprites clustered upon a bell-rope in the gray of Christmas morning. Then came others in quick succession. Mr. Prang's tall, lean figure and quaint speech were well known in studios, for wherever successful figure pictures were to be seen there was Mr. Prang.

It was about this time that he evolved the idea of printing Christmas cards of superior excellence both as pictures and as prints, so as to commend themselves to everybody. Adequate subjects for these cards were not plentiful, and to stimulate the supply Mr. Prang offered such tempting prizes for small pictures of merit as to enlist general effort among painters. Distinguished artists were chosen for judges, and exhibition was made of all pictures sent in. The prizes were one thousand dollars, five hundred dollars, and three hundred dollars, for the best three oil or water-

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color pictures, six by eight inches in size, and of suitable design. These first three prizes were won, respectively, by the very prominent Mr. Vedder, by young and clever Rosina Emmet (who had graduated from the painting of china plaques to the painting of pictures), and by Dora Wheeler.

The competition for Christmas cards was a great incitement to both the girls, and their almost unexpected successes were a matter of joy and pride to them and their friends. After this, we saw much of Mr. Prang, who watched the progress in art of the two girls with great interest. I think he would have had keen enjoyment in knowing that when the three girls—Rosina and Lydia Emmet and Dora Wheeler—were studying together in Julien's classes in Paris they found that their sketches from the subjects given out on Saturdays for composition almost invariably brought the coveted No. 1 to one of the three; they used to be cross-examined by some of the French students who had worked in the atelier for a much longer period.

"Where did you study composition?" they were asked.

"Where did we?" they smiled to one another, and then "Prang's prize Christmas cards!" they said, almost together.

It was not long after the first competition that Mr. Prang unfolded to us his project for a second, which was to make a tempting lure for

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the best artists. The idea was to offer two first prizes to be awarded by vote of visitors to the exhibition, the first prize of two thousand dollars to go to the card receiving the greatest number of votes of artists, and the second of one thousand dollars to go to the card which received the greatest number of popular votes. There were to be three degrees of excellence, with three respective prizes as before.

"You will get an amusing card on the popular vote," I said, when the plan was explained to me. Mr. Prang smiled with the look of a reserved opinion, and said in his slow, careful English:

"You would be surprised, would you not, if the same card was chosen by both?"

"Yes, greatly surprised!" I answered, glibly and without the experience of the wise merchant-manufacturer, who had not watched the whims of the buying public in vain. Of course, the two girl pupils competed, and needless to say we watched the growth of the recorded votes with breathless interest. A rather small invited audience waited for the counting and announcement of the votes. Mr. Prang's suggestion was verified. The first prize was awarded by both artist and popular vote to the same card—that exhibited by Dora Wheeler. This was astounding, to be sure, and it was well, perhaps, for me that there should be cheers and hand-shakes and congratulations to cover the inevitable internal overturn which at-

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tends the surprises of life, whether they are sad or happy ones.

Dora was in the Adirondacks with a skating party, at a week's distance from a post-office, when the award was made, and the first mail which worked its way through snowdrifts brought a sheaf of telegrams which were bundled into an envelope and sent out where she was skating on the lake. It was an ominous-looking bundle—five, six, seven, eight telegrams, and the man who was skating with her asked with masculine efficiency:

“Shall I open one for you?”

“Yes, read it,” and he read:

“You have won the artist and popular prizes.—FATHER.”

Whereupon the cloud rolled away.

The next read:

Miss Dora Wheeler has won two first prizes. Congratulations from Louis Prang.

Then there was one from our good and dear friend, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, which read:

Ich gratulire tousand mal,

and the rest from friends who hastened to be joy-bringers.

They danced an apology for a minuet upon ice, these two solitary skaters, before taking up their

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journey across the lake and through the piled-up snowy track to the house where the rest of the party were apprehensively waiting. The tension was soon relieved by the waving of telegrams and incoherent shouts.

The studio which we had converted from the big unbroken garret of the Twenty-third Street house was a great success. It was ideal in its proportions, and when a skylight had been put into the slope of the roof it was all that could be desired; so said Mr. Chase, who came over to paint a full-length of his pupil for foreign exhibition. It hangs in the large "Nestledown" parlor now after its travels around the world, and I gather from certain criticisms of my granddaughter, who is now studying at The Hague, that she would like to repaint the face.

Everybody came to the studio in those days. Who but Oscar Wilde should wander in one afternoon just before nightfall, introducing himself with great self-possession and self-content, looking around the studio with approval, taking an offered cup of tea with alacrity, and bestowing an hour of twilight loiter upon us, filled with speculative conversation. Mr. Wilde did not *take* in America, probably because he was considered a debatable quantity in England, and even more, perhaps, because of his velvet suits and knicker-bockers and scarlet ties, worn on all occasions. I had a suspicion that none of our painter and

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author friends had volunteered to introduce him, and he had therefore chosen with characteristic self-confidence to do it for himself.

Again one afternoon it was Lily Langtry, in her first estate of beauty and fresh from the half-admiring, half-scornful attitude of the British public at her success in attracting "Royalty." She was nearly beautiful, and quite interesting as a study of the well-bred Englishwoman. Also she was very susceptible to the fascination of our manufactures and became quite a constant visitor to the salesrooms, generally sending up a card and asking me to come down and see her. It required some little study to keep the balance adjusted in my own mind between my sense of personal dignity and Mrs. Langtry's opinion of her own value and importance in the world, but as a whole her advent was interesting.

- ✓ When Sir Henry Irving and vivacious Ellen Terry came to "The Associated Artists" there was no question of adjustment. Sir Henry had a keen interest in textiles and knew them, and we talked shop while the pretty lady was eager to mount the stairs to the studio, where she flirted with the girl visitors, admired their gowns, and made herself very entertaining. Sir Henry and I talked of the past and future of textile art, and of his friendship with Morris and Burne-Jones and Watts, and of how much England owed to their interest in manufactures. It was pleasant

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to stand with him upon the ground of a common enthusiasm broken here and there by people whom we both knew and appreciated.

One day some one brought the "Queen of the Sandwich Islands," a very nice-looking, very well-dressed dark woman, who spoke English and looked at the pictures with intelligence and curiosity. I was a good deal confused by the ceremony with which I was presented, for it seemed to imply something equally ceremonious on my part. However, I consoled myself with the nearest approach to a courtesy I could muster, and it seemed to satisfy "her Majesty."

A pleasant incident of the studio days was the visit early one afternoon of a very business-like-looking man whom we did not know. He asked to see some of Miss Wheeler's pictures, and, finding what he was evidently looking for, immediately bought a little picture which had just been returned, *refused* for the coming exhibition of the "American Artists." Dora informed him of the fact, with an idea that there was a certain dishonesty in withholding it, but he proceeded to write a check, quite unmoved by the information. After he had gone and she looked at the signature—Samuel P. Avery—she waved it over her head in delight.

"He saw it at the exhibition-rooms," she chanted, "and came for it!"

"Thank you! Thank you, Mr. Avery! I shall

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buy lots of things for the studio with this in London!" said Dora, and she did. For we were just about sailing for a summer, or at least a holiday, in England; and she bought old carved oak English chests in Chester on our way to London, and in London a carved teakwood sideboard from India, and a chair which was an accumulation of carved leafage—all from Mr. Avery's check, which seemed like the "widow's cruse of oil" when applied to London prices.

After a few years of concerted work I felt that the department of design, embroidery, and textiles had become sufficiently important to be carried on as a separate enterprise. As this was equally true of the department of Indian woodwork, the different members of "The Associated Artists" agreed to resume their own responsibility and manage their own progress. Mr. Colman, who was instinctively a painter, with a love of color which had led him somewhat reluctantly into decoration, retired to secure the leisure and the privacy necessary to a painter. I think Mr. Tiffany was rather glad to get rid of us all, for his wonderful experiments in glass iridescence, which were to culminate later in the manufacture of "Favrile glass," meant far more to him at the time than association with other interests.

Our successes in printed silks and woven brocades, and the decisions in the Warren-Fuller competitive wall-paper designs, soon resulted in

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demands from manufacturers for American designs; so it was not long before many of our designers were fully and independently employed, and art students generally were studying in this direction. The growth of this demand and the gradual introduction of American silks as such into the silk-market was not without its influence on importation; so what had been done as a widening of the field of woman's labor was really of national importance in commerce. American women had won respect for American-made fabrics, and so small a thing as this change of taste or belief was of commercial value as well as a personal benefit to the growing thousands of designers.

Another of the general interests of the Association was the bringing of the art of needlework embroidery into its ancient place of importance as an adjunct to luxurious and costly interiors. Curious and beautiful weavings have for centuries occupied almost the entire ground of textile adornment, but machinery, however skilful, can never accomplish the thought-value of which art-inspired fingers are capable. I went back to the days when tapestries were not woven but wrought, and I imagined a tapestry of silk heavily and flexibly woven, which could receive on its surface a superimposed needle-weaving which carried color and design. We began to experiment in this direction, and in time produced entire silk tapestries which

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had a right to their name of "needle-woven tapestries." The pursuance of this new form of art brought into play the capacity of the young painters who had been the companion students and friends of my daughter and rivals with her in the Christmas-card competition.

Rosina Emmet and Dora Wheeler made life-sized cartoons for some of our tapestries, and this brought the studio and the workroom very close together. The subjects of them were often taken from American literature. One which we called "the Hiawatha Tapestry" was done from an enlarged design, submitted for the Saturday composition competition at Julien's in Paris. The visiting critic, M. Tony Fleury, had marked it "A," and sent for the pupil who made it. When she appeared, instead of the personal criticism she expected she was asked to explain the meaning of the name of the sketch. She explained that "Minnehaha" was an Indian word which meant "Laughing Water." "Ah!" said he, pointing to the figure of the Indian girl standing with a tame doe beside her, and looking at the fall of the shining water, "her face listens; she hears voices in the water!" Of course, this tapestry was a particular favorite with me because of the criticism as well as the design. I was happy in having it find a purchaser in the family, and I am still gratified and interested when I see it hanging in the hall of Dr. Lewis Stimson. It is perhaps a mixed

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happiness to the artist that the better his work the more surely he loses sight of it, sometimes never to see it again.

In time there was a new studio built back of the house of "The Associated Artists," a rather grand room as to size, with two fireplaces, one great skylight, and other windows for eastern or western effects. Owing, perhaps, to the novelty of the introduction of the woman element in art, it became very popular. Up to that time there had been few women painters of any note in America. Anne Lea Merritt was perhaps the most conspicuous of the stay-at-homes, although even she finally pursued and ended her career in London. Mary Cassatt had made a reputation in Paris, Mrs. Macmonnies was beginning to be known as a painter, and there was also the American wife of Bouguereau, who after years of dutiful waiting for the never-to-be-granted consent of the parents, was finally married to him.

I should mention likewise Fidelia Bridges, who became known as a conscientious and charming bird-painter; but the number of women of talent who painted in this country were few indeed. The emergence of the first group of Chase pupils, taught in the same methods as the men figure-painters, was a matter of curiosity and interest to their masculine rivals, but they were generous and encouraging. Mr. Chase, as was natural, gave constant criticism and approval, and the

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- young painters went on happily together. Another of the group was Amanda Brewster, afterward Mrs. Sewell, who had also studied with them in Paris, but whose work, beginning in landscape, led her finally and almost exclusively into portraiture, where she had made a notable success.
- Our new studio was socially as well as artistically popular; the frequent presence of entertaining visitors and the glamour of art made an unusual combination. This was varied by periods when it was occupied by distinguished painters from abroad, who needed a studio large in proportions and easy of access for more or less temporary work; and the pictures that were painted in it were sometimes of an importance which made them like incidents in the history of art.
- For one short season John Sargent used it, and painted the portrait of Carmencita which after a triumphal march around the world rests, I believe, in the Luxembourg. One evening during the sittings she came there to dance for a few friends whom Mr. Sargent invited, and the airs and graces of the dancing child of fortune—seen at close hand—were very amusing. I did not care for the portrait, probably because I did not care for the sort of thing it represented, but one of Mr. Sargent's greatest pictures came into what one may safely call immortality in the studio during the few weeks or months of the great painter's occupation. It was the portrait of the Goelet

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child, which had the quality of few paintings in the world—the very quality of thought. The little soul looked out at you through eyes which were transparent. I have always felt this to be one of Sargent's great pictures. Another which had the same quality was that of Miss Chanler, now Mrs. Chapman. You carry away from it a memory, not of a picture, but of an actual being, one which lived and possessed mysterious identity.

Herkimer also painted some of his "rapid-fire" portraits in the studio, and at the last came Anders Zorn; so it had been used by two of the great painters—perhaps the two greatest of the present world.

It was before this visit of the Zorns, in fact, before the Columbian Fair experience, that Dora had been painting a series of portraits of men and women who had come to the front in literature—among them delightful Frank Stockton, whose *Rudder Grange* and *The Lady or the Tiger?* were much in the minds and to the taste of the reading world; Laurence Hutton; Charles Dudley Warner; Brander Matthews; Richard Watson Gilder; Thomas Bailey Aldrich; Mr. Lowell; John Hay; Walt Whitman; Mark Twain, and Mrs. Stowe. Most of these were painted at the studio, but for Mr. Stockton's portrait a short week was spent at his pleasant country house in New Jersey, and Mark Twain's was done in his own house at Hartford.

Mr. Lowell's sittings were always delightful, and

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not infrequent, for he had a great friendship for my painter daughter, in fact, for both of my daughters, since Mr. and Mrs. Lowell had grown to know and love the dear elder one during the winter we all spent together in the little hotel in the Rue du Bac. Dora was then the "sick girl" to whom Mr. Lowell and John Holmes told stories in the after-dinner darkness of the winter days of Paris.

He was fond of people and thought well of them, so you always heard the best of them; indeed, one always came away from him with a feeling that the world was a good world and that most of the people in it were quite worthy of its best. I append one of his friendly notes to my girl.

J. R. LOWELL

DEERFOOT FARM,

25th Jan. 1887.

DEAR MISS DORA,—The report in the *Critic* is as near the truth as such usually are. I was in New York last November for two days to see the Greek play and have not been there since, nor shall I be this winter. But I wish I might be, to see you again and eat that exquisite dinner you offer me....

But I must lose it, I would come on express, had I only time, Miss Dora Wheeler. I shall find it hard to make my self-denial acceptable either to my eyes or my palate.

But take this apothegm on trust;
There's naught so good for us as *must*;
I mean not wine that's nauseous new,
But tipple of a bitterer brew.

With kindest regards to your mother and most earnest
regrets to you,

Faithfully yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

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Mr. Aldrich's sittings were full of mental excitement. When one had only known him through his delicately fancied polished and pensive verse, it was with a shock of surprise that one came in contact with the living man and the surprisingly agile soul which uttered itself with apparently unpremeditated gaiety. It had the effect of an accumulation of brilliant imaginings which had suddenly found an outlet and burst into flashing expression. The portrait was painted in Boston and he came to the sittings a vigorous personality in a large and luxurious fur-lined coat, which somehow suggested the careful protection of all this genial gaiety against the frost of a Boston winter. I should have said that it was not a quality but a rare and passing mood, had it not accompanied the man so closely. I was driven to decide that some of his graver verse was the lapse into melancholy of a naturally gay temperament, and that the real man was this intensely alive creature bubbling with words which were like champagne in effect and quality—and oh, the cleverness of them! I have never known a man who kept one's intelligence so on the stretch to keep pace with him.

I had met him years before at evening receptions in Launt Thompson's studio when he was younger and looked rather like a cherub with a curly head—sometimes, if the company was not quite to his liking, like a sulky cherub. I had re-

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membered, through all the intervening years, an evening when he sat moodily in a corner with his head against the wall, and Thompson circling around to me and asking, "Do you want to hear Aldrich's last?" Yes, I did want to hear it. There was a charming young stranger in the room, very beautifully gowned, an effect of lace and jewels which put the friendly crowd rather at a disadvantage. She was from the West, and her name was Miss Woodman and this was "Aldrich's last":

Woodman, spare T.B.;
Touch not a single curl.
He cannot shelter thee,
Thou most expensive girl!

This absurd parody had an amusing sequel, for Miss Woodman became Mrs. Aldrich and in time the idol of the "Boston set," to whom she was always "The Duchess." It was at one of her charming evenings that we met Oliver Wendell Holmes, whom Dora hoped to paint. But he resisted the coaxings of all his friends and "would not be painted—no, he would not!"

The studio became a sort of rendezvous for our Onteora friends who made their visits at the dusky ends of painting days, when sitters and painters were quite ready for tea and conversation. Some of the men, especially Mr. Warner, Mr. Clemens, and Mr. Hutton, were very much interested in the English quest of light on psychical

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knowledge. In fact, it was a subject of very general interest. We were constantly amused with the stories of my son Dunham and his friend Robert Sewell, the painter, brought home from their frequent visits to mediums, visits which stood on the one hand for investigation and on the other for amusement. They said they could get more fun out of a dollar at a spiritualistic séance than an evening at the theater. This was at a time when I was greatly troubled at an absolute cessation of letters, or any sort of news, from my eldest boy, who had developed into a journalist, a profession which fostered all his wandering inclinations. We had last heard of him in Australia. It seemed as if the sea and all strange lands called to him, and all strange races had a voice for him. In fact, he seemed to belong everywhere on earth but in the spot where he was born. My anxiety infected the family, and Dunham and Robert Sewell decided to consult a celebrated English medium whose utterances were puzzling the scientific public.

She was a healthy, good-looking Englishwoman, who, after receiving my son's dollar, listened carefully to his answers to her questions.

“How old was he? How long had he been silent? What was his full name? How did he look?” Then she went into a trance, and presently began to talk in regular medium fashion:

“There is a man here named James Wheeler,

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but he does not answer your description. He is about forty years old, not twenty-four; he has large black eyes, not blue ones; he is dark, not fair; he is very tall and thin, and looks like an invalid." Then, after some hesitation, "He does not speak, but writes on a little slate." Another pause. "No, it is not the man you want. Your brother is not in the spirit land."

Dunham remembered with a shock of surprise that when a very small boy he had an Uncle Jim, a deaf-mute, who had died of consumption and who always carried a small porcelain writing-tablet in his vest pocket. When Dunham told us this strange tale I felt an inward voice saying, She knows and Jim is alive!

The next day Mr. Hutton, who was sitting for his portrait, came in. Dora told him this strange experience.

"I know where your brother is," he said.

"Why, how and where?"

"Yes. He is in Seattle. As I was coming here I met Mrs. Longstreet, an old friend of my mother, and on my telling her where I was going she asked me if you had another brother than Dunham. She had just returned from Washington Territory, and one day on the way from Seattle to Tacoma, on the *Flyer*, the little steamer which goes up and down Puget Sound, she had met a young journalist, who asked her if she knew Mrs. Candace Wheeler and Dora Wheeler, the painter.

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She said she did know them and that they were particular friends. Then the young man said: 'There is a young fellow out here named Wheeler who says he is their son and brother. He has not seen them for two years and they do not know where he is. He is planning to go with an expedition to the Arctic; he says he knows the earth pretty well horizontally and means to know it perpendicularly. He is a queer chap, and one of the most brilliant "boomers" in the Northwest. The *Journal* sends him everywhere. I advised him to write his family before he leaves on this expedition, but he says he must go his own way and it is not the way of his people. I wish you would tell them about it, for he is too good a fellow to cut loose and drift away from his family.' Mrs. Longstreet promised, on the impulse of the moment, but she does not know how to broach a subject upon which your family are silent. It is queer I should come directly from her to you, to hear you speak of this brother."

"We do not talk of him," said Dora, "simply because Mother cannot bear it. Most men 'gang their ain gait,' only most gaits are neighborly and passable."

So it was through dear Larry Hutton that I had the first authentic news of my wandering boy. The very day after, I got a long, dear, newsy letter from him—not a bit penitent.

X

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IT would hardly be possible, even in the varied occupations and interests of the mid-years of my life, that I should never go back in thought to the hill country of my childhood. On the contrary, the glamour of the hills was always in the background of my mind, although I was so constantly happy in the flat country of Long Island. Every summer brought the homesickness for an outing among the mountains, and, finding this feeling was shared by my brother in the midst of his strenuous city life, we conceived a plan to go roaming among the Catskills, looking for some hill from the top of which there would be a great outlook, yet with close and rugged surroundings of trees and rocks and mountains, where we could build a camp or cabin and live the wild life for a little space. From our home in the Delaware hills and valleys when we were youngsters we had always been conscious of the Catskill Mountains which lifted their heights between us and the river highway of the Hudson. We called them

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"The Delectable Mountains," because of Christian's "Delectable Mountains" in the *Pilgrim's Progress* and because they were blue and misty, and our hearts turned toward them with yearning.

So it came about that one spring day in 1883 we took train to Phoenicia, and from there started on our exploring tour in a wagon hired at the station; our plan was to drive over the rough mountain roads, making a loop toward the river. We borrowed a pillow to soften the jolts for my city-bred sister-in-law, and bade good-by to railways and other accompaniments of civilization. Higher and higher we rose, and more and more solitary the road became as we passed through the Stony Clove where a rock mountain had been split by centuries of the silent work of a small silvery stream that had a mind to join the great Hudson. After a time we came out at the foot of Hunter Mountain and turned to the east on the comparatively smooth highroad which led through Kaaterskill Clove to the Hudson River. All along the road were farms running upward to wooded mountains, and wherever the shoulder of one rounded out and commanded a view east or west along the mountain range we left the city-bred sister-in-law sitting on her pillow while my brother and I climbed through blossoming orchards and over stony pastures to find the best—the very best, the widest and most entrancing—view. And we were long in its finding, for it had to match

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our dreams. Finally, we came to Roggin's Corner, nearly at the head of Kaaterskill Clove, and there, during the delay of entertainment, I told our errand to handsome and hospitable Mrs. Roggin.

"Why do you not try the Eastkill Valley Road?" she said.

"I do not know it."

"Turn right here and go north," she said. "The road is bad, but you can see miles and miles from the back of 'The Crossing' before you come to Widow Parker's house; that is where Mr. Durand, the painter, used to stay every summer."

"The Crossing" meant going over the mountain-crest to another valley, so off we started—for the first of innumerable aftertimes—up the Eastkill Valley Road. When we came to "The Crossing" we halted. What a view was there! My brother left us in the wagon while he ran up and over the pasture on our left. Presently he waved his hand and called to me:

"Come up here, Can!" And I went.

There were beautiful wooded and rock-piled mountains everywhere, with the afternoon sun lying in their hollows between "sun-struck" ridges, softened by distance and hazy with the young foliage of maple and birch and beech, mingled with the dark green spires of hemlock upon the heights; and the great triangle where Round Top and High Peak sloped away from each other was filled with a far-off misty view of

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miles of the Hudson Valley and beyond the Berkshire Mountains, opalescent and dreamlike.

"Wait here," said my brother, and left me sitting on as complacent a rock as we could find while he went back to interview the driver as to the ownership of the acres which sloped down the hillside below the tree-covered mountain. There I sat with a little blue-and-gold volume of Whittier in my pocket, and presently I began to read "The Tent on the Beach," and came to the verse:

They rested there, escaped awhile
From cares that wear the life away,
To eat the lotus of the Nile
And drink the poppies of Cathay;
To fling their loads of custom down,
Like drift-weed, on the sand-slopes brown,
And in the sea-waves drown the restless pack
Of duties, claims, and needs that
Barked upon their track.

Presently the long, active figure of my brother, followed by a shorter one, came striding up the slope from the road.

"Well," said he, his face beaming with accomplishment, "I have bought the farm."

Presently I read him the verse from Whittier. "You see," said I, "he felt exactly as we do."

"Read it over," said he. "Yes, and we will call it Lotus Land." And so it is called to this day.

Before we colonized Onteora it was inhabited by less sophisticated beings who did not find it

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necessary to *build* houses, since they were already provided with shelters for themselves and nesting-places for their young. The bear tribe on the mountain only anticipated men in owning homes, for they found theirs in hollows or ledges of rocks.

Before man was thought of in these mountains, before even the red race hunted and fished over and through them, I can fancy I see the big furry people climbing over the ledges at nightfall, seeking a little welcome solitude from the company of the younger generation; or intent to see a red sunset or sunrise through the triangular gap of High Peak and Round Top. Generations of them may have sat in bear-y contemplation where we and our children climb in present days to see the same things; and all the small animals that dug their houses under the rocks—the wild-cats and the foxes, the woodchucks and the little deer-mice and furry moles, the birds that built in the trees and the bees that lived in decaying ones, the wasps that hung their paper lanterns on the low branches and the moths that attached themselves singly or hung in air awaiting transformation—all these creatures had been comparatively undisturbed by the red race of men—but when we came and built our houses and preempted their claims they took themselves to other wildernesses where they could sit together and recount their wrongs and denounce the usurpers.

We planned two houses standing side by side

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at the top of the lower slope of the mountain and overlooking the entrancing view. My brother's was to be of logs, and this also was my ideal, but the men of the farms extending along the bad mountain roads to the east and the north and the south, who were to do our building for us, advised me in time that a real log house was an expensive luxury, whereas sawed lumber was cheap. My brother could afford his ideal, but *means* (what a lovely, far-reaching word applied to money!) had to be deferred to in my case; so, although our preferences were for logs, beautiful, symmetrical rounds of sweet-smelling substance, we accepted sawed and squared lumber, and the two houses grew apace on the mountain-side.

The first thought after the inclosure of them, as soon, indeed, as occupation was possible, was their dedication; and this took the shape of a housewarming to which every man who had blasted a rock, or dug a root, or drawn or hoisted a log, or driven a nail or a pair of oxen in our service, was invited to bring his family and confer upon us the freedom of the mountains. The time was set for the first Saturday in July, when the moon would be at full. The only guests from a distance, or from the world below, were the Misses Cheney (Annie and Louise) of South Manchester, the second generation of a family friendship. They threw themselves into the plan of the entertainment with glee — in fact, they shaped it.

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There was to be dancing in the great main room of the log house, and supper in the one of sawed lumber; and the girls arranged a long board table entirely across the middle of the room, leaving the front space for guests and the back with its kitchen entrance for the supplies. My brother's idea had been of a beautiful out-of-doors corn-roast and unlimited brewings of root-beer, but the head carpenter changed all that.

"Give us exactly what you would give your friends in New York, Mr. Thurber," he advised, and with characteristic humility and generosity my brother accepted the suggestion.

Barrels of oysters came and were carted over from Phoenicia, for the Kaaterskill Railroad was not even a track in that day, only a survey strung with groups of Italian diggers cooking their food at small wood fires just beyond their digging and blasting. So the oysters came by wagon, together with boxes and barrels of cake, and ice-cream, and harmless things to drink.

I was aghast at the quantities that came driving up to this lonesome place under the sky, and protested at the mountains of cake which were being unpacked outside the kitchen door, advising that it should remain in the barrels, only to be taken out as needed. But "The Cheneys" overruled.

"We know how to feed operatives," they said, and, remembering their armies of weavers at South Manchester, I refrained from advice.

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The moon rose that night twenty times as large as it looked down in the valley, and wagons began to arrive—farm-wagons and lumber-wagons and all sorts of wagons, a long procession full of men and boys and women and babies and girl children of all ages. Each man had brought “his quiver full of them.” They had come miles and miles, from all the little towns, and all the lone farm-houses, to assist at the housewarming, and still they came! It might have been “General Training Day” or “Camp-Meeting Day”; and all these figures were mightily picturesque in the broad moonlight on the mountain-side, with bonfires cracking their teeth over the debris of the new houses and thrusting out tongues of fire at the moon.

Then came the dancing. The room was arranged with a platform on one side at equal distance from the ends, made from barrels and boards, and here sat the three peripatetic fiddlers who were the high priests of gaiety for all the country. Mrs. Thurber led the quadrille with Mr. Convery, and with what energy he danced! Occasionally it happened that she was at fault in some of the rapid changes of the dance; then the leading fiddler would shout, “You there!” pointing his bow at her. “Come back here!” And back she would come, laughingly, to the point indicated, and begin over again. But her beauty and cheerfulness, delightful as they were, had no effect

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upon the vociferous leader; he was as severe with her as if she had been a village child in "dancing-school." My tall brother led another of the dances with Mrs. Convery, she full of the dignity of her place, and Mr. Thurber's deep-set eyes gleaming with enjoyment and appreciation. All the while our Dora was turning and pillowing the bedful of babies and giving them their bottles—for every one of them was thus equipped by motherly preparation for the dance.

In my own house a crowd swarmed around the long table, expectant and hungry, but orderly and generous, even the children giving place to others in their turn. But before the evening was over the table was bare of all but dishes, and the cake-barrels, and the oyster-barrels, and the barrels of bottles, and even the bottles of pickles were empty; and we longed for a miracle like that of the five small loaves and three fishes which satisfied the multitude, or even for a pair of ravens of the good old Elijah breed.

Was there ever a better or more beautiful house-warming? And all to celebrate the beginning of our life on the mountains, and thus the beginning of Onteora. But it came to an end. The last morsel of Pursell's cake had been consumed and the last drop of root-beer had vanished; and the horses were hitched, and wagon after wagon drove away full of pleased men and tired and excited women and sleeping children and the moon sailed

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high over mountain and valley; and a satisfied peace fell upon the entertainers. Then we drew long breaths and looked at the empty table, and some one groaned:

"Oh, I am so hungry!" and Annie and Louise Cheney laughed.

"I knew it," said they, whereupon the boys ran up the stairs and came down full-handed! Sandwiches and beer and cake and melted ice-cream were laid upon the table.

"We locked them up in Dun's room," said the girls.

"And for fear of Archie Blum's master-key, I barricaded the door and climbed out of the window," said Dunham.

"You see, we knew the ways," added Louise Cheney.

Then some one suggested coffee, and there was coffee, and we enjoyed it, and when it was all over Frank, the beloved, kissed us all around, boys and girls alike, and we went to our little beds in our little rooms, and tried to wash the moonlight out of our eyes and sleep. And the morning was a new day, the sunlit beginning of Onteora

The original ground plan of the sawed-lumber house was one large room with a broad corner fireplace, and an outside kitchen "leanto" furnished with a capable stove, the pipe of which was inserted in the back of the sitting-room chimney; and in spite of forebodings and warnings

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from the building farmers the smoke of the two fires rose in amicable columns and floated out sociably together in wreaths and spirals, which played awhile in the air before their final essence was dissolved in a soft blue haze around the mountain. At first the fire-logs were supported upon limited piles of brick, and a long fire-seasoned hickory stick lifted and poked and kept them in place; but when the Gilders came to see us, Mr. Gilder, who loved to poke a fire, conceived the thought of a sophisticated iron shovel and pair of tongs, and when the *Century* called him to Babel, he realized his thought and brought these useful articles back with him. They were tall and stately creatures, so we christened them "Helena" and "Richard" and gave them a permanent place on either side of the fire, where they leaned for many a day and year, always complacent and capable.

One corner of the room was devoted to the two boys, Dunham Wheeler and his almost equally aged nephew, Henry Stimson. We called it the "armory." Two windows met in an angle in this corner and a broad, triangular seat was filled with effective material which we women feared and hated, yet tolerated in this sanctuary because they were the beloved playthings of our beloved boys. The opposite corner was the library, also with its angle-windows looking south and east into a heaven of beauty.

ON TEO RA

There were little shelves in the corner where the sashes met, and little shelves on either side which held books—few but precious—and there was a wall-desk and a cushioned seat below the windows, and a braided rug upon the floor, and two chairs and a bit of a table for a glass of wild flowers. That was our library; adequate, small as it was, to the intellectual needs of the family; as the opposite corner was also sufficient for the masculine development of a future Secretary of War and an architect and designer.

The northeast corner held the stairway, with the platform which led to the little cubes of space which were literally bedrooms. The remaining corner of the room was the artery of fire, the perpetual fountain of comfort and spectacle of living beauty.

The central space of the large room was the dining-room, the meals being served from the generous dresser against the north wall of the room; but betweenwhiles it answered the various social and domestic purposes of living and reception room.

The east wall was the picture-gallery, and the face of it was covered with portraits, painted directly in the plaster, of the delightful friends who came first to our mountain home—"Libby" Custer's head in a sheltering and becoming sunbonnet; the sweet face of wide- and open-eyed Mrs. Gilder: the "father of us all," as Mr. Wheeler

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was called by the young folks, with his inevitable pipe; Mark Twain in his midday prime; Mrs. Clemens, and dear country-loving John Burroughs, whose sympathy embraced man and bird and beast, and whose coming always brought a great square basket filled with the grapes of his own vineyard, so firm and large and beautiful that we said they must know who dug and delved for them, and so appreciated the honor.

And there were other pictures, large and small, but of them all only Mark Twain remains, glazed and framed as becomes his later dignity. In the growth of the house a chimneypiece and doors and domestic improvements of various sorts have crowded the primitive picture-gallery out of existence.

So all the various necessities of human habitation were condensed in the thirty square feet of the sawed-lumber house.

Four wonderful summers we spent on our mountain, in close companionship with the original tribes. A fat mother woodchuck made a nest under our front piazza, and the quarter-and half-grown family played like kittens over it. A nestful of flying-squirrels lived in the nearest beech-tree; porcupines gnawed at our front door, foxes barked to one another at night, bears came down from the mountain in the moonlight and sniffed at the clothes-lines, and friends came, dear friends, who left their full-grown trunks on

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the piazza and slept in our eight-by-eight bedrooms, wore their flannel suits all day, and were immeasurably happy. We made a trail over to the wonderful spring on Mrs. Parker's ground near the highroad, known to the country people far and wide as "The Crystal Spring." Back of it was a narrow strip of rough, rocky pasture, and back of that, still rising, but cleared of trees, the ground seemed to sink out of sight and rocks of all shapes and sizes took its place. There was one great rock mass split into two pyramidal ones, where we could build a fire and, when it had died low, wedge ears of corn between the two sides, and eat our out-of-doors dinner on a table-shaped rock close at hand. All the city friends who visited us, and the musical friends who came to see Mrs. Thurber, helped to carry the supplies through the blackberry trails and over the rail fence to the dining-place. On the day of the first dinner the Widow Parker made her way between the rocks, from her little farm-house beyond, to see what was the meaning of the smoke rising among them. It might be anything wonderful—the breaking out of volcanic fire, or a burning spring, or it might be what it was, "a kind of outdoor spree of them Thurbers and Wheelers"; but she who came to wonder stayed to share our dinner and made us free of the rocks and the wonderful view.

One afternoon two undoubted tourists, a man and a woman, turned from the highroad and made

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their way to us, and who should it be but Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Janvier.

"Why, this is *our* view!" said they. "Some day we are going to build a rock house here and live in the view." We tried to capture them and shut them up for a week in the "sawed-lumber house," but they were on an aerial trip over the mountains, mountain-lovers as they were, and could only stop to share our roasted corn and give us unwritten deeds of their pre-empted outlook.

We called our two houses "Lotus Land" and "Pennyroyal," the first because of Whittier's verse, and the second because of the fragrant purple weed that grew so thickly when we planted the house; and because, as Dora said, it was so royal and cost but a penny. Afterward my brother measured off a square of the ground upon which the house stood, made a deed of it, and gave it to her, saying, "Now you may pay the taxes." And as the lumber bills had come with the log bills to "Thurber," and carpenters' bills had also come to "Thurber," it was a gift which held the beauty of all succeeding summers.

My brother, who was born on a farm, as are most successful American merchants, delighted in the cultivation of the comparatively smooth-flowing acres which Mr. Convery had wrested from the forest, and in planting apple-trees. He planted them all down the slope of the Convery meadow and beside "Lotus Land," and four of

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them crowded the little side garden which was so bare, and the back of the studio which Dora built when our camping-days were over and the second chapter of Onteora days had really begun.

But our real lives were lived out of doors, from the time when spring beauties and anemones covered the sweet, teeming earth and the tender curls of maidenhair fern unfolded and stood trembling upon their long brown stems, until early snow flurries drove their gathered flakes athwart the flaming maple leaves. Then we wetted the kitchen and fireplace ashes into safety, and locked the doors behind us, and betook ourselves once more to the lower world.

It came about as the summers added to themselves, and through each one we grew more and more in love with our wild surrounding, that the farm north of us came into the market. It included the wild mountain above Mr. Thurber's property, running over into the Eastkill Valley on the north and spreading into rough meadows and pastures and woodland on the east. It comprised some seven hundred acres which Mr. Parker had taken up when he was young and everything west of the Catskills was new. When he was old and tired, and much of his strength and life had gone in a vain effort to make the land forget its wilderness habits and adopt those of older countries, he had left it all—the great farm and the work and the care—to the dear old lady whom

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we knew as "the Widow Parker," and whose little red house was along the road just north of the Crystal Spring. She, too, was tired, poor soul! and the acres were wilful and heavy, and she was more than ready to resign them. We loved every inch of the mountain with its wild heights and far views, the wide crevices where bears lived and reared their young and where hedge-hogs and woodchucks burrowed, and it came into our minds to possess it and then invite the friends who also loved it and in whose companionship we found such content to come and make homes in our paradise. When we proposed this scheme to our men, almost to our surprise they thought well of it. The dreams of women do not always appeal to men, but it seemed that this one had substance.

"We will talk with Coykendal about it," said my husband.

Mr. Coykendal had just completed the branch of the Ulster & Delaware road which came to Hunter and Tannersville and then passed on to the two great hotels on the very top of the range of the Catskills, the old "Catskill House" and the "Kaaterskill"; and it would be natural that he should be impressed with a dream which promised increased travel for the new road.

"I think Mr. Martin might be interested," said Mrs. Thurber. Mr. Martin was a far-away neighbor on the Kaaterskill road, but far-away

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neighbors counted in that day of few country houses.

"You had better drive over and see him, Nettie," said my brother.

And so it came about that the four men made a company of themselves which was called "The Catskill Mountain Camp and Cottage Co.," and which grew after the shape of our minds until it outgrew it and became what it is. And, after all, why should it not change from the original that was in our minds? Every human being has a right to shape the material that comes into his hands so long as he can hold it, and no longer.

But the impress of our minds remained in certain things. An idea is not a very apparent force, but sometimes it is a durable one, and the kindness and friendship, the human sympathy and love, which were welded into the first shape remain and are a direct inheritance from the loving man who lived his love into it from the beginning.

The first work of "The Catskill Mountain Camp and Cottage Co." was to build a modest hostelry where friends could rest awhile until they should decide to make a more permanent lodgment on the mountain. By that time the boy, Dunham Wheeler, had acquired architectural aspirations and had undertaken serious study in that direction, so he was given the building of the Inn and the three cottages belonging to it. It was to stand on the very ledge of which Mr. and Mrs. Janvier

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had given us the "quit-claim deeds" that summer day when they had waited to eat outdoor roasted ears of corn with us; and we looked anew at the lovely outlook and rejoiced with a prevision of numberless other hearts which should in days to come be gladdened and uplifted by its beauty.

The building days of the Inn, from the stupendous blasting of the rocky platform where we had been wont to eat our picnic dinners to the finishing touches—which were a carefully thought out compromise between primitive and civilized needs—were full of interest. And when it was completed what a pretty, rustic thing it was, with its long, gently curving slope of roof and its swing-sign of the bear and fox walking together to the Crystal Spring!

The building was the first architectural work of my son, Dunham, and the sign was a painted fancy of Dora's. When it was finished we devoted a week to hospitality, asking people whom we loved and who fitted—a goodly company. Mountain explorations were the order of the day and at night there were dances in the great Inn parlor, where it was interesting to see the young countrymen, every one of whom had had a share in the building of the Inn, teaching novel steps and country dances to the daughters of Bishop Potter and other personages of the great world. Mr. Thurber had undertaken the organization of the service, and the odor of perfect

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French cookery did not seem to fight with that of the young balsam fir-trees which sprang from every crevice of the rocks.

So began the days of the Inn, the second phase in the life of Onteora. It grew by an accident of friendship, the human instinct for congenial companionship, the desire to draw people whom we loved into an almost unknown realm of beauty. It was because of this that the little Inn was built, and in compliment to the original inhabitants of the place it was called "The Bear and Fox," while the first three cottages were christened after creatures and flowers which had associated names—"Wake-robin," "Crow-foot," and "Larkspur."

The chosen people who came to stay at the Inn and who built small cottages on beauty spots on the eastern and southern faces of Onteora Mountain used to gather at night in the main room of the Inn. Mark Twain and Jamie Dodge—who surely had the gift—told stories, and Laurence Hutton and Brander Matthews contributed their share of the entertainment; while the *Century* Gilders and some of our beloved painters smiled or laughed and listened. And the wives and daughters of all these gathered around that particular supporting post which was nearest the great fireplace and which they called "The Evening Post."

Among the very first who were so caught by

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the glamour of the mountains as to make homes there were three women of note, Mary Mapes Dodge, whose book of *The Silver Skates* still sells —marvel of publication after forty years of printed existence—and whose editorship of *St. Nicholas* has made her the friend of all the enlightened young people of the country; Susan Coolidge, the woman of gift and charm; and Mrs. J. N. A. Griswold, born Emmet, with even more than her share of the Emmet brilliancy sparkling in all she did. Mrs. Dodge's quips and sayings went from mouth to mouth and carried smiles and laughter with them. Susan Coolidge beautified her own place and made herself a constant happiness. These three selected and made homes at the very first, and afterward Jeannette Gilder brought to the colony her rare and true personality. Mrs. Custer built "The Flags"; a ledge was found for the cottage of Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer; Kate Field glanced in upon us for one summer with Mrs. Runkle and Lily French; and later came that goodly flier among women, Ruth McEnery Stuart, with her wonderful stories told and written, and her sweet-voiced and sweet-souled sister, and the boy who was a dream of youth. It was these people who stirred the air of Onteora with their wings.

During those years, when the clamor of our amusing times and deeds made its way beyond the mountains to the outside world, other kindred

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souls came to spend transient days with us and were moved to become permanent dwellers on the heights. Carroll Beckwith added living- and painting-rooms to the commanding "Ledge" on the south side of the mountains, and the spread of sloping beauty wiled Ripley Hitchcock into materializing a cottage on an outspur of the mountain below. And so grew Onteora.

I was very naturally interested in the earlier history of Onteora, of those who had preceded us in its occupation when it was known far and wide as "Parker Mountain." Its peculiar position, so detached from the western chain of mountains as to command four separate views, distinguished it from all others, and I was interested in the Parker who had made it his own and lived and died in its shadow and sunshine.

I found that he was born and bred on a Hudson River farm, which his people had held for several generations at Saugerties, that he had married and moved back from the river to where he could find a foothold on unoccupied land among the mountain valleys of the Catskills. I often found a trace of the prosperous river family in the little red farm-house on the starved acres of the large Parker farm. Once it was a well-preserved French testament, and when Mrs. Parker saw me interested, she explained that it had been her husband's and that he used to read it, but kept it out of sight of the neighbors.

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"But why?" I asked. "There is surely no harm in reading a French testament?"

"No," said she, hesitatingly, "but, you see, none of them could read it and they might think he was proud."

It was very touching to me to think of the descendant of Huguenots living down to his surroundings in that way for fear of offense, and I wondered at the self-sacrifice of it.

At another time I found a small framed panel of embroidery on Mrs. Parker's bedroom wall and recognized it as one of the needlework pictures which the daughters of prominent Colonial families educated in the famous Moravian school at Bethlehem were taught to embroider. It belonged to the class known as "mourning pictures," a figure of a woman bending over a lettered monument and under branches of weeping willow, exquisitely embroidered with colored flosses upon a square of rich white satin. This, Mrs. Parker explained, was done by an aunt of Mr. Parker's at boarding-school. And again I wondered if its inconspicuous place on the wall of the tiny bedroom was in deference to the feelings of neighbors, and contrasted this delicacy with my own outspoken pride in the achievements of my needle-loving grandmother. But, after all, I said to myself, nobody's feelings can be hurt and no one's envy can be excited by the accomplishment of my grandmother.

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"But if they could be," murmured the shadowy New England conscience, which still now and then speaks to my inner self, "if they could be, would you sequester it?"

In the mean time a church was being built on the little triangular patch between two public roads which crossed the Onteora property, a beautiful stone chapel which concerned our Eastkill neighbors as well as ourselves. This was to be free to all denominations, for there was then no church in the valley. It had a modest tower and a wide-open fireplace, and the low windows were diamond-paned, with a pale rose-colored shield in the center of each. For these I had imagined an especial purpose. Each window was to be dedicated to happiness instead of sorrow, to gain instead of loss; for by that time we had young people and lovemaking and mating, and it seemed to me that if each window were given in its turn to a record of the chiefest joy which comes to us in life it would add a personal value to the sentiment of worship. It was of course an unorthodox thought and perhaps shocked the generally ingrained sense of solemnity and devotion as connected with churches. So there were but two such records, that of dear Edith Griswold and the man she had chosen, and of Dora Wheeler and Boudinot Keith; the rest of the windows stand empty to this day, although the little church has been the scene of many marriages, and memorials of sor-

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now have come in spite of the impulse of earthly love.

The church was never formally dedicated, because of the broad simplicity of its original purpose. It has fallen into the habit of Episcopacy, although not confined to it. Presbyterians and Congregationalists and Methodists had and have their liberty within its walls, since it was built for all.

Among the Onteora days there was one when we gathered at Artists' Rock to honor the names of our predecessors in love of the Catskills. These names were carved in a hollow of the rock hung high above the little red house of the Widow Parker, the house which had lodged Durand and Cole for many summers of out-of-door painting. Cole, Durand, Church, Gifford, Whitridge, and McEntee were the names carved in the cave formed by the rock, for all of these had been Catskill Mountain painters and lovers. Even at that date only two of these painters survived. Church, whose beautiful home was away in the hills on the other side of the Hudson, was much too infirm to leave it, and Whitridge was then an old man, but happily able to come from the city to us. And I remembered them both as in the very prime of manhood, before, in fact, either of them had married! So many were gone! Gifford and McEntee, whose very names had been household words with us, and so many others whose friendship had been so dear!

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I have these many summers summoned tender and loving thoughts of them as I come into the mountain-land which they so loved and glorified. It was a thing to be thankful for that even one of that group of painters who had been a part of early American art could be of us and with us on the day when we named "Artists' Rock" in thankful memory of them and of their work.

There was much painting of pictures at "Pennyroyal" in those early days, and pictures could not always be painted out of doors. They need the brooding of shadow for their growth, so a studio became a necessity, and, like all strong necessities, it answered to the call. I have always noticed that an incessant wish formulated in the mind is sure to take on material form, and Dora wanted a studio. The need grew into shape close beside "Pennyroyal" in the northeast quarter of the little garden, and its first appearance aboveground was that of a great stone fireplace and chimney, a huge wall of stone with an opening ten feet wide in front to hold long logs which we foresaw turning to fiery iridescence in evenings to come.

An inclosure of frame and thick silvery-gray slabs in a twenty-five-by-thirty-foot parallelogram surrounded the chimneypiece, and so the studio became a reality and waited in the garden for the creative days which peopled the future. But first must come its dedication.

I had a fancy that the first fire in the great

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open chimneyplace should come to it with no servile tradition in its origin. It should be heaven-born, a fire free of all earthly elements. My husband showed me how to create a burning-glass from one of my opera-glass lenses, and at high noon of dedication day I tried it on the wick of a fresh candle; down came the heavenly ray and lit it! I blessed it in my heart, and inclosed the candle in an old tin lantern, a relic of pioneer days which one of my farm neighbors had given me. Then I shut the lantern in a closet, and lit another and still another from it, until I had an illuminated closet where heavenly fire was burning.

The guests came, everybody came, for in those blessed days there was no discrimination; every one was a friend. They were seated in semi-darkness in the sweet-smelling new studio. Then through the open door came a small acolyte swinging a censer, who scattered oil and wine upon the great altar-like pile of brush in the fireplace. And next followed a priest of the Sun in flowing robes covered with signs of the Zodiac, with outstretched hands which blessed the fireless altar. Then came four beautiful virgins of the Sun with torches lit from the sunlit candles, and they touched the pile until light and flame went roaring up the chimney, while a voice from a shadowed angle chanted an invocation to the Sun. That was the beginning of the life of the studio.

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I think we were always—perhaps unconsciously—trying to resist the encroachment of conventional law at Onteora, and perhaps it was this which gave to all our gaieties a tinge of something which belonged to ideal, classical, or imaginative periods. It was in this spirit that I one day sent a circular letter from “Meg Merrilies” commanding the Onteora tribe of Zingari to a feast in the fir grove of the south woods. Each member was to convey beforehand to this spot chickens, ducks, geese, wildfowl, or bear meat, with herbs and vegetables, in their several proportions. There was an intimation that these things, according to gipsy custom, might be filched or stolen and “no questions asked.” At the gathering-place of the picturesque gipsy-clad tribe in the fir grove was a great caldron suspended on forked sticks over a low wood fire, and Ruth McEnery Stuart, that famous cook of things literary as well as sublunary, was presiding, with two gipsy-clad men as helpers, over a heaven-smelling stew made after Walter Scott’s recipe. Every one brought a wooden plate and spoon, and, if unregenerate, a silver fork (presumably stolen), took his or her helping from the caldron, and sat on dry old fir leaves or tussocks of moss to eat it. One could imagine the ghosts of Walter Scott and his famous queen of the Zingari, the autocratic old Meg, hovering around them in the shadows, and vainly trying to satisfy their hungry longings with the delectable fumes

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which floated upward. The feast was a great success. It was traditional and real! The fir branches bent low and subordinated their odors to those of the "Meg Merrilies stew" concocted by the "wizard of the north," and repeated on that far-distant day by the "wizard of the south." So the afternoon waned and the Zingari strolled upward over the pastures and fields of the Showers farm, and through the Thurber orchards to the sheltered rest of "The Bear and Fox," and counted one more bead upon their rosary of blissful days on the mountain.

We were much given to occasions in those days presenting all periods and countries, and particularly the old English and German village fairs, many of which I like to remember for their beauty. When a new road around the mountain was finished, its opening was marked by a woodland procession, the like of which might have been seen in Greece or Rome centuries ago, distinguished for its mixture of classicism and idealism. It was led by yokes of oxen whose necks were wreathed with ropes of daisies, carrying bunches of wild roses on their horns. Guided by a man in a long smock with girdle and scarf of green, they drew a great wainful of children dressed as woodland gods, tossing daisies and field flowers as they went along. Then came a car of humbler beings with painted caps and skin-tight suits of gray muslin. Veritable gnomes they looked, and they were fol-

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lowed by a Roman centurion on horseback, and a Roman emperor and empress, crowned with bay and riding in a low phaeton which adequately suggested a chariot underneath its spreading draperies. After this equipage walked a company of girls in straight white gowns carrying long wands of meadow-lilies, and a bevy of maidens in pale flower-tinted frocks carrying sheaves of blossoming grasses. When the west side of the mountain was reached a green arch spanned the road and a chorus of voices from among the trees hailed the procession.

As the pageant rounded the south of the mountain and came to the place where Jeannette Gilder's "Cloud Cabin" was perched there stood Larry Hutton at the door, garbed in white sheets which, flowing down the entrance steps, gave him an apparent height of some fifteen feet, his outstretched hands offering libations, and a legend across his breast saying, "I am the ghost of last summer," meaning the wonderful summer of Mark Twain's visit.

But the most aerial and beautiful spectacle of those illusion-loving days came later; it was imagined and given visible form by Mrs. Ripley Hitchcock in a summer evening on the meadow below her house. It was a ballet of "will-o'-the-wisps" who came covered with gray gauze wrappings, each with a little electric lamp above the forehead, and it was danced to faint string music

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and low voices. To see the gossamer gray garments and twinkling lights, and hear the rhythmic music under the moonlight, was the most poetical of spectacles.

There was an unwilling company of the original owners of the mountain camped just below the Inn and hedged about with iron and wire. There was Susy, the bear, who had formerly lived in freedom among the great standing and fallen hemlocks at the very top of the mountain, and a family of foxes dug from one of its rock ledges when they were but babies, all slate-colored like Maltese kittens, but growing afterward into their heritage of red fox fur; and there were sulky, cowering woodchucks, and flying-squirrels, and gray squirrels, and red squirrels, all familiar inhabitants of the mountain, captured and brought into the daylight of civilization to amuse and instruct human people of smaller or larger growth.

But captivity seemed somehow at variance with the spirit of the mountain. It savored too much of the lower world, and we resolved upon an Emancipation Day, and prepared a Proclamation of Emancipation. All of human Onteora, big or little, and all loitering travelers of the high-road, and all dwellers on neighboring farms, came together to see the deed of liberation. It began with the little ones, the squirrels, who, when the wire fronts were removed, were so dazed by the publicity of the function that they shrank into

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corners and refused to "liberate." But finally they sprang out one by one and scurried into the treetops, putting yards of height and growth between them and their emancipators. The hedgehogs also declined to go, while the woodchucks made hesitating but final rushes into the open. But the foxes flew as if their feet were winged over the open ground and into the shelter of the woods.

"And one low churl compact of thankless earth" fired a surreptitious gun at them in their flight; but even then, like Godiva of old, they "reached the gateway" of the wood and vanished into liberty, and so ended one palpable illustration of the wildness of Onteora.

Of all the goodly company Susy remained alone, awaiting transportation to the menagerie of Central Park. There was an amusing little sequel to the Emancipation story. My son, Dunham, and my grandson, Henry Stimson, were both ardent sportsmen, and friends with all the country men who were distinguished as "great hunters"; they had, in fact, made many unsuccessful bear-hunts in their company. On one occasion when these men had killed a bear it happened that our boys had not been asked to join in the hunt and the oversight rankled.

There was a large space in front of Susy's cage which was always kept fresh with sawdust, and as this had been well trampled on Emancipation Day it was smoothly covered when the day was

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over. Dunham had the gift of observation and knew the look of a bear track. Late at night he took a lantern, went down to Susy's cage, and spent a careful hour on his hands and knees making bear tracks over the fresh sawdust, with the palms of his hands well pressed down, the fingers clenched and used as claws. It made a capital impression, finished up with artistic touches showing where the bear had sat up in front of Susy's cage in insistent salutation. When he was satisfied with his efforts he came home and went to bed with a happy consciousness of a deed well done. He had succeeded in arousing all the dogs of the neighborhood by his prowlings, and in the morning there were growing rumors of a disturbed night; dogs had barked, and somebody had seen what looked like bear tracks in front of Susy's cage. All the hunters came to see them and pronounced them sure-enough tracks "of a great he-bear," and that accounted for the barking of the dogs. To quiet the apprehensions of the Inn guests the true inwardness of the tale was told in confidence, and the sufficient self-enjoyment of the hunters in their own supreme knowledge and experience was a source of much enjoyment to the boy-man who had imagined and created this sensation.

Mr. Carroll Beckwith was the first of our painter residents, and his house was built on a projecting ledge of the Onteora Mountain. It looked to the

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south over the long valley to Hunter Mountain, on whose inaccessible heights bear and deer still made their homes. The view extends over Mink Hollow along the procession of unnamed mountains, until it reaches two great peaks, one rounded and the other sharp and pointed, which the Indians called Cloudmaker and Cloudbreaker, the far-distant Hudson gleaming between. I wish we could have retained the Indian words which clothed these two descriptive *thoughts*, just as descriptive of *facts* as the Round Top and High Peak of plainer rustic Saxon speech. Here in the face of this delectable sky and mountain picture dwelt the kindly, courtly man and skilful draftsman and painter through the summer of many years, painting the portraits of many Onteorians, receiving pupils in the great studio which stood at the back of his house, and charming the audiences which met for his instructive morning lectures. He was a willing and able assistant in all church, library, and community efforts. The Beckwiths could be enlisted in any scheme for fun or frolic, and it immediately assumed a character of novelty and picturesqueness. Yes, the Beckwiths, man and wife, had much to do with *characterizing* Onteora.

There, after a time, came the Alexanders, who chose to acquire the homestretch of mountain-side only separated from the Beckwiths by the Candice road which circled the mountain, the road

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which Mr. Hutton had named in priestly garb, with a bottled libation, the day of its opening. The house had been built by Mr. Ripley Hitchcock and was hallowed by the memory of his wife, the beloved friend of us all, who had passed to a higher state of existence. To this Mr. Alexander added a large studio, neighbor and friend to the Beckwith studio, and in it he painted great frescoes destined for halls of legislation in far-away cities.

John Burroughs was one of our frequent summer visitors at Onteora, for in the sense of aerial distance we were neighbors. His beloved little retreat of "Slabsides" was perched on the longitudinal river-range of the Catskills, while we were on a more northern lateral range. If one could fly across the triangle of the delectable mountains, it would be but a short flight from eyrie to eyrie, an air-line of fifty transparent miles, and where it rested the far end of its rainbow curve it was easy to mind-see little "Slabsides" nestling in the hills, with the slanting grape-vineyard below, and lines of bushy currant stems, hanging full of strung rubies in currant-time—and dear, contented, affectionately anxious John Burroughs wandering among them.

He loved Onteora, which was a great bond between us. He was and is so essentially a part of the high, clear oversight region, and of air sharpened by height, and of vastness of space. The very obligation of simplicity which exists when

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nature is in the ascendant and man on a lower plane made him what he is—as clear and pure as the morning. When he came to us at Onteora he was like another of the family, which, indeed, was not complete without him. The birds and flying-squirrels and all of the things which we call wild—because we are not of their kind—seemed to know he was there, and appear more familiarly than before; and as he wandered inquisitively around the mountain he would gradually acquire a few of the Onteora children, beginning with one on either hand, all of them waiting like birds at feeding-time for the fascinating facts of animate life which he scattered to them. He was so pocket-stuffed with these little secrets of nature that they fell from him as he walked and talked.

The children adored him; they liked the flavor of wisdom and kindness, and were greedy of it. I have no doubt that each one of them is to-day a rich and happier man or woman than if they had never known John Burroughs.

I remember his leaving the lunch-table one day without a word of explanation, and following a bird note into the near woods, explaining, when he came back, that it was a nesting-note of a bird which he had never known to build south of Canada; and this fact—that a certain bird nested in our heights instead of prolonging his summer flight to Canada—added another charm and virtue to Onteora. At that period of his life he was one

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of the most expansive of men among friends and in the wilds; but when he became conscious of standing even on the edge of prominence he retired into the shadow like a bird scared out of the open.

One evening at the Inn we indulged ourselves in an "authors' reading," and of course expected our dear guest to contribute his share. But he would not, and compromised by making me a copy of his exquisite little poem of "Waiting," so that I might have it read by some one of fewer gifts and less modesty. I had never thought of him as a poet except in the sense of his poetical life among the creatures of nature, but here was something which expressed not only the poetry, but the philosophy of life.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up the fruit of tears.

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The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time nor space, nor deep nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

I have always loved this poem, which seems to breathe the very spirit of peace which was and is a part of the man.

The short letters and familiarly scrappy notes from John Burroughs, which I am wrapping in tissue-paper for the enrichment of my grandchildren, came very often to Onteora, and when I found one—left by the post-boy on the piazza table—it was easy to believe it had flown over from “Slabsides.” They were nearly all answers to invitations to Onteora, but there was always something personal tangled in with news about the grape and currant harvest, something with the flavor of the wide open-air life on the beautiful mountains, with the mirror of the great river reflecting them in green and blue between its floating business and its ships, something humanely affectionate and sweet.

Here are a few letters from my tissue-papers:

WEST PARK, N. Y.,

August 19, 1894.

DEAR MRS. WHEELER,—I received the other day a type-written letter from Onteora without signature. I concluded

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it was from a person of many affairs. Of course the kind invitation and other things made me know it was from you. It always sets me up a day or two, to get an invitation from Onteora, even when I cannot accept it. This time I am compelled to decline it because my own busy time has arrived —the grape harvest. We opened the campaign some days ago, and I see no rest for a month to come at least. Accept my hearty thanks for the invitation and give my love to Dora and the baby. I have never written any kind of a story that would be available for the occasion you speak of. Wish I had.

Very sincerely,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

WEST PARK, N. Y.,

Aug. 23d, 1888.

MY DEAR MISS WHEELER,—If Friday is a fair day I am coming up to your celestial hills. Look for me on the morning train or the morning cloud. Three days is all the fates will allow me in your altitude at this time.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

WEST PARK, N. Y.,

June 30, 1891.

DEAR MRS. WHEELER,—I thank you very much for your kind invitation. I think I can come, I certainly would like to, but a man who is tethered to a grape-vine as I am can not always tell what he can do.

But I will say I will come, & if I do not it will be because I cannot possibly get away from home.

With kindest remembrances, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

WEST PARK, N. Y.,

June 17, 1895.

DEAR MRS. WHEELER,—When I wrote you the other day that I would come to Onteora on Wednesday I had forgot-

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ten that on that day the Riverview Academy, where my boy is at school, holds its Commencement & that I want to be there. Then on Friday is the big boat-race here at Pokeepsie, & I want to see that also. So that I shall hardly be able to get to you this month, as next week my currant crop will demand my attention. But later in the season I hope to be able to bring it about.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

It was generally our particular friends who came in to stay for longer or shorter periods at the Inn—those who had visited us in our cabin and eaten our roasted corn between rocks, or sat in the moonlight on my brother's broad piazza, listening to wonderful music played upon the piano which toiling oxen had brought along the steep zigzag heights of the old Catskill road. Friends who had spent the days with us in the open, playing with our tamed fox cubs or climbing mountains by day and sleeping away at night the tire of tramping days in our little bedrooms.

The Clemenses had been among these, and the second summer of our life as a community the family came to the Inn for the season—the father and mother, and Clara, Susy, and "Little Jean." They took "Balsam," a bit of cottage across the road from the Inn, and it became a sort of jewel-box for the summer—a thing that held values untold.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Hutton were a part of the Onteora community and spent many sum-

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mers in our wonderful mountain land. Mr. Hutton's peculiar friendliness of disposition made him a delightful neighbor. He welcomed joyfully those who insisted upon knowing him, and, unlike many impulsive, friendly people, remembered them always; he never lost grip upon a friend.

My husband and he fell into a very close intimacy, although the road to my good man's heart was not a blazed trail. But Larry, the friendliest person in the whole wide world, found it, and every plaster cast in his wonderful collection of casts of human faces became as dear and interesting to my husband as they were to the collector himself.

It was at their hospitable house in New York that I met that marvel of humanity, Helen Keller. We were introduced to each other early in the evening, and, later, seeing her sitting by herself on a sofa, I joined her and found, to my delight, that the instant she touched me she recognized me. In a few moments Joseph Jefferson, who was an habitué of the house, sat down at the end of the sofa next Miss Keller.

"Oh, Mr. Jefferson," said she, just as any other enthusiastic young girl might have said, "I saw you in 'Rip Van Winkle' last night."

"Yes," said Mr. Jefferson, "I saw you in the stage box, and your friend, Miss Sullivan, telling you about it. I am having the play put in raised letters for the blind, and I shall dedicate it to my little friend, Helen Keller."

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She drew away the listening hand which he had held to his lips, and suddenly seized and kissed him as impulsively as a child would have done. Mr. Jefferson was not at all dazed by this demonstration of gladness, but went on with his explanation. I asked Miss Sullivan, the wonderful friend and teacher who had opened the doors of the world to this doubly-prisoned child-soul, how she had ever been able to reach it through its walls.

"When her mother first showed her to me," said she, "I looked at her with dismay—she seemed such a fluttering, violent atom of flesh; but the first thought I had was to calm her and, if I could, to please her; whereupon I gave her a doll. I could see that she had a distinct idea of people—she knew them and did not love anybody but her mother; but she loved the doll, and I kept regiving it whenever it dropped from her arms. Then as soon as she began to look for me to help her, I put her hand on my lips and said: 'Doll! Doll! Doll!' After a while she began to expect this, and one day she puckered her lips and tried to imitate what I was doing. Instead of an uncouth sound or shriek, which, according to her moods, was her usual form of utterance, she said something which approached the word 'Doll,' and after that I had no trouble. She seemed at once to realize that this meant a means of communication and was wildly eager for it. She

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would put her hand to my lips whenever she touched anything, and repeat the word I gave her. No child ever learned words more quickly."

I drew a long breath and looked at the woman who had done this thing, and thought of the angel leading Peter out of prison into the starry night of Galilee. Afterward I saw much of this wonderful pair of minds, and it seemed to me that no greater triumph was ever achieved than this one of giving knowledge where nature had utterly denied the means. The experiment of articulation without hearing interested me to the extent of practice, and I learned several things by it—first, that the lips alone cannot say a word, open and close them as you will; second, that some words, like "doll," need the touch of the tongue upon the roof of the mouth; third, that the sound itself, without shape, starts from a wish and impulse of command, which sets the human machinery of throat and palate in motion; and fourth, that the achievement of Helen Keller's language was one of the wonders of the soul.

The piazza of the Hutton house was never without its group of exceptional men, and their exchange of views of life was certainly a broadening experience. Brander Matthews, John Weir, Heber Newton, and Mark Twain, all uttering their own opinions from their differing points of view, and softening the rigor of earnestness by an occasional story from Jamie Dodge, whom Mark

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Twain pronounced "the greatest story-teller in America," was an experience worth having.

Those who were our friends at Onteora were our friends wherever the chances of life might carry us, and although, with but few exceptions, they have passed into regions of higher experience and knowledge, I am the richer for having known them before they had taken the next degree of the soul.

January, 1916.

I have just read in a New York paper of Jeanette Gilder's death. It is strange how the fact of death is so much harder to realize in the case of some people than of others. When I was told some years ago of her brother, Richard Gilder's death, it seemed to me a perfectly natural thing that he had passed into another world, and yet he was a lovely and welcome presence in this. I suppose it was because the spiritual element was predominant in his face and life, that which we call the spiritual world seemed his natural surroundings. I remember him now many years ago sitting for his portrait in the Twenty-third Street studio; and as the afternoon drew on, and it became too dark to carry on the painting, he fell into talk of a very subtle and thoughtful kind. His low, evenly balanced sentences, and poetical face illuminated with a kind of inner light, made an impression which I have never forgotten and which it would be hard to transfer to canvas. If

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it were, it would be a portrait of the spirit as well as of the flesh.

All of this is brought vividly to mind—in trying to realize that dear Jeannette Gilder has also gone into another world, although she fitted so appropriately in the world of mortals. Something in her physical aspect—the *healthiness* of it, the long, easy stride of her walk, the frank brusqueness of her speech, was suggestive of the strength of both mind and body, and one can hardly realize its absence from sight.

She was one of the first of our cottage builders and owners at Onteora, and she called the comfortable rustic house she built upon the south side of the mountain, full face to the sky, "Cloud Cabin." When it seemed to her desirable to have a mountain-ash tree growing beside the nearest ledge of rocks, and some one suggested the difficulty of transplantation, she said, airily: "Oh, I shall ask Mrs. Wheeler to plant it. If she sticks an umbrella in the ground, it grows." Dear Jeannette! What a refreshing creature she was! Her honesty and directness and clear insight seemed to wash the face of every morning that dawned upon the mountains. She was so essentially of the day that I cannot realize she has passed into the night of life. As I recall the personality of this good woman and good friend, it brings with it that of the pair whom we always called "The Gilders"—Richard Gilder and his wife—who were

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like a double being, endowed with all the qualities which give charm to both man and woman. While Onteora was building and "growing in grace," they were often with us, greatly to our enjoyment.

Dear Onteora! whose primitive garb has changed at the touch of the many-braided wand of the world, as Cinderella's rusticity fell from her when she felt the touch of the fairy's wand. And yet it was the rustic simplicity, the attempt to materialize a dream of natural life, which brought together the dear souls who first peopled it—Frank Thurber, who did so much toward embodying the dream, and Jeannette and Richard Gilder; Mark Twain and Frank Stockton and sparkling Mary Mapes Dodge; Laurence Hutton, who more than most men had "the 'gift' for friendship"; Jarvis McEntee, the pensive painter of November days, and Jamie Dodge with his wonderful story-telling facility which included perfect imitations of our many-languaged emigrants. There were others still on this planet which we claim as "ours," but those whom I have named have gone before. I am thinking of them one after another with a tender melancholy. Some one once told me of Emerson in his later years, when he had lost his memory of the sound of names of even intimate friends, that he had gone with his family to the funeral of Longfellow. After returning he said, musingly: "The gentleman whose funeral I attended to-day

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—I have forgotten his name—was a beautiful soul.” It has always seemed to me a touching and perfect tribute to spiritual quality that when the very name of a daily friend was forgotten—the name which was the label of his spirit—the being himself was accurately and vividly remembered.

As I think of these friends whom I have known in spirit as well as body, they were every one “beautiful souls”! Beautiful in endowment and insight. Beautiful in their relation to one another and the world, and for this they will be long remembered.

At the Gilder house in Tenth Street one was sure to meet “everybody who was somebody.” It was a *somebody* gathering-place, for the host and hostess had the gift or gifts which attract. A great magazine is a sort of net for ability, and its editor can take his pick of the world for his friends if he has also the human sympathy which is the gift of gifts. Any one of personal note from other countries gravitated with certainty to the Gilder evenings, and American poets, writers, painters, and actors were there to receive them. I remember talking with Mr. Gilder on one of these evenings when we were really congratulating ourselves and each other upon the hour’s enjoyment, the satisfaction of seeing at close range so many one wanted to see, and meeting so many it was a permanent pleasure to have met; we spoke of Stevenson, who was in town, but in a state of

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health, or want of health, which kept him temporarily in bed. And talking of him, Mr. Gilder told me a delightful little story of some one—perhaps himself—going to visit Stevenson in his room and telling him of Matthew Arnold's death.

"Why," said Stevenson, eagerly, "he won't like God."

Was ever the critical attitude of a man's mind summed up so quickly and perfectly? It included the gist of Arnold's utterances from beginning to end.

There was another house in New York which had the same lure of interesting humanity as the Gilders', that of Laurence Hutton. These two homes were permanent centers of personal distinction. In each case there were the two prime attractions which made them centers. The first was, ability of some kind which had made its own mark, and the next was a warm and genuine feeling of brotherhood of spirit and an instinctive impulse to step inside the halo and claim the relation. It was almost a distinction to be one of the crowd in either of these houses; it was a certificate of worthiness of aim or character and it included a capability of appreciation of widely dissimilar people. When I think of those habitual and delightful evenings in the Gilder and Hutton homes, it is with a half-melancholy at their impermanence. If such experiences could be *fixed*, like the plates of a camera, if we could photograph occasions,

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or even if they could be floated off in a spherical concrete to be hung in some great library of the universe—as they might be if “thoughts are things”—it would be a storehouse of mental preserves wherewith to flavor the dullness of life.

Let me add one of Mrs. Gilder's intimate letters:

FOUR BROOKS FARM,
TYRINGHAM, MASS.,

July 13, 1899.

DEAREST MRS. WHEELER,—Thank you all you and Mrs. Custer and Mrs. Stuart for your telegram bidding us to Onteora. It would have been a great pleasure to us to go, but we were in Boston the week before and our bairns would have been desolate had we spent the Fourth so far from them. But we were with you in spirit and thought. How jolly you must all have been together in beautiful Onteora! I hope to go some time—the place must be looking very pretty now.

How are you and Dora and the babies? I do not know anything about you all, as Mariana does not keep me posted as she used to do.

I was looking over some of Mr. Lowell's letters the other day and came upon a glowing allusion to Dora. What wonderful letters! There is no one who writes that way. They belong to the past age! But aren't they just perfect?

What has Dora done with her letters from him? They should be kept with care for her children and all copied.

We are all very contented on our farm. The children adore it and the older ones hate to leave it for a day. I should love to show it to you!

Miss Rogers is here, and the children work hard at their music—that is the only thing, with a little German, that must be done, and when that is finished the joys of mowing-machines, haying, fishing, and donkey-riding never fail.

Dear Mrs. Custer! Give her and Mrs. Stuart my love. I was so very sorry to miss Mrs. Custer's last visit. Two

ON TEO RA

great events have happened. June third was our Silver Wedding, a sweet, homelike event. June 28th our boy took his degree at Harvard. We went to Commencement. It was very interesting and impressive. Accept for yourself and dear Mr. Wheeler my ever fond affection.

Yours sincerely & gratefully,

HELENA GILDER.

In those days so enriched by friendship we saw much of Frank Stockton, and it was pleasant to know a man who habitually associated with such refreshing characters as Pomona of Rudder Grange and the two friends, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, who went sailing out to the deep wearing black stockings "on account of sharks." Even the lady, who played the heartless part of The Lady and the Tiger, was pleasant to know at first hand. These creations, which never grew up, but were introduced to the world in full maturity by Stockton, have rested many a weary soul, tired of world-work and world-fiction.

Mr. Stockton's physical presentment was that of a small, melancholy-eyed man, who looked as if he had been obliged to take refuge from the sameness or sadness of the world into one specially created for him, peopled with unspoiled beings whose angles had never been shaped into smoothness by civilization, creatures of innocence and impulses. If the author had been labeled as to origin, as are German manufactures—"Made in Germany"—he would have worn somewhere about him the legend, "Made in Fairy-land";

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and, indeed, to those who could read unwritten things it was to be seen in his face. It had an expression of friendly aloofness, too friendly to be repellent, but sufficiently distinct to discourage familiarity; and the mixture had a certain charm —it gave one an impression of being smiled at from an upper window, or of an affectionate letter from the other side of the world.

He was not a talker; what he said was responsive, not voluntary, but sometimes of an evening, when the logs were burning brightly in the large old studio at Onteora where he and Mrs. Stockton often visited us, he would tell us tales spun from the fiber of his brain, that made us feel quite intimate with the man inside of him. It was a kindly, whimsical, dignified personality, beautiful to look at from without or within.

When we visited the Stocktons at their New Jersey home—and my daughter was painting his portrait—whatever he was writing went on as if nothing else was happening. Mrs. Stockton sitting at the window by a typewriter, and Mr. Stockton walking up and down the room monologuing his stories, or posing quietly for a few moments in response to occasional demands of the artist. It was the most spontaneous act of composition, and impressed one not as an effort, or even as an expression of thought; it was more like reading aloud. In one of these intervals of dictation the talk turned upon the characters of

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some of his books, and I said that of them all I liked Pomona best, and was entirely in sympathy with her love of romantic literature. Lord George and his kin seemed to me to embody all the simple story-telling charm of early English heroes of fiction. Mr. Stockton himself liked Pomona; and as for Mrs. Stockton, she was so unwilling to part with her that she had serious thought of continuing the acquaintance indefinitely.

The painter stopped her work long enough to give her preference for *The Minor Canon* and the Dragon, and Mr. Stockton agreed with her warmly; afterward, when she married, he sent Dora a little Japanese bronze dragon, with a note regretting that the Canon had never attained the distinction of bronze; otherwise he would have accompanied the Dragon.

It was one of the anomalies of this quiet, absent-minded, and almost physically weak man that he loved driving fast and spirited horses, which might have taxed the skill of far stronger men than he; but there was something in the power of control and guidance which had an irresistible fascination for him. His devoted wife would sit calmly on the seat beside him while the horse pranced and curveted like a mad Pegasus, but I steadily declined his invitations, saying frankly that I was "afraid of horses."

"You don't look like a woman who is constitutionally afraid," he replied, and probably knew

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that it was not horses in general, or even in particular which daunted me, since my own especial man loved to measure his skill against the will of a foward horse, and I was often a party to the contest.

I sometimes wonder whether all these dear and exceptional people whom I have known in their companionship with the flesh, but who are now freed souls, meet together in pleasant companionship in that world toward which we are so inevitably tending; and whether the soul-personality will be sufficiently related to the old bodily incasement as to be unmistakably the same! I have so many friends who have "gone on"! and they were so variously and lovably and strongly personal. Sometimes in my dreams I meet them, and I have no hesitation in greeting them with a happy, "Oh how glad I am to see you!"

I have no doubt there are myriads of other "beautiful souls" in heaven, but I should certainly miss my "life friends," my good this-life friends! And "the Stocktons" were surely of them. Here are some of their letters from my old post-bag:

THE HOLT,
CONVENT STATION,
NEW JERSEY.

Friday 29th.

MY DEAR MISS DORA,—Your note of the 24th reached me to-day, and I write to say that we are greatly disappointed not to see you and your mother before you go away for the

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winter. We had so counted upon your visit. Will you please let us know when you return in the Spring? We live so out of the world that you may be home a month before we hear of it. And we do not intend to lose that Spring visit. You and your mother must include that in your plans, and do not allow yourselves to make so many engagements as to crowd us out.

"The book"¹ is a treasure. You have, indeed, made it valuable. The illustrations are charming, and Mr. Stockton, who did not expect you to put so much work and time on them, is very grateful. They show how much your feeling was in harmony with the humor of the stories. The photograph is excellent—thank you. Frank has taken possession of it and has set it up on his study mantelpiece, where he says it shall stay until you come to the study.

We both send our love and wishes for a comfortable journey and pleasant winter, and we hope you will return completely restored and well and strong.

Yours affectionately,

MARIAN E. STOCKTON.

The dryad on the oval card is *my* dryad. How did you know how she looked? Don't fail us in the Spring. One reason for setting up this home was that you and yours might come to us.

With best wishes,

F. R. S.

THE ALBERT

Feb. 21, '87.

DEAR Miss WHEELER,—I think I see! You are going away for two or three weeks so that my hair can grow by the time you come back. If I had known you would do that the hair would never have been cut.

But cut short or hanging long—in three weeks, or any time, I shall always be ready when you give the word.

Mrs. Stockton & I were very sorry we could not be with you and your mother Sunday afternoon, but we had a steady

¹ A copy of *Rudder Grange*, illustrated by Mrs. Keith.

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line of callers—some from out of town—from three until six o'clock. Hoping you will come back strong and well, I am

Your sincere sitter,

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

The last work which I had to do as one with Onteorians was the founding of the Library. In fact, at the time I had begun to drink of the cup of bitterness which comes to everybody in associated work, in finding that one can no longer hold to one's share of it because individual interest will always run counter to associated wants. Even that wonderful community of Brook Farm, the most unselfish effort in modern history toward the realization of an ideal of life and where the most unworldly and philosophic and idealistic of minds were brought together, failed because individuality was too strong for the bonds of brotherhood and community. In our little community the initial idea was soon dissipated by subjection to the fire of commercial methods, and the distinctly personal element remains only in the memory and hearts of individuals; but for these, it will forever gild the mountain-tops of beautiful Onteora.

So ended the phase perhaps the most ardent of my life, since it came when the desires of the normal human being for appropriation and perpetuation were at their strongest, and when the creative element, which is our inalienable heritage from the great Creator of all, was a dominant instinct.

It is the leaves of the extended life of Onteora

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which I am now turning. The days of the idyllic life of the mountain, when we lived in the very arms and lingered like favored children in the lap of nature, made its first page; and the second was of the after-days when numerous kindly children of the world succeeded in welding together the wonderful magic of God's upper air with the luxuries belonging to life as lived on lower levels. In the beginning of this second phase Onteora had the double charm of a place where one could consort with the mountains and yet hold to the contrivances of softer living, to lie upon the feather bed of extremest civilization after a flight in air so strenuous as to demand strength for its breathing. We all liked to make this little flight into our natural element, the air breathed by the primitive human beings; and because it was possible at Onteora people came, and brought their down cushions with them. At first, people to whom air flights were natural predominated, but then came others not strong enough for aerial exercise, who, figuratively speaking, lay long in bed and shortened the vigorous days and holy nights to suit their artificial constitutions. The strong ones were the delight—as they always are—of those whose flights were shorter and more limited; but the fact remained, and remains, that Onteora was and is a place where one can fly high or low according to individual capacity.

XI

MARK TWAIN

IT was during one of our happy visits at "the Sages'" (Mr. and Mrs. Dean Sage), when they still occupied a liberal block of Brooklyn ground, that we first met Mr. and Mrs. Clemens and entered the door of a long and enjoyable friendship. When we came to know them in their own home it was not alone the interest and mental excitement of a near view of so rare a personality as that of Mark Twain, but the enjoying one of the most perfect pictures of happy and successful family life I have ever known. The father and mother were in beautiful accord, all of Mr. Clemens's eccentricities and peculiarities being as delightful to his wife as to the world; while to Mr. Clemens the one perfect woman in existence was his wife, and I think he wondered every moment of his life how he came to be so fortunate as to be her husband. The three children were not, at that time, old enough to assert themselves as different personalities. They were like tree branches—individual enough to add to the beauty

M A R K T W A I N

of the parent stock, but not so pronounced as to have their horizontal tendencies count as divergencies.

Mr. Clemens was already famous; his inimitable Western stories—of which *The Jumping Frog* was perhaps the straw which tickled the mind of the public most effectively—followed by his *Innocents Abroad*, had made an epoch in modern literature.

It was in the winter of 1890 that we went to visit them in Hartford, as Dora was to do a portrait of Mr. Clemens, as one of a series of portraits of literary men and women of England and America.

Their house was very charming, one of a cluster in a little parklike border of Hartford. It had been but recently built, and, having all of what we call "modern conveniences," drew from Mr. Clemens the characteristic remark, "When it was done I had three hundred dollars in the bank which the plumber didn't know anything about."

Across the lawn was the home of Charles Dudley Warner; down the street Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was living with her daughter; and near at hand was the delightful friend of all these clever people, "Joe Twichell," as he was called by them, the Rev. Joseph Twichell, as he was known to others. He was an ideal of manliness and goodness, an appreciative and clever man who would have been remarkable anywhere, and one of the

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most effective story-tellers of this brilliant story-telling coterie.

Of the three children in the Clemens family—girls of eight, ten, and twelve—"Little Jean," as she was always tenderly called, was the youngest and her father's darling; Susy had both beauty and talent; and Clara was a pretty girl with remarkable musical ability.

Mrs. Clemens was at that time, and I think always, in somewhat delicate health; indeed, physically speaking, the word "delicate" is rather descriptive of her; but it would be difficult to do justice to her rare and wonderful charm. In one of Mr. Howells's chapters in *Harper's* upon "Mark Twain As I Knew Him," this beautiful endowment was put into perfect and appropriate words. Indeed, in reading it, I was conscious of a poignant wish that Mr. Clemens, who adored his wife and was sensitively conscious of the rarity and peculiarity of her quality, could know of this perfect tribute.

It was a part of his humor to emphasize the contrast between this peculiarly beautiful and spiritual organization and the outward aspect of his own. Inwardly, I believe there was a masculine counterpart which answered perfectly to the spirit of which she was the embodiment.

As I have said, "Little Jean" was the darling of her father's heart. One morning at breakfast I noticed that she was not at the table, and, asking

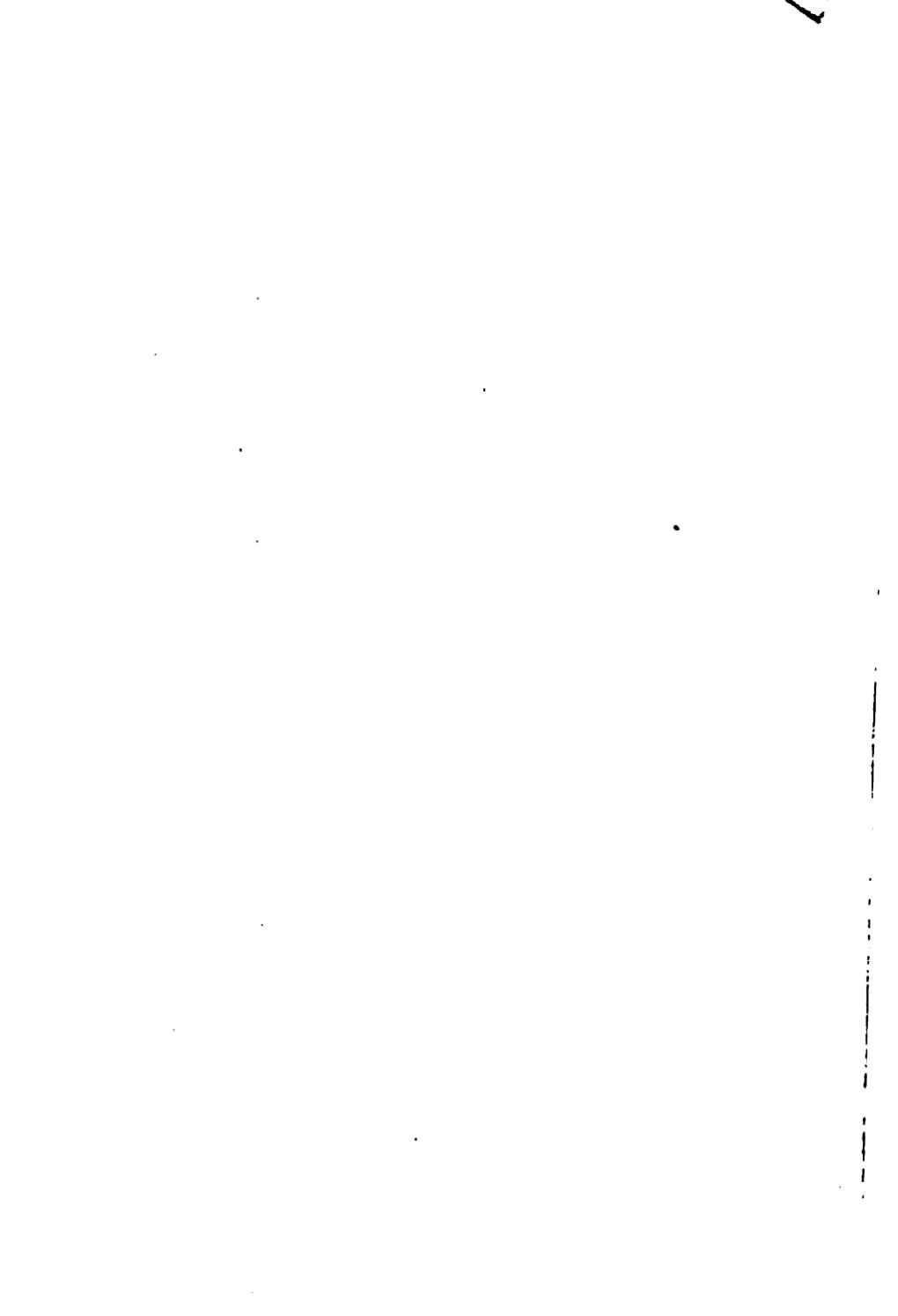


Susy

Clara

Jean

MRS. CLEMENS AND THE CHILDREN, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, 1884



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about her, was told that she was suffering from an earache. Up jumped her father and vanished up the stairs. It was some time before he returned, and when he sat down at the table he told in a half-broken voice of his hearing Jean upbraiding God for not paying more attention to her.

"O God!" she said, "I asked you to stop my earache, and you didn't, and I asked you to get me a goat, and you didn't, and I don't believe you care anything about me any more."

Her father had gone in and comforted the child as best he could, and finished telling us of it by saying, "Livy, if there is a goat in Hartford that prayer is going to be answered."

There was a suggestion from the gentle "Livy" that Jean would receive a false impression from this vicarious proceeding, but Mr. Clemens insisted that that had nothing to do with the matter; if Jean prayed for a goat she wanted it, and if she wanted it—especially when she was suffering—she must have it, and in a day or two the goat was forthcoming.

Susy and Clara were their father's constant companions in his afternoon walks, and, in fact, the three children, the father, and the dog had beautiful outings together, no matter what was the weather.

Mr. Clemens himself was passionately fond of music and had a very sympathetic voice. To

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hear him drop into a seat at the piano, and with his own accompaniment roll melodiously forth some Moody and Sankey hymn or a darky melody, such as "Swing low, sweet chariot," in his many-chorded voice was a thing never to be forgotten.

Rhythmic literature seemed to have an equal charm for him. He was devoted to Browning, and read his poetry, or indeed any poetry which he *felt*, in a way which raised the standard of reading or recitation immeasurably.

During the mornings when he was sitting for his portrait in the large third-floor study and library, he read and talked intermittently, with his thumb between the pages he loved. He was the star reader of the group of friends who met so constantly in one another's houses, and the moment he began, the drawly, peculiar, amusing voice with which we were so familiar became the very voice of the words he read. These friends had evidently fallen into the habit of depending upon one another for interest and amusement during some portion of every day, and more especially at night when serious occupations of whatever nature were over. Mr. Clemens would take his whole family, children, guests, and even the dog, "over to Warner's." Others would drop in, and then came delightful talk, stories, and music.

One evening, when but few of this coterie of friends were gathered at "the Warners'," Mr.

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Warner succeeded in getting Mr. Clemens to tell the story of his announcement to Mrs. Clemens's father of their engagement. When he had settled himself to his liking, and filled and lit his beloved pipe, he preluded his story by telling of his periodical visits to the Rochester house of the Langdons, and proceeded to explain that at each visit he proposed himself to her as an anxious but undesirable suitor. On each occasion he was gently declined, whereupon he would say:

"I didn't suppose you would have me. I wouldn't if I were you! I don't believe I should respect you as I do if I thought you would ever marry me!"

But one day she did accept him. As he told this part of the story the sweet humility and surprise of the man seemed to envelop him like a garment. It was as if it was always a new astonishment that his dream of this priceless creature as his wife could ever be realized.

This was the inner man, but the announcement of the engagement to her father was Mark Twain, the inimitable, the one and only man of his kind. His story proceeded. He found the Judge in his office, plainly impatient of this unexpected visit. After some uncomfortable delay he burst out:

"Say, Judge, have you noticed anything in particular between Livy and me lately?"

"No, sir! certainly not," returned the Judge, somewhat flustered.

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"Well—look sharp—and you will," drawled Mark.

This was evidently a favorite story with the friends, and was really a dramatic performance. His impersonation of himself was delicious. Mrs. Warner told me, however, that it was never asked for when Mrs. Clemens was present.

I think Mr. Clemens enjoyed getting off his peculiarly good things quite as much in his family as in the outside world. I remember one afternoon, when we were all gathered in the sitting-room, he proposed to give me one of his books, asking which I would rather have. I said, "Oh, any one," but Mrs. Clemens chose for me *The Prince and the Pauper*, which was evidently more to her mind than some other of his books. Mr. Clemens brought it from the bookcase, and I asked him to write some sort of an inscription so that it might go in my autograph collection. He took it to a writing-desk in a bay window, and in the course of our chatting it occurred to Mrs. Clemens that he had taken a long time in which to write a sentence or a name.

"Why, Samuel," said she, "aren't you through with that? You must be writing a chapter."

"No," drawled Mr. Clemens, "but it doesn't go. It doesn't sound just right. I will read it and perhaps you can see what is the matter." So he began:

"To Mrs. Wheeler, with as much affection as

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is proper between two people whose relicts are yet alive."

Of course we looked at each other with a burst of laughter as the last sentence was read.

"What is the matter with it?" said Mr. Clemens, innocently. "Somehow it doesn't sound right."

The friends, Mr. Clemens, Mr. Warner, and Mr. Twichell, were warmly conscious of Mrs. Stowe's vicinity, a consciousness mixed with reverence for a woman who by some mystery of soul had touched a chord which had vibrated through the world. They were all anxious that Dora should make a portrait of her, and Mr. Clemens proposed it.

"No," said Mrs. Stowe. "Why should I sit for a portrait? You know I do not like to meet strangers—new, outside people."

"But," urged Mr. Clemens, "this girl is one of the inside people. You will like her. She is just one of us and we all want her to paint you."

"No," said Mrs. Stowe, "I will not be painted, but if you like you may bring her to see me."

When Mr. Clemens returned we were all eager to know the result of his proposal.

"No, Dora," said he, "she will not sit for you, but I am going to take you around tomorrow morning to see her. You will lose your painting-hours, but I guess it will be worth while."

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The next morning, when they "dropped in," as if for a casual morning call, they found the frail old lady waiting for them; then, after a greeting, Mr. Clemens went out "to see the dogs," and left the two women alone, looking at each other, the one at the far end of life, and the other at the beginning. It was a long way, but the glances met.

"Are you the girl that Samuel wants to have paint a likeness of me?"

"Yes, Mrs. Stowe," and then Dora, as told me afterward: "I thought I should cry; she went on looking so quietly and steadily at me; until at last she said:

"'Go home, dear, and get your things. I will wait for you.'"

In describing the sitting to me afterward, Dora said she had never had such a sense of disembodied soul, because Mrs. Stowe seemed entirely unconscious of her body, as much so as if it no longer existed. She talked freely and sweetly of her mental experiences, both former and present, and while the artist was working rapidly on a pastel portrait the subject seemed to be entirely unaware of it, talking of things spiritual as if *they* were being portrayed. There was a glimpse of very human satisfaction, however, in her showing Dora a cabinet of published translations of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in almost every written language.

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At the end of two mornings' sittings the portrait was finished. It was a picture of sweet old age in a delicate human envelope, a quiet and tranquil face, but, as Mr. Twichell used to say, "with something going on inside."

During this visit Dora painted Mr. Clemens and Charles Dudley Warner, and made a pastel of Mrs. Stowe; she also began a portrait of Mr. Twichell, which is still unfinished, and made a large sketch of Mrs. Clemens and "Little Jean." The mutual comments of the subjects were always amusing.

"Yes, Dora," drawled Mr. Clemens, looking at Mr. Warner's picture, "you've got that old fish eye of hisn."

The succeeding summer the Clemenses spent at Onteora, which was our summer home, and where they had frequently visited us. There is a very characteristic portrait of him in colored chalks on the plaster of the dining-room wall made during one of his visits.

The luncheon hour he always spent in walking up and down the long room while the rest of us were at the table. As he generally wore slippers on these peregrinations, the family dog used to follow his footsteps, trying to get a bite at the loose heels of them. He was entirely unconscious of this, being occupied in arguing some position or telling a story which illustrated it.

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Nothing could have been kinder than his attitude toward the small community at Onteora. He was the most perfect reader I have ever known. His voice was peculiarly musical and had its own attraction, while his clear rendering of meanings in the most involved versification was sometimes like the opening of a closed door.

He was fond of reading aloud, and seemed to enjoy the lines all the more when others were listening. During the summer, every morning at eleven o'clock, he went into one of the neighboring cottages to read to a dear old friend who was apparently losing her eyesight, and gradually it became the custom for different people to drop in and spend the hour, either sitting on the doorstep or anywhere within reach of his voice. I have never been certain whether his conversational drawl was used from habit or intent, but, however it was, it made his conversation different from that of any other man.

In the evenings when we were gathered in the Inn parlor together, once or twice the two older girls and their father gave a dramatic performance which was in every way remarkable, since the plays were never written out, but were composed on the spot, the story having been settled between the three before beginning. When they had decided upon plot and progress, there was never any hesitation about the dialogue. It went off as glibly as if it had been written and studied

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for months, and had a certain freshness and naturalness about it which it never could have had if it had been a written composition.

It was long after this that Mr. Clemens's reverse of fortune occurred, and we were at Seattle on Puget Sound when Mr. and Mrs. Clemens and Clara arrived at the beginning of their trip around the world, which was intended to and did reinstate the family fortunes. Not only that, but Mr. Clemens was enabled to repay the losses which had been incurred in the failure of the Webster Publishing Company. It was said that every obligation to authors was made good, and in one or two cases of which I personally knew that was certainly the case. We had arranged to go to Seattle with them, but, owing to some complications, we could not leave New York until later. Still, we had a few days together in that far city, and one evening we sat with Mrs. Clemens in a stage box to hear Mr. Clemens speak. It was not exactly a reading, but a repetition from some of his own books, interpolated constantly with personal thought or story as he proceeded. It was a performance which delighted his audience, and was repeated with the same effect in every English-speaking country in the world. We bade them good-by there as they sailed away on that long, eventful journey.

Their return from England to New York was hastened by the news of the severe illness of

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Susy, who had remained at home to study during her father's and mother's absence. It was a sad home-coming. The child died two days before they landed, and that was the first great sorrow of Mr. Clemens's life.

After that they gave up the house at Hartford and lived in New York when they were not abroad, where they very often went for Clara's musical education and on account of Mrs. Clemens's continued delicacy. When she died in Italy it seemed as if Mr. Clemens could never again adjust himself to the world—the old gladness was gone forever. Yet the sympathy and love of the hundreds and thousands of people who were personally unknown to him had an effect to which he responded by making a heroic effort to go on with the task of living.

Then came the tragic death of "Little Jean," after which he seemed to consider the story of his life ended; and it was not long before he went to join those whom God had apportioned to him. It was a pathetic close of the story of a lovely human group. Exquisite in themselves and in their relation to one another, generous, appreciative, and love-giving to the world—the verse he wrote for the headstone on his wife's grave seems to me the very voice of his heart, as he waited alone with the mystery of death between him and the days of his long, bright life.



MARK TWAIN AT FIFTY

UNIV
CITY



M A R K T W A I N

Warm summer sun, shine kindly here;
Warm summer wind, blow softly here;
Green sod above, lie light, lie light;
Good night, dear heart, good night, good night.

The following letters from my collection are full of the inimitable Mark Twain flavor:

QUARRY FARM,
NEAR ELMIRA, *Sunday*.

DEAR MRS. WHEELER,—It was the perfection of a visit: just enough rain, just enough sunshine; just enough people, & just the right kind; just enough exercise, just enough lazing around; just enough of everything desirable, & no lack of anything usual to the details of a lark away from home, except Heimweh & the other kinds of blues. If any should ask *me* if we had a good time there, I should answer that it was just a model case of "Oh *hellyes!*" I wish we could have seen more of Mr. Thurber, then the thing would have been complete.

I would like to ask Mr. Dun. Wheeler to inquire of our driver if Mrs. Sage paid him anything—so that I can send & order her funeral if she did. He charged me only \$4. I was in a hurry & did not notice, at the time, how inadequate the figure was, considering the service performed; but it has bothered Mrs. Clemens & me a good deal since; for either the driver swindled himself or Mrs. Sage has played one of her underhand games on us, after all the trouble we took to try to get even on that slippery family. If the driver swindled himself, I wish to rectify it; if Mrs. Sage is the culprit, let me know, & leave the funeral to me. She had a sleek air of foxy piety about her when we parted at Catskills which entirely misled me, because I supposed she was merely putting up some scheme against the railroad. It was a rare time to catch her portrait for the wall—just transfigured with successful sin.

It was a good time we had there; I shall always remember it, & also you & all the people, gratefully.

Sincerely yours,

S. L. CLEMENS.

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HARTFORD, Feb. 15, 1887.

DEAR MISS DORA,—Oh, geewhilikins! I knew I should get your dates all mixed up, and make a report to Mrs. Clemens that hardly the Deity could understand. It is what happened. Since then I have several times been required to repeat my report and attest it, and of course this is the fatalest thing of all, because repetition without fresh scenery, new costumes and entirely new cast of characters gotten up especially for this occasion and far eclipsing in sublimity of detail and magnificence of general effect all previous achievements of this management, is not one of my gifts. And so the final result is, that I have named and sworn to every date I could think of for your advent here, until by George I am just plumb out of dates—bankrupt—and I want you to send me a new lot right away. Don't you delay a minute, for Mrs. Clemens's mind is tottering, on account of her stack of dates being so top heavy, and she has lost some of her confidence in me, and doubtless trouble brewing for me, as sure as you are born. Name the day—rush!

Yours sincerely,

S. L. CLEMENS.

HARTFORD, October 13, 1890.

MY DEAR MRS. WHEELER,—It is a lovely offer, a seductive and splendid offer, and it costs us many a pang to have to decline it; for it is the darlingest society up there that was ever gathered, and this day it seems odd and strange and uninendurable that it has disappeared out of our daily life and left this great big dumb vacancy behind, for all sign of what used to be there. But we've got to let our children clamor as they may for a return to these happy hunting grounds. We must spend next year in Europe; and we are unpractical people who shudder at the idea of looking further ahead than a year at a time.

I'll send the plan back to-morrow, but bless you that's no protection—Mrs. Clemens could draw it and write in the details from memory anytime these next ten years.

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We all thank you sincerely for your and Mr. Thurber's generous offer and are naturally proud to be wanted so after exposing our characters all that time! There are people in heaven who could not stand that amount of inspection.

This is to you and to Mr. Thurber too—I don't like No well enough to want to say it to two people.

We join in love to you and yours and I am

Sincerely yours,

S. L. CLEMENS.

P. S.—When we get back from Europe we hope we may be able to ask you for another proposition.

Pardon the delay—we have been away so much and have been so rushed.

XII

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

IT was after I had been for several years one of "The Associated Artists," and for a year or two at the head of one of its important departments, that I received the appointment of Director of the Woman's Building of the Columbian Exposition. As this included the charge of its decoration, which must be not only beautiful in itself, but an integral part of a scheme which was planned by its designers to be of the world's best, both past and present, I felt that the responsibility outweighed the honor; and again the question was referred to the home court.

"Do you know any one better equipped for the position?" my husband asked.

"Not as a whole, but there may be some one whom I do not know."

"You may depend upon it that 'some one' has been considered before you were asked," said he; and that seemed so simple that I accepted it as a decision, and the whole thing was made easy for me.

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Almost before I could realize it I found myself in a small new hotel on the border of the Fair grounds, which was entirely occupied by the artists who had in hand the decoration of the enormous building. Some of them were men from abroad who were doing the various foreign buildings, with now and then an editor or newspaperman, but for the most part the company was made up of painters of New York or Chicago, most of whom I knew personally as well as by reputation. As the wives of some were with them, I found myself at once among friends.

There were a scant three months in which to finish the miracle which had been begun in Chicago, and every one walked about with greater things in his mind than it seemed possible to bring so speedily into existence.

The days and weeks and months of actual arrangement of the interior of the Woman's Building were not entirely a rosy time, even with the pleasant companionship of my friends in the small hotel. The Board of Governors who sat in council in their offices across the park had too much perplexity and too many problems of their own to willingly admit even the shadow of another. Everything was going on at once, and it was so big an everything, with a separate consciousness in every little part that composed it, that the pressing needs of the Woman's Building could not be taken seriously, and I had no local interest.

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To disentangle workmen from that hurrying crowd was to expect and perform a miracle.

The solutions and decisions of our body of women commissioners, important and authoritative as they seemed when we sat in council, were merely thistledown to the real governors who held the purse-strings and ran the machine. And political policy came in. All sorts of incompetent women were placed upon my staff as helpers through somebody who had influence, and when it was almost impossible to secure the regular payment of my workers I was weighed down with these incompetents. But whenever I found myself absolutely at bay, whenever I felt myself a baby in the lap of hard circumstance, I had recourse either to Mrs. Palmer or to Mr. Millet. It was like being taken up by some heavenly angel to be carried by Mrs. Palmer across the long distance to the main offices in the only carriage allowed and unquestioned in the park, and so brought into actual touch and equal place with the governing powers! Simply to state requirements instead of struggling or insisting, and then suddenly to find that there were no difficulties! It was as if I had risen above them into the clear blue of power while thunder-storms were going on below.

The other recourse was a written appeal to Mr. Millet, the appeal of a friend in a strait asking friendly help which did not often fail. All the

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same, I hated to ask it, and I felt that woman's part and power in the great enterprise should not be made difficult or ineffectual in its expression. Mr. Millet was the right man in the right place as head of the executive officers of the enterprise, always conscious of the different parts which composed it.

Now at this time, as I go back to the days of the Columbian Exhibition and remember the Woman's Building as finished and standing in its own beauty beside the great lake, I can see how small were the obstacles compared to the result.

Mural painting was a new art in America, but the painters who had been brought together in Chicago knew the best of the old and new examples in Florence and Rome, and in Paris where Puvis de Chavannes was in mid-career of his great work; and although it was an unpractised art with all of them, yet it was but doing in large what they were quite equal to in small; and the great opportunity was not to be lost, since by it the earliest form of pictorial art in the world was to come once more into being.

It was a great delight to be in the midst of it, to hear the evening discussions of principles applied to their daily work by Millet and Blashfield and Turner and Gari Melchers, and to make morning stops on my way to the Woman's Building to watch the progress of some composition from its earliest to its latest stage.

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The first out-of-door decoration to be finished was accomplished by Gari Melchers and Mr. MacEwen, and as these men were more lately returned from their study abroad than the rest, its course and result were watched with interest. It was a new sensation to see these uplifted paintings-in-air created by artists instead of by sign-painters.

Last summer I met Mr. Melchers at Doctor Stimson's at Shinnecock Hills, and we recalled together some of the pictures which peopled the great interiors and the upper walls which rose over the pillars and porticoes. They had answered their purpose of color and suggestion and we were not sad over their destruction.

Most of the men who made up that artistic group have since become famous, and city halls and halls of justice and churches and cathedrals all over the land bear witness to their ability. Millet and Blashfield and Turner and a score of others who were making their first essays at that time in mural decoration are names now known, at least in this country, wherever decoration exists.

In spite of all difficulties, my work of preparation of the Woman's Building went steadily on, constantly restrained in its scope by the knowledge that our safety lay in not doing anything unworthy. There was, however, one opportunity for artistic effect in the great room which had been assigned to New York State, and which was to be furnished and used as a library. I felt that

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both its purpose and place demanded the use of every appropriate means of beauty. This was easy because the New York State Commissioners were responsible for its success or failure, and I was given absolute freedom in its treatment.

After seeing the nobility of the room's proportions, and the one great window which seemed to take in all the blue of the sky and the expanse of water which lay under it, I felt that it would be an insult to this dominant color to introduce anything in this sheltered space which would be at war with it; consequently I chose modulations of blue and green for the color treatment.

After my scheme for walls and furniture was completed there remained two great spaces to consider—first the ceiling, an expanse of white which was overpowering in emptiness, and then a height of wall which needed to be lessened by plaster decoration of some sort to bring it within picture reach of the range of carved bookcases which surrounded the entire room. This was sufficiently easy to accomplish, as, given the design, it could be cast and molded in Chicago. I decided that a painted ceiling was required for the overhead space, and in the Woman's Building it should be a woman's work. It could be painted in New York and mounted by the men who were coming from there for the finish of the room. After considerable correspondence Mrs. Keith undertook to carry this through, with the help of some

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of her fellow-painters who had worked with her in her study under Mr. Chase and afterward in Paris. The sketch was sent to me and, after being duly criticized and approved, the great roll of canvas was shipped; and, coincidentally, I had the happiness of welcoming the dear law-giver of the family and my daughter and the inevitable nurse and baby to the little hotel where I had been for two months trying to be happy without them. After that everything was delightful! no more worries, friends in abundance at the hotel, and the joy of congenial work shared by able hands. The ceiling was put up, with a wide deep border and a modeled frieze that brought it to within reasonable distance of the paneled bookcases. The bookcases themselves surrounded the room, filled with books, a great army of them beginning with the very earliest utterances of women in print and following down the centuries to the present. Busts of notable women by notable women were decoratively used, and the great window, filled with leaded glass, gave a softened beauty of lake and sky. Altogether I was satisfied. I felt that the women of all America would not be sorry to be women in the face of all that women had done besides living and fulfilling their recognized duties.

After the preparation of the building was completed came its occupation and use by the State Commissioners of the United States, and the

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reception of exhibits from the women of the world.

Every state and territory in the Union had selected its most cultivated and able women to represent woman's part in the forward movement of art, science, literature, ethics, and industries. The activity, the rivalry, and harmony of these different bodies of women had for their theater the Woman's Building, and its great auditorium was the stage where they met and conferred or differed. The immediate question was the proper distribution of space. The relative value of the exhibits of each state decided the amount of space given for exhibition, and this consideration extended to every country in the world.

Every country which had a civilized government had been made not only to recognize the importance of women's manufactures, but incited to produce them in a world-exhibit and competition in the Woman's Building at Chicago. The accomplishment of this was a matter for constant wonder. How had all these governments been reached and, perhaps for the first time, made to recognize the woman element in commercial production?

The days I spent in my office in the Woman's Building were constantly interrupted by calls from commissioners from states or countries each demanding special privileges. One day a card was brought to my office which made its own im-

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portance manifest by much gilding and blazoning, and I was told that the Turkish commissioner wished to see me. I made haste to wait upon his grandeur in the great exhibition hall where I found an official of the Exposition waiting to introduce a glittering group of Orientals. The Turkish commissioner himself, tall, portly, and intensely masculine so far as the self-indulgent side of masculinity was concerned, was surrounded by numerous lesser lights—interpreter, secretary, physician, and the various other human attachments which went to emphasize the importance of a Turkish dignitary.

The matter in hand was the inadequate size of the floor space allotted to the Turkish exhibit. I had to explain through the interpreter that I had not the power to extend the space given to any country. It was carefully based upon the relative amount of exports of purely feminine manufacture of each country, and not upon the amount a country could offer for this particular exhibition. All this was carefully repeated to the glittering commissioner, who thereupon continued his argument without the slightest reference to my statement. His speech set forth the importance of Turkish women in art, their importance and value to the world in general, and their superior claims to consideration in consequence. I listened to all this with great interest, as it gave me an entirely new view of Turkish

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women, both individually and as a part of the nation. I knew, however, that the exquisite products which were being unpacked in the section could not be certified as absolutely feminine, and I felt strongly in sympathy with the intention of the directors that the Exposition should be an exposition and not a mere market-place for the world, as most of the foreign commissioners were inclined to consider it.

Amid the little wrangles which preceded our final arrangements of all these things I remember a remarkably pretty little Lady Somebody, one of the English commission, meeting me on the platform of the great staircase and, after a hurried introduction, attacking me with an amazing flood of abuse about the want of space allowed to the English exhibit. It was so personal, so childish and queer, that I stood aghast, while one of her party, who was *not* a lady and yet was one, tried deprecatingly to quiet or at least to moderate her.

"Why, why, you mustn't talk to my mother in that way!" gasped Dora; and as I turned away, seeing that she was utterly incapable of self-control, I thought what an unfortunate thing it was to be born a "lady" and uncommonly pretty, and never, probably, as a child, having been soundly whipped when she needed it. But Turkish dignitaries and English "ladies," fortunately, did not make up the sum of daily happenings.

There were so many beautiful things and so

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many beautiful human beings to look at! The tall brown men from Ceylon who exhibited their consignments and gave us cups of delicious tea, while we contemplated their golden-brown complexions and slightly rippled satiny hair with its priceless encirclement of shell combs, and their long, smooth, white dresses crossed diagonally on the breast with a broad blue ribbon, were not the only desirable people to look at. The best from everywhere, from all the world, had come to Chicago, and was it not like Chicago to have gotten up and done this astonishing thing in this astonishing way! Brown people and black people and red people swarmed through our great halls, until those who were white looked simply faded-out human beings beside them. Indeed, I came to see that white is not a color in skin any more than in textiles, and if it had not quality, it had no value even for humanity. I saw that color in skin had a certain advantage in strength and warmth as a means of beauty.

Among the most impressive of the colored races were our own red Indians, whom one met in little companies everywhere. They were generally in their war-bonnets, for every day was an occasion; and these silent, well-bred beings walked together up and down the streets, or sat together in the assemblies, with an air of individual superiority, the effect being very much the same as that which the English call "royalty"—that curious

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use of a quality word which they apply individually to all members of a certain family.

Now that we were so nearly through with the anxiety of getting the great task completed, we were ready to enjoy every individual thing which was being done; to wonder and shiver at the savagery of every new beast which Phinister Proctor modeled for its place over a great archway or gate of entrance; to delight in every new classic figure which rested in beauty on the quay of the Court of Honor, looking as if it had wandered out of the past and mistaken the wonderful beauty which surrounded it for the Greece or Rome of its former existence; to exclaim and rejoice at the gondolas which dipped the blue water of the lagoons or the painted sails of some lateen-rigged boat which went floating up and down the inland waters. The world had suddenly come to us! How cheap foreign travel, however varied, seemed beside these days of the culmination of the Fair, when everything that was of interest in the whole world seemed to be gathered within eyescope and reach of hand—all the outlandish people, and all the beautiful people, and all the barbarous things, and all the most rare and beautiful things, more than one has ever read or dreamed or imagined.

We had beautiful times with our friends at the little hotel. Every one was satisfied with the development of things, and we were all interested

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in the work we were all and severally doing. I recall one memorable night when, dinner being over, our whole company sallied out into the light of a great silvery moon shining upon the broad white roads of the exhibition grounds. The gates were shut and the army of working-people had vanished. We suggested to ourselves a company of reawakened souls in the streets of some dim old dead city. Sara Hallowell was almost the genius of this company of artists, knowing Chicago and all the officials and ropes of the exhibition, and being known of every painter and sculptor as the kindest and most discerning director of art patronage. Mrs. Zorn and Mrs. Macmonnies and Mrs. Blashfield and in fact every wife of every painter—for most of these men had added the good of life to the good of art—were on this particular night inspired by the beauty and stillness of the city and warmth of good-fellowship and the intoxication of sympathetic occupation, and so went waving down the broad white ways in processional dances, gay or serious, according to the characters of the dancers. The pictorial effect of the thing has been hanging in my “halls of memory” all these years, since the birth and death of “The Dream City.”

Many evenings our artistic household, which was as yet held together by odds and ends of unaccomplished work, went in a body to the illuminated Court of Honor and enjoyed the

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witchery of its wonderful beauty. I thought then, and still think, that if that alone had been done in marble instead of "staff" it would have drawn all generations of all countries to a veritable Mecca of beauty. No words can do justice to the effect of that wonderful inclosure of living blue lake water, bridged at its entrance by the foundations of French's gigantic statue whose uplifted arms held the light which was to draw the world. The lights and shadows and reflections on the moving water of the wonderful cascades which bounded it, the lines of statues on the broad quay looking at their own broken and moving reflections, the dome of spray from Mr. Macmonnies's fountain lit by innumerable glancing lights, obscuring the further limit, was something to be felt and to become a mind-treasure locked and guarded by memory.

After the opening of the Exposition, my people returned to New York, and I went to spend a week-end with a friend whose house stood in a part of the original grounds of the Fair and the adjacent University of Chicago, the ground for the latter having, in fact, been given to the university by my friend's husband, Mr. J. Young Scammon, the owner of the *Inter-Ocean*, and one of the founders of Chicago and an efficient thought-builder in its growth. All the Fair and university grounds had been only a part of the out-of-town farm where the family spent their summers.

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Mrs. Scammon had been one of my childhood's friends. We had dressed dolls together on the steps of our parents' adjacent houses, and I still remember that my part in making the dolls' dresses was the hemming of the sleeves, because, being the younger, my little finger was the smallest of the four little fingers belonging to us. We were still "Maria" and "Candace" to each other, and in fact Mrs. Scammon and her sister, Mrs. Mahlon Ogden, were the last two friends who called me by my given name.

My week-end extended itself over the summer months. It was only across a nearly unbuilt-upon block, and down a lane to the side entrance of the Midway, and we could sit on the piazza and hear the music, or cross over and enter that place of wonder where all nations were gathered together—from the Mohammedan merchant with his rugs and brasses to the savage Africans of savage jungles, or the stillest and most bewildered Eskimos, all living their own lives. Or we could go in our best to the daily religious congress, and hear the wisdom of the wisest from all lands.

It is curious to note the broadening of religious thought which was a direct result of these congresses, the sifting of time-honored ideas, and the breaking up and casting to the winds of those whose usefulness or necessity were manifestly outgrown. I think the religious congresses were more impressive to me than any other. I myself

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had been so thoroughly imbued with the Puritan traditions of my early life, seeing and believing only one faith, one right, one Church, that actual communication with so many widely differing religious forms of belief, every one accepted by a large part of the world—seeing the Greek bishops, and the English and American bishops, and Mohammedans and Buddhists walking and conversing together along the corridor of one of the great buildings—was like going up on a mountain-top. I saw that religion, the aspiration of the soul, was a common instead of a restricted heritage. I suppose my experience was that of thousands who were brought under the influence of the widening of thought of the world congresses!

Julia Ward Howe, already somewhat advanced in years, had made a pilgrimage to Chicago and was a notable part of these congresses, although she seldom spoke. When she did, people listened, for she had the rare distinction of not saying a word which was not worth while. What an honored life she had led, and to what an honored age she had come! One was always very conscious of her value. I have met many people who had achieved greatness which it was difficult to realize in their presence; in fact, it seems to me that with the majority of distinguished people I have known there was a want of personal bigness. Of course they must have had great moments, times when they had climbed the mental or spiritual stairs

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which led upward, but the ordinary flat of great lives is quite on our own plane. In meeting them our hearts do not always rise to the higher levels. But somehow one always felt in Mrs. Howe a sense of her uncommonness. She could not give you a cup of tea in her own house in Boston, on one of her friendly afternoons, without in a certain sense handing it down to you.

There was another woman whom it was a privilege to meet during the congresses, the dear, persistent Susan Anthony, whose whole life was spent in the spirit of "seventy-six." It had been lived with a thought of justice, an abstract sense of right which so seemed to permeate her life that she herself became justice personified. In her later years and with belated public recognition, it was a sense of her justice and kindness and human love that called out an answering feeling in every one with whom she came in contact. I remember pacing the outside corridor of the Woman's Building with her one afternoon after one of the congress meetings, when I was so taken possession of by this spirit in her that the outside and inside crowds seemed all to be a part of one brooding spirit of right in the world and of love in the world.

Life in the closing days of the great Fair was a constant succession of sensations, hardly, indeed, a succession, for it was filled and packed with them. The dominant thought of each of the strong minds which had been brought together

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from near and far seemed to rise up and fill the air, so that whatever was going on below all the commonplace hurry and scurry was like dust in the highways, while real life went on above in the blue.

Taken in all, the Chicago Exposition was a curious drama of the activities of the world. It might have been one merely of the commercial activities, but it was far more than that. The congresses brought together into one focus the religious beliefs and practices of every country, and the most advanced knowledge in all the various fields of science, morality, and religion was in fact a focusing of the immaterial forces of progress. The successful bringing together of human bodies was as nothing in comparison with the marshaling of thought forces, and the main power of material profit which had made the whole great drama possible sank into insignificance in sight of what it had evoked.

I could almost see the real and spiritual at work together in this great theater of preparation, where material fingers were spinning the inexhaustible thoughts of the mind into material which could be made a part of life itself.

XIII

ANDERS ZORN

IT was great good fortune to be housed in the little hotel located near the Fair grounds almost entirely occupied by artists who were busy with the mural and interior decoration of the great white buildings which were rising day by day in "The Dream City."

There were a few foreign painters who had been chosen to represent the arts and manufactures of their respective countries, and among them were Anders Zorn, the great Swedish portrait-painter, and his wife.

It was a group of our ablest and most executive painters and sculptors, as well as those of other countries; and fortunately for us all, it included Miss Sara Hallowell, a universal solvent, who brought to this varied circle not only an intimate knowledge of Chicago, and the officials and rules of the Exposition, but was known of every artist at home and abroad as the kindest and most discerning director of art patronage, as well

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as one whose judgment in art matters was as unquestioned as law.

Of course the group became very intimate, there being so much in common in our interests and occupations.

We had beautiful times among so many interesting people in the little new hotel. Every one was satisfied with the development of events, and interested in the work we were severally doing, and they surely were a delightful company! Every one good to look at and charming of utterance!

The home folk-dances of Anders Zorn and his wife were amiably and freely given and were wonderfully rhythmic and beautiful to see. To know this one of the greatest of living painters in every-day moods was to be charmed with his perfect simplicity and kindly naturalness. Among others, one utterance of his especially delighted me. We were discussing a late portrait of John Sargent, and some one said, "Sargent is your rival, Zorn!"

Zorn seemed to muse over this a moment; then he answered, in his slightly hesitating English:

"Rivals? Why, *we* call them *comrades!*"

When the Swedish building was finished Mr. Zorn gave us a Swedish dinner in its great reception-room, rich with Swedish flags and draperies. I remember it began with all sorts of salt and pickled things—dried fish and fish eggs and tongues of small creatures — spread upon a side-table

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where everybody helped himself and tasted the curious and alluring things before sitting down to the table.

The Zorns made Swedish art very popular in Chicago. The Swedish galleries in the Fine Arts Building were crowded, and I remember Mr. Zorn's glee at the two or three important sales on the very first days of opening; it was a pleasure compounded of national and artistic pride in the work of Swedish painters. Later I was greatly interested in his portrait of Mrs. Palmer ordered by the Woman's National Commission. It was to be painted in her own house on the lake shore, but the business and interests of the Fair were still so absorbing as to cut short the sittings in lamentable fashion, and Mr. Zorn was occasionally left gasping at the new sensation of finding his work second to anything else in the world.

"When I painted the Princess Frederica," said he, "I had only to threaten to send for the queen, and she would sit quite still."

"But this is the queen herself," said Mr. Beckwith.

"Ah!" said Zorn, quaintly. "But she should know the portrait of a queen is of importance."

But in spite of interruptions the portrait progressed, and when it was finished and installed on the platform of the assembly-room of the Woman's Building it was certainly an imposing piece of work.

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Of course, the women commissioners of all the states were there to see, and as each one had contributed something of the three thousand dollars which was its price, each felt that the painter was responsible to her personally for what she had expected in the picture.

In those Exposition days Mrs. Palmer was easily the most beautiful grown-up woman I have ever seen. No picture could be so beautiful, because no one of her moments of perfection but could be enhanced by some changing shade or shadow of expression. We often say "beautiful as a picture," but we do not mean by that the mere likeness which the painter has imperfectly transferred to canvas; we are thinking of the vision which he saw in his mind, the thing which the painter's canvas evokes in our own minds. In children one often sees a perfection of line, contour, and color which so rarely out-lives childhood that when it does, no wonder the tradition of it lives from century to century. Helen of Troy! Cleopatra! Ninon d'Enclos! I doubt if any of them was more actually beautiful than that morning vision which came in a well-appointed carriage, with sleek, well-groomed horses, from the stone house on the lake shore of Chicago to the Woman's Building of the Columbian Exposition, and sat before my eyes and smiled and thought and talked in my sight for the space of an hour or more. It was one of the compensa-

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tions of a day which was often full of anxious effort and worrying experiences.

I remember in one of Mrs. Stowe's early novels, called *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, a story of a little girl who had been left to grandparents whose lives were otherwise poor and plain, but "the varied beauty of the little child made of their home a veritable Pitti Palace." And so my morning conferences in the office of the manager of the Woman's Building were in one respect a true Pitti Palace.

Mr. Zorn did not get all this beauty in the life-size, full-length portrait ordered by the women commissioners of the great Exposition (partly, I have always thought, in grateful recognition of the fact of their being *women* commissioners), and it was not and could not be the ideal which a thousand women had in individual mind; but it did present a satisfying semblance of living beauty which is good to have in the world.

When it was finally finished and installed on the platform of the assembly-room in the Woman's Building, it was not received simply as a beautiful work of art, although all acknowledged its beauty; somehow we missed the personality. "It is not our Mrs. Palmer," they said. There were the clothes; a satin train rolling down in gorgeous waves to the very end of the canvas; a beautiful head, held like a dove's startled from its preening; flesh of almost unexampled painting,

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and eyes which recognized you when you looked at them.

Mrs. Palmer came to my office before the meeting was actually in session. "Of course," said she, "there will be as many opinions about it as there are lady commissioners, and they were so sweet in wanting it that I want them to like it. Can't you say something which will give them a point of view after the picture has been unveiled and Mr. Zorn introduced?" And she vanished to answer some important summons, leaving me wondering, as I looked in the little office glass and pulled out my hat ribbons, if I *could* make them see alike.

But when I stood on the platform and the portrait smiled at me, I said I had never seen a *thought* painted except in two portraits before this—one being the picture of the child Beatrix Goelet in Sargent's portrait of "The Little Girl and the Parrot," where the wee thing was thinking to herself, and the other that of Miss Elizabeth Chanler (now Mrs. Chapman), which looked out at you, as this portrait did. Only one was a conscious look and the other a recognizing one, and I reminded them that when Mrs. Palmer spoke in the national conferences, first she looked at the lady commissioners and smiled a friendly recognition to the waiting faces, and then a little pause. And in that pause the thought she was about to utter rose up and looked out of her

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eyes. I said, "Mr. Zorn has painted that thought, and to me that is Mrs. Palmer."

"Did I?" said he, when we met in the evening, and then, with the utmost simplicity, "Yes, I think it is there." And then he went on to explain to me the extreme freedom of handling in the folds of the long white satin train, at which I had admiringly wondered.

"You see," said he, "I was just doing that when a telephone message came for Mrs. Palmer, and she vanished in a moment, and I was left sitting before the canvas in the picture-gallery with the empty gown which she had sent in by the maid who was to act as a lay-figure. You may imagine I was disturbed! And my brushes would not work properly! Then I noticed the housemaid who was beginning to clean the gallery floor making long sweeps with her brush; and I borrowed it and finished the robe without trouble." And he chuckled over the achievement. So did I, and whenever I looked afterward at the great, lustrous whites in the painting of the satin tissues of the train I remembered the scrubbing-brush.

When my husband and daughter (formerly Dora Wheeler, now Mrs. Keith) came to Chicago to see the ceiling mounted, which she had painted for the room in the Woman's Building which had been allotted to the New York Commission for a national library of women authors, they melted

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readily into the artistic circle of the hotel and Fair, and became very warm friends with the Zorns, both husband and wife.

Mrs. Zorn was a woman of literary cultivation and fine social accomplishments, and after the work of the Fair was over and a few special portraits painted, they visited us in New York, where Mr. Zorn had many commissions and Mrs. Zorn found much to interest her. Mr. Zorn took Mrs. Keith's studio in Twenty-third Street which Mr. Sargent had occupied the year before and in which many notable portraits had been painted. It was a great pleasure to watch the creation of these works of art, and as we knew most of the people he was painting we saw very much of it. He liked to have his sitters entertained, and always wanted Mrs. Keith or me to spend an hour or two of each sitting in the studio.

Sometimes he had dilemmas. One day it was a lady of undeniable beauty who was also a popular society belle. Somehow the portrait did not go. It looked like *anybody's* painting, and I wondered if this great master ever painted things which were absolutely bad.

Mr. Zorn evidently knew what his brushes were doing, and grew more and more uneasy, until he bethought himself of a headache and closed the sitting. After dinner he turned a contemplative and bewildered look upon me and broke into speech.

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"What is the matter with that picture? It looks like the devil!" he said. Whereat we all laughed and tried to console him.

"But what *is* the matter with it? It looks like her, and she is a good-looking woman, but it's just *bad*."

"Now, Anders," said Dora—for this childlike man had become "Anders" to all of us, "just paint the good looks and don't try to paint character, for the kind you like isn't there!"

The next day I went in after the sitting, and he showed me the portrait triumphantly. It was charming!

"I just went after the good looks, as Dora said, and I like it! I like it!"

"Did you paint it all out?" I asked.

"Yes! Just blotted it all over and then I painted her eyes until they looked at me, and then I went on and painted the face to match. It isn't a stunning likeness, but it's a mighty good picture, and I'm satisfied with it."

"Well," said I, "if you say it's a good picture—"

"What?" he asked.

"Why, you know a good picture when you see it."

"Yes," said he, hesitatingly, "if I did not paint it!" That was so like the delightful candor of the man.

The very next night he brought home a little old canvas in no frame at all, which he had bought

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in an antique-shop and thought was a Ribera. All the evening he fussed over it, working the old varnish off by rubbing it with his thumb and forefinger. The varnish came off in little rolls like dust, and finally became colored dust of paint, but still the picture remained a picture; gradually, however, it changed, and mountains came out against the sky, and a river appeared.

"Hello!" said my son, who had watched the finger-work carefully. "There is another picture underneath. You have spoiled your Ribera, Anders."

"Perhaps not," said Anders. "Maybe I shall like the underneath one better than he did. Painters don't always know their best, and he might have been seized with an idea, and was short of canvas, and so painted over this. But it is a Ribera!"

"But suppose," said my son, "a hundred or two years from now some painter comes across that portrait you are painting of Mrs. Blank in an antique-shop, and buys it because it is a 'Zorn,' and begins to restore it, and then comes across the *first* Mrs. Blank. Do you think it will satisfy him because it is a 'Zorn'?"

"Perhaps," said Anders, musingly. "Painters don't always know which is their best."

While Mr. Zorn was with us he painted a portrait of Mr. Wheeler as to which there could be only one opinion. It was certainly "the best"—

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painted in his happiest mood and in his untired morning hours.

Mr. Wheeler had a habit of leaving the breakfast-table as soon as his cup of coffee was finished, and going to a windowed corner of the room to read the morning paper while the family remained for their hour of food and talk. On one of these mornings Mr. Zorn asked Dora if her canvas and paints were up-stairs, adding: "I must paint 'Papa Wheeler' in that corner. It is too good to lose."

"But I have no easel here," explained she.

"Never mind. I will do with a chair-back."

When she returned with an unstretched piece of canvas and brushes and paints and apologies, he pinned the canvas on a tall dining-room chair-back, placed the brushes and painting-box on the seat, knelt before it, and began to squeeze the tubes on the palette. Almost before Mr. Wheeler realized that he was sitting for a portrait it was begun; and before the morning light had changed its direction and the morning hours were gone it was finished.

And there on the chair-back was a monumental portrait! The head in strong south light, the sun glancing in pink flesh tints between the fingers holding the morning paper—a wonderful painting of light and shadow, on a perfectly placed subject!

"It is as good a thing as ever I did!" pronounced the painter. And then, turning to his wife, "Isn't it, Emma?"

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There was nothing to say. I walked up and kissed that wonderful right hand.

His own dictum—"as good a thing as ever I did"—has been confirmed by many a painter and picture-lover since then.

When Miss Hallowell came to see it she exclaimed, "Why isn't that as good as a Rembrandt?"

"I think it is," said I.

"And I think it is," said she.

And then we chatted as to who in the world of living painters *could* paint as well as Rembrandt, and we decided for ourselves that there were just two men who, *at their best*, could reach that height—John Sargent and Anders Zorn. Having expressed this opinion, we were convinced of its truth and proceeded to repeat it to our friends.

Mr. Wheeler's portrait was not the only *tour de force* which Mr. Zorn was moved to accomplish through the temptation of accidental effect. He made an etching of our picturesque, abundantly tressed Maggie, the waitress, who belonged to the fast-disappearing band of blue-eyed, black-haired, aboriginal-looking Irish maids who were formerly to be found in every ship-load of emigrants. It is an etching which is still sought for and treasured among collectors.

An attenuated correspondence between the much-loved "Emma" and ourselves, and occasional visits from the master in the intervals of

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his labor of painting some great financier, or statesman who has reached the height of his glory and wishes to prolong it into the region of posterity, keep the thread of friendship and appreciation unbroken, and we can still enjoy the pleasure of having known and knowing one of the greatest of living painters—Anders Zorn.

XIV

A SEASON IN LONDON

ONE of the summers we spent abroad, during the passing of "The Associated Artists" years, was peculiarly rich in opportunities and pleasures. Mr. Lowell was then American Minister to England, and, unforgetting of his former days of kindness to the young invalid in the Rue du Bac, he gave Dora letters which gained special concessions in public galleries and allowed her to copy pictures on any and all days which were convenient to her. It was pleasant to be placed by his charming letters of introduction, and also to be taken about among the great English painters by a man who knew them so well as our friend, Mr. R. R. Bowker.

In this way we visited Sir Frederick Leighton, Watts, Burne-Jones, and Alma Tadema. Having brought letters from home to Whistler, du Maurier, and others, and being in time for the exhibitions of the Royal Academy and numerous private exhibitions, we were presently absorbed in contemporary art and in the men who made it.

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Our painters in America never seem to reach the *secure* place of the successful English painter, in spite of the amount of money which flows into the hands of those who become prominent. The president of the Royal Academy is much more of a personage in London than it is possible, I think, for any American painter to become in New York. The admiration of an English public, once gained, can be permanently counted on, and as London still sets the fashion for us in art, as in all luxurious expenditure, the acquirement by an artist of a London reputation means the appreciation of the English-speaking world. This accounts for the fact that some of the most brilliant painters of America have elected to remain permanently in England. The persistence of English regard seems to have held even the iridescent mind of Whistler, while Sargent and Abbey have quietly taken or made their places in English social life. They do great work for world-appreciation apparently without anxiety or inordinate effort, while here our best men are constantly jostled aside.

Something of this restfulness and security appears in the establishments of the prominent English painters. I observed that one did not speak of visiting the studios of Sir Frederick Leighton, or Watts, or Burne-Jones, or Alma Tadema; one went to their *houses*, of which the studio was a part; in short, they were important



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AT FORTY

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members of the world of men, as well as important painters. Of course this prominence may not include the verdict of immortality for one's work —that belongs to future generations. Much that is good and satisfactory in its period falls through the meshes of the sieve of time, but this does not in the least diminish the satisfaction of contemporary appreciation.

We went to Sir Frederick Leighton's on a day of his own appointing, so we had a monopoly of his graciousness, which indeed was extreme. His very decorative personality fitted his place. He was large, dark, and handsome, and was attired in a velvet coat with a red tie. The artist, the gentleman, and the man of importance were so intimately blended that they were one.

We were interested in the house as well as the studio. Sir Frederick took us from room to room, ending by a private view from the lawn of a game of tennis played by a very notable club of very notable people. A small room on the first floor, in the center of which was a small fountain and where walls and floor were entirely covered with priceless old Moorish tiles, was evidently a cherished possession. Here he had been able to bring together all the blues of heaven and earth in the melting translucence of enamel.

It is really disconcerting to see the beauty of a thing and to feel that there are a thousand reasons of value behind the beauty, of which the possessor

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is fully aware and you, the beholder, are not. Still there was enough that was apparent in all this radiance of color and surface to impress one and make even uninstructed admiration safely voluble.

I think that perhaps the room would have been more impressive without the conflicting attractions of our host. There was, however, a place on the fine staircase ascending to the studio floor, where he was distinctly harmonious. It had a short landing—contrived perhaps for the purpose—where a lustrous sweep of dark-brown velvet, with lights of gold in its upper folds, fell over the balustrade and downward, and on which a magnificent peacock was cunningly posed, the thousand iridescent eyes at the ends of the long tail-feathers showing against the sweeping folds of the velvet, and its crested head, and wonderful mingling of greens and blues in the body, rising above. I think the window from which selected rays of light fell upon this vision of color must have been instructed as to the precise amount of light, and the motion and direction of it, which was its duty to dispense.

The studio could hardly have been the painting-room of the master; it was far more like a gallery or exhibition-room of modern pictures, chosen by a man widely appreciative of excellence and sensitive to motives and moods of artists. The most prominent picture in the room was a large replica, or, indeed, for aught I know, the original, of

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Watts's "Hope." This stood in a central position on an easel, and Leighton commented upon it with evident satisfaction, asking us if we had seen Mr. Watts in his studio and talking of his pictures with enthusiasm.

Indeed, he was genuinely enthusiastic in praise of the work of the men of the day, speaking always, I noticed, from the inside, as it were, and interpreting the dominant thought of the painter. The technique of the work seemed to be of much less importance to him than the thought of the artist. I was impressed with this at the time as being an indication not only of the man, but of English art, which seemed to lack the feverish importance attached to methods of portrayal which one feels in the American school. There, the thing expressed is comparatively valueless, unless brought to light by one invariable method—a freedom of splash and stroke which is supposed to express a power able to be reckless. It was a great relief to me at the time to find that there were really as many ways of painting as there were artists, and that freedom of touch was not a necessary shibboleth.

There were single figures and parts of large pictures of Leighton's own in the room, and one or two life-size studies with which he appeared well satisfied. There was also a plaster of a charming statue of a youth, the marble of which was in the Royal Academy exhibit of the year, and

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which seemed to interest the painter at the time much more than his pictures. But I was especially interested in the man himself, in his dignified and graceful personality, which included color, and in the artistic expression of the house which was so essentially a part of himself.

It was very amusing, immediately after this visit to the crown-prince of art, to transfer ourselves to the presence of Whistler, who seemed by contrast to express the very iridescence of it. He was awaiting us in his studio, an American-looking studio, only far less opulent.

He was a man whose dark eyes, under the very movable eyebrows, might have been called anxious-looking, like a sorrowful greyhound's, except that the greyhound's would not have held a certain gleam of malice which was certainly apparent in Whistler's. Even when he was still his figure seemed to express a catlike movement which was surprisingly like Chase's portrait of him come to life.

"Yes," I said to myself, "it is the ideal Whistler, even to the floating white lock in his otherwise coal-black, lusterless hair." I think he was conscious of the white plume, or it was conscious of itself, which was the same thing, for it had a way of standing up and waving as he moved.

The very first words he uttered were, "Have you seen my brown-and-gold exhibition?"

"Yes," I answered; "it was the first thing we

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went to see in London." Seeing him as he strode and poised about the studio, while we stood in front of one and another of his wonderful portraits, I understood his brown-and-gold exhibition. Whistler himself revealed it to me.

It was held in a small room with gold-tinted walls, behind a shop of painters' supplies in one of the commercial streets of London. The wide opening between the shop and exhibition-room was hung with a gold-brown curtain, against which stood a man in livery in darker brown, corded with gold, offering leaf catalogues as we entered.

Once in, we wondered, "Where is the 'exhibition'?" It consisted of a series of leaves from a sketch-book, fastened in a line-of-sight row against the wall and dwindling in size from six by eight to two by four, the latter size being often just three or four pencil lines indicating sea, or mountain, or tree, or the curve of a figure or face—just a suggestion—sometimes with a red or blue pencil line added to indicate color. Literally, they were leaves from a painter's note-book and consequently of interest to any student of Whistler's, or, for that matter, of any good painter's work. But the brown-and-gold setting! And the entrance fee! That would have been a huge joke if it had not been Whistler, and, being Whistler, it was natural. It might be either a little contemptuous fling at the worshiping public or a genuine and serious belief in its own importance,

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It was hard to tell, in the presence of the man and of his serious and remarkable work, whether the fascination one felt for him and it originated in Whistler's mind or your own; whether it was his appreciation or yours which dominated you. And all the time he talked, not of pictures or things, but of people. He seemed to be bumping against them, and crowded by them, and mostly disapproving of them; and, in spite of the opportunity of seeing some startlingly good painting, my chief consciousness in coming away was a very tumultuous half-hour.

"What do you think of him?" we said to each other over our home cup of tea.

"I don't know," we answered, mutually.

And always since then I must confess that in the presence of Whistler's work the man's personality so possesses it that it is never quiet long enough for me to truly consider and quietly enjoy the art of it. Verily, it adds to the fullness of life that men differ!

It was on one of these blessed London days that our friend, Mr. Bowker, proposed a drive out to Hempstead and a call at the du Mauriers'. Du Maurier? Certainly we would, and be more than delighted. How good to be outside of London on such a day, and going to Hempstead!

"Is Hempstead a relative of Hempstead Heath?" we asked.

"It is Hempstead Heath," was the answer.

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"And are there lonely roads and highway robbers, and dark pools and hills and hollows, and all the things we have read of in every English book written fifty years ago?"

"Not the robbers, but most of the other things," was the reply, and we drove on through the delightsomeness of an English early summer. There were houses, of course, but somehow they made no impression. We were looking for highwaymen on horseback, and listening for larks. Finally our carriage stopped at a white gate in a white wall, with green things on every hand—a solid white wall too high to look over and see what was within, and equally too high to look over and see what was without. Just a plain, high white wall.

"Why do we stop?" we asked.

"It is the du Mauriers'."

"Is he locked up for anything?"

"Not to-day."

We passed through a garden wall and a space of garden beds, and into a house and up a flight of stairs, and so into a comfortable, homey reception-room, which seemed at first sight full of people. After a little disentangling, however, the crowd resolved itself into, first, a tall, handsome woman whom we had often seen taking afternoon tea or doing her part in the du Maurier sketches, and this was Mrs. du Maurier; and a slim, beautiful girl whom we had seen in esthetic gowns and under most interesting circumstances in other of

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the du Maurier sketches, and this was Miss du Maurier. And there was a dog, such a tawny bulk of a dog, with black lips and nostrils and a size which would dwarf any ordinary room, and him also we knew in the du Maurier sketches. There were one or two men—"painting men," our girl pronounced them afterward—and last of all du Maurier himself, who came forward reluctantly from a window-seat; and him we had never seen. He felt himself obliged to be civil, for he knew and evidently liked the friend who convoyed us; incidentally Mr. Bowker represented the great house of Harper & Brothers. Du Maurier knew his kind, but strange women who expected to be talked to! Our friend tried with considerable tact to convey the impression that we were "worth while," and we were reluctantly led into the studio, and then almost immediately lured back to the reception-room by Mrs. du Maurier and the daughter with offerings of tea. It was amusing to see that girl and our girl take stock of each other. Each one had evidently been used at every turn of her life to pleasing her audience, and each knew it and did not wonder; so each looked at the other and took mental notes and waited for developments. But the shyness or the withdrawing of the English girl! It was like the white wall outside the garden; she who was within could not see over, and she who was without could not look in. But the

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mother spoke for her and proposed to bring her to see us, and after all we parted with a very pleasant impression of the shut-in English family, and a very laughable impression of du Maurier's armor of defense.

It was just a little before the appearance of *Trilby* and its immense success in America; and after it we were glad to have had even this guarded view of the wonderful small man who had given to the world the introspective dreams of *Peter Ibbetson* and the vivid word pictures of unfettered artist youth in Paris, interpretations of the puzzling and fascinating Trilby and her kind, as well as the reflection of her and her kind upon the masculine element at its best and worst.

We had a letter of introduction to Mrs. Craik, whom we had thought of for many years as Dinah Maria Mulock, a name which meant *Agatha's Husband*, that delightful old novel which in those days was not an old one—new enough, indeed, for Agatha's strip of white fur at throat and wrists to be always fresh and unsullied. This, and *Philip, My King*, and *Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True*, had made her name one to which we longed to fit a personality.

The letter of introduction brought not only an immediate, but a kindly and cordial, answer, saying that owing to a temporary lameness Mrs. Craik was unable to come to town, but would we come out to luncheon on a specified day, taking

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a specified train? Of course we would! This was just another opportunity of bringing a real person and a dream person together, and sliding one into the other, so that we could say to ourselves henceforth: "I knew Dinah Maria Mulock! She was large and fair!" or: "She was small and dark and spoke slowly, or with volubility," as the case might be.

We took the specified train on the specified day, and, upon arriving at our destination, found a pretty one-horse open phaëton waiting, with a coachman in livery; and we were driven to a rather suburban-looking cottage, one of a numerous flock, but saved from mediocrity by a large, encompassing garden.

There was a front door like anybody's front door, and a hall like anybody's hall, and a small plain parlor also like anybody's parlor, but the woman who waited for us there was by no means one of the anybodies, or everybodies, as the house seemed to indicate. She was distinctly a somebody, and not her own somebody, but the world's. Larger and fairer and blue-eyed-er than I had expected, and also older, much older, for I had thought the creator of Agatha's perfect husband must be at least passably young. It turned out afterward that we were born in the same year, but her dress gave her at least twenty years the advantage of me. I saw a gleam of dissent and disapproval in Dora's eye when the fact of the

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similarity of age was discussed, but it did not disturb me. I knew that the stout cane she carried, and the large, fat-looking black silk cloak she wore, and the broad hat tied under the chin which she assumed when we walked in the garden, would make a newly created Eve look old and were not a necessary part of my own bodily equipment. But I envied her her eyes and her sweet expression of face, and indeed she was altogether satisfactory. I told her how much I had always approved of the husband she had manufactured or selected for Agatha.

"Yes," said she, contentedly, "a good many women have loved him. One girl wrote and asked me if he were a real man, saying if he were she should like to marry him. I answered her that if he were I should marry him myself." Afterward, when I saw Mr. Craik, I wondered if he were by chance "Agatha's Husband."

Mrs. Craik talked to us of the people we knew only as we had known her, out of the body; and said, in speaking of Mrs. Gaskell, who was to us, of course, chiefly the author of *Cranford*:

"But, after all, you know, there is the greatest possible variety in the same person, because he or she differs so in every mind. Now to me, Mrs. Gaskell is not at all the author of any of her books, because she is so distinctly herself."

I think her garden was much more to Mrs. Craik than her house. At all events, she donned

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the Queen Victoria-looking cloak and the large tied-down hat, and invited us to the garden again when luncheon was over, talking all the while, with an amiable characterful precision and a little whimsically, as she gathered marigold seeds for me to plant in my far-off garden across the sea.

That my garden lay upon a mountain-side and commanded a view of a great mountain range was to her a thing almost impossible, and indeed, as I stood in the walk of this suburban garden, it seemed to even me like a vision of the night instead of a vivid memory.

The next spring I detached a root of old-fashioned clove pink from the border of one of my mountain-garden walks and, putting it in a little box, addressed it to Mrs. George Craik, England. With no word at all I sent it across the water, and promptly forgot all about it until a letter came duly addressed to me at OnTeora, saying, "It must be you who sent me a root of pinks for my garden, with a little American worm in it."

I do not know why a memory of a thing or a person your eyes have actually seen should be so much more alive than the thing your mind has created and dwelt upon until it almost assumed reality. I had thought of Miss Mulock thousands of times and had really seen and read her thoughts, but that one luncheon with Mrs. Craik gave me a picture quite apart from the

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person I was so familiar with in my mind; in fact, it was not an authoress at all, but a dear, agreeable Englishwoman.

De Morgan is a comparatively new name in literature, but the books which have appeared under his signature during the last few years have been sufficiently different from the literary output to convince the public that something can yet be said that has not been said before, or in quite the same light and the same way. Of course, this was to be expected of a new man who had lived in an atmosphere of original and independent thinking. When I read the first De Morgan book, *Alice for Short*, I was reminded that I had met the author in his own studio-manufactory in Old Chelsea, and that a jar or piece of pottery which I have owned with peculiar pleasure came from his hands.

At that time Mr. De Morgan was groping among chemical combinations for the precise additions to clay which produced the famous old Spanish luster; and among his experiments was a jar with a changeable color as near the flashing of flame as one could imagine. It happened that I was able to buy it, because on its right cheek was a blemish—a scar of color, one might call it—which made it in Mr. De Morgan's eyes an imperfect specimen; but to me it was only a limitation which marked the course of artistic study and did not interfere with artistic effect.

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This piece of pottery has always been a joy to me, holding within itself, as it does, under the polished surface, something which seems like the very heart of fire; and when I am quite bewildered with the changeable beauty of morning-gathered nasturtiums I put them in my flame-colored De Morgan jar, and the two together light up the indoors like a gleam of fire.

After seeing Mr. De Morgan in the midst of his ceramic experiments and hearing his pleasant talk, not only about the people and things of the day, but of all that pertained to the past of art, one could easily see that if he chose to speak to the public in books his talk would be of interest.

During the hour of our visit Mr. De Morgan spoke of the next house as the "Carlyle house," the one which had held the bodily presences of the great man and his Jane, with all their mighty struggles and impatiences, their heights and their depths; and my eager interest prompted him to say that his mother had been an intimate friend of the Carlyles for many years, and could take me through it. This was opportunity which I made haste to seize, and speedily found myself in the hall of the little two-and-a-half-story, gray-looking house next door.

Somehow it suggested at once all the house-cleaning and renovating and inefficient servant troubles which one reads of, and is made to feel so vividly in Mrs. Carlyle's brilliant letters. Here

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were the sorry-looking walls which she had tried to amend with papers and chalk-washings during Carlyle's infrequent absences

On the left of this first-floor hall was his study, only three steps above the street, full of the noises which scratched and tore at his irritable nerves. It made one feel that fate had been very unkind to this big intellect when it wrapped him in such a sensitive earthly tissue and set him down in this particular spot.

At the end of the narrow hall, a few steps brought us to a square landing lighted by a window, and here we turned and mounted another short flight of stairs to the main floor and drawing-room of the house. There were chairs here, and while we sat for a little talk, another neighbor, who had seen us enter, came across the street to join us. She was a tall, spare, more than middle-aged Scotchwoman, and she entered into the most familiar talk of the Carlyles, just as any ordinary country neighbors might come into our own houses after we were gone, and open to the light all our little quarrels with life, and all our private idiosyncrasies. The neighbor was quite, quite Scotch, and very uncompromising.

"Jean was an ill woman to live with, poor soul!" she said, and then came the illustration.

"I came in to see her one morning, and met Carlyle on the landing going to his study. He was in his dressing-gown, with his hair rumpled, and

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looking quite out of sorts. When I came into this room Jean was sitting by the grate, wrapped in a shawl, her little table and tea-things beside her.

"What's wrong with Carlyle?" I asked. "I met him on the stairs, and he looked rumpled and didn't stop to speak to me."

"Oh," said she, "I just threw a teacup at him! I have been ill a week, and he has taken no notice of it, and when he came in just now and saw me sitting by the fire and asked, "Is anything wrong with you, Jeannie?" I just threw a teacup at him."

I was perfectly delighted with this neighbor talk. It seemed to make Carlyle, and especially "poor Jean," so real and—what was not so pleasant—so commonplace, just like any squabbling man and woman who were not capable of aerial flights.

On the very spot where perhaps she had written it, I remembered one of Mrs. Carlyle's uncollected letters, in which she said that while Carlyle was away she had busied herself in "trying to *love the devil* out of a little wild Manx cat," and that it had finally occurred to her that she might be more successful in trying to learn something from the cat.

"If I could only get the expression of concentrated spite there is in the kitten's s-s-s-p-t," she said, "it would be worth while. Think of trying it on Carlyle!"

I seemed to see the tall, frail, pretty lady sitting

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by the grate as we talked, pathetically querulous and irresistibly witty, and actually felt the worried genius in the study on the floor below. It seemed to me that his ghost might be sitting there with rumpled hair and heavy head on hands, trying to understand the episode of the flying teacup.

When we walked out into Old Chelsea, with its neighborhood to the Embankment, and its half-impressive dust and disorder, I remembered that Rossetti had also been housed there and that it was hallowed—if a mere city street can be hallowed—by many other names of men and women who had stepped forward from the ranks and become captains in the marching platoons of world-thought.

And to think of all these just as “neighborhood people” whose houses one goes in and out of following impulses of social feeling, or kindness, or solicitude for little illnesses! To be anxious, for instance, about colds and headaches and to prescribe for little ailments of body, without being invariably conscious that they were of no importance at all in connection with the gigantic or overgrown soul that was wearing them as children wear overshoes in rainy weather.

It was mostly rainy weather for poor Jean Carlyle, and, for that matter, for the master also; and yet they must have held high holidays together, these two. But of these they never told, and we can only imagine them as belonging to the

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holy of holies where the world cannot enter. We could not know of their joys, although all the world was to hear their sorrows.

What, after all, is it that makes and keeps that divine state which we call peace? It is not love, for people who love each other often quarrel abominably. A mother who would lay down her life for her child will not spare it a pang from bitter words. That must be utter, utter selfishness, the form of it which is self-indulgence, the want of a strong rein on the wayward self, which would curb every restive impulse. Peace is the wait of the patient soul.

On one of our fortunate days Mr. Lowell went with us to visit Alma Tadema in the new and beautiful house he had built in London. "The house of ivory," some one had called it, and it well deserved the name. We were interested and amused to see how the poet came out from behind the ambassador and reveled in the beauty of it. His delight in the artistic perfection of details was refreshing, the specially designed and carven door-knobs, the grand piano with its painted procession of small dancing figures where timbrels and all sorts of ancient musical instruments came into the composition, the chairs and lounges which were Greek or Roman, according to the fancy of the artist. In short, it was the playhouse and plaything of a wonderfully skilful painter who had selected beauty all down the ages and made

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it his own. When we entered through the high white wall and gate we left London behind us; for within were wonders of growths and flowers, and fountains and columns and pavements from classic temples, and all sorts of effective backgrounds and adjuncts for pictures of the Tadema type. If I could absolutely trust my memory I should say that there were birds of the Egyptian ibis breed wandering down the garden walks. And the wandering birds were only the setting of the house, as the house was the setting of the family—each a fitting frame and enrichment of what it held.

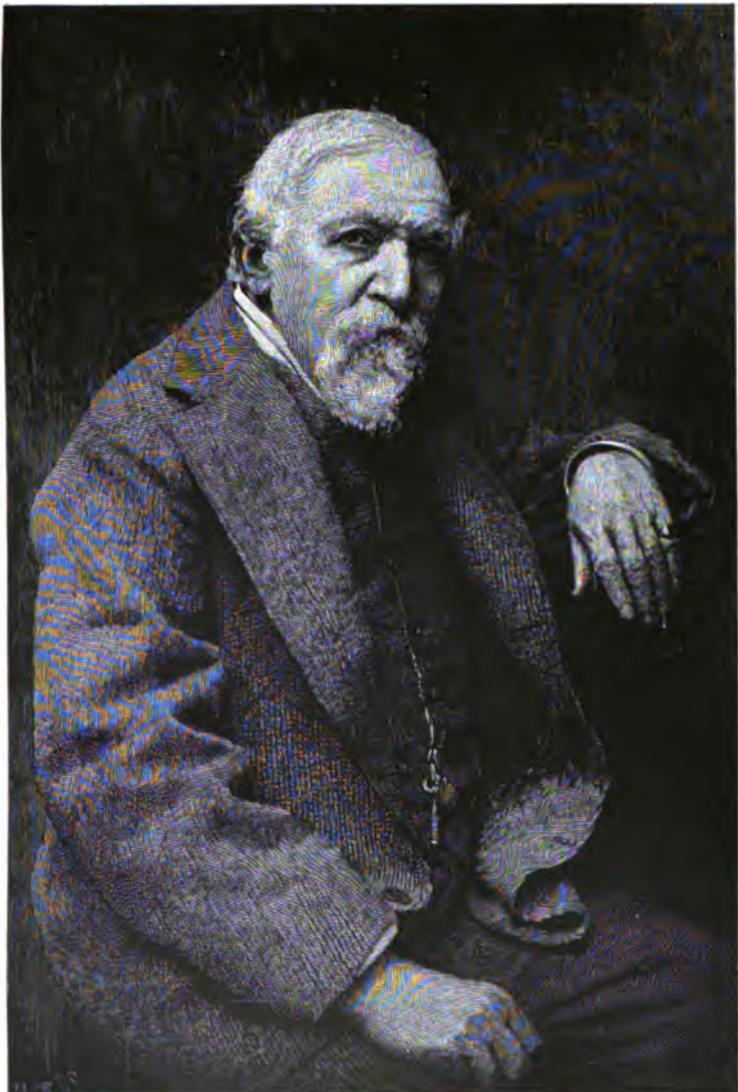
Mr. Tadema himself was delightful—as gay as a drop of quicksilver! as frank and humanly interested as if the trend of his whole life was toward social intercourse instead of classic art! The effect of his personal attitude was to tempt one into letting oneself go, as it were, saying the foremost word and uttering the topmost thought, and finding it caught and tossed in the air like a bubble. Fortunately for us, this was Mr. Lowell's game, and in the intervals of watching the play we took tea from the hand of the very handsome Mrs. Tadema and talked with the two daughters, who were decided somebodies, apart from their distinguished surroundings. Mrs. Tadema, whom we knew to be a painter, had the air of being a natural growth of the spacious cream-white room with its consummately perfect style

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and decorations, its abundant and yet restrained use of gold and color, and its classic furniture.

We were undoubtedly very much set up by the fact that through the unwearied kindness of our friends, and, above all, through the constant good offices of Mr. Bowker, we met everybody that we cared to know. Our visits to the great painters were not casual, but appointed ones; we put on our best clothes and indulged in our best manners, as children do on great occasions. We grew prouder and prouder day by day at our own good fortune. To be able to criticize at close view and on the same floor celebrities of the first water is surely a privilege, something to think of in days that are dull and in nights which are sleepless.

We had the good fortune to meet Mr. Browning at a small luncheon given by one of his friends to a few Americans. In the early days of my life in New York I knew the painter Cephas Thompson, who had lived as neighbor to Mrs. Browning in Florence and painted a sketch of her which he once showed me; he had also given me a small photograph of Mrs. Browning which she had given him. Now, as I sat opposite the man who had inspired the wonderful "Sonnets from the Portuguese," I mentally placed the little photograph beside his rugged face and made a pair of them once more. Mrs. Richie, whom my daughter was painting at that time, had told Browning of Mr. Richie's proposition to read a



ROBERT BROWNING

From a copyrighted photograph by W. H. Grove, 174 Brompton Road, London





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poem while Dora was painting Mrs. Richie, and of her refusal to hear it, saying that she "did not like poetry." He persisted, however, in reading "Saul," and was amply justified by its effect upon the audience of one.

"But I thought you did not like poetry!" said he.

"Oh, that is not poetry!" she retorted; "that is great literature!"

It seems that Browning had treasured this, and when the young lady in question was placed next him at the table he turned to her, saying:

"So you do not think 'Saul' is poetry?"

Of course she hardly knew how to meet this, much to the amusement of Mr. Browning.

"Never mind!" said he; "I am perfectly satisfied with your classification of it."

They fell into discussion of spiritual things as connected with poetry, and Mr. Browning gave utterance to a belief which was doubly interesting when one remembers the two remarkable souls whom it concerned.

"Of course," he said, "it is a thing entirely of feeling or spiritual consciousness, but I am often as sure of my wife's presence as if I saw her with my bodily eyes."

It was wonderfully interesting to sit opposite this rather heavy, strong, but not distinguished face and think that this was really the man whose utterances had led and were leading the minds of the world.

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Cephas Thompson had also painted Hawthorne's beautiful, serious face in Rome. Long afterward I saw the portrait hanging in the house belonging to Mrs. William Osborne on Park Avenue, and felt that it held something of the mystery and power of Hawthorne.

During this season Dora had a commission to paint certain English portraits in London for publication, and this brought us into delightful acquaintance with Thackeray's daughter, Mrs. Richie—now Lady Richie—to whom we had also private letters of introduction. The portrait was painted at Mrs. Richie's own house, or rather in her garden (for there are really gardens in London), and afternoon sittings were an unmitigated pleasure. Mrs. Richie talked very much of her father, and afterward showed us the manuscript of some of the books illustrated with his own drawings. They were not remarkable *as* drawings, but delightfully illustrative of the man's own mind about his own scenes and imagined persons; one felt how real they must have been to him when he could actually see and draw them. The manuscripts were written in the finest and most regular script, and almost without erasure or correction.

Mrs. Richie herself was charming, and the intimate seeing of her, as wife, mother, and friend, was a privilege. She was not beautiful, but *good-looking* in every sense of the word with every

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quality which went to make up an almost perfect personality.

Afterward came the painting of Thomas Hardy. We found the Hardys living almost across the way from our lodgings in Russell Square, so the sittings assumed quite a neighborly aspect; so far, that is, as Mrs. Hardy was concerned. Mr. Hardy himself was rather a withdrawn man; it was only at the second sitting that he came out of the little inner place of consciousness where he lived, and where the latch-string certainly was *not* out. But after the first few hours gleams of tolerance and interest, occasionally even eagerness, would dart from his eyes, and, in a hesitating way, from his lips; and these gleams were finally recurrent as he unexpectedly became interested in having my daughter paint Walter Besant. He had not been on the publisher's list, but he was a real celebrity, and therefore interesting, and the artist was nothing loath. It seemed he was a townsman or townsboy of Mr. Hardy, as they had been youths together, and Mr. Hardy was quite eager about the matter of his portrait, offering a letter of introduction and a personal explanation.

"But perhaps Mr. Besant will not want to be painted," said the artist.

"I think he will," said Mr. Hardy. "You—you—have a way with you."

And then Dora and I looked at each other and

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said with our eyes, "How could he know about 'the way' if he did not see it?" But in Mr. Hardy's mind the thing was evidently clear, so the letter was written, and the sitting arranged for, and that was how we came to know Walter Besant.

Mr. Hardy's own personality is very interesting. Physically he is not large, and he shuts in the large inner man so closely that you can only be mentally sure of his bigness. His eyes are soft and shy, and his speech a little hesitating, and the effect of the two together made us wonder whether shyness or defense kept the door. He set us right about the pronunciation of Mr. Besant's name, saying that we were wrong in putting the accent on the last syllable; it was *Besant* instead of *Besant*, adding with a trace of malice, that "that, at least, was the way it was pronounced where the Besants came from."

Mrs. Hardy was tall and fair and friendly. Friendly to us, and motherly and protective toward her husband. When she came to us for afternoon tea she was almost voluble about him and herself, and plainly curious about our iced tea, which she thought "must be very expensive." Just that one little remark illustrated and indicated the small differences between home and London, or between English and American habits.

Mr. Besant came to us for his sittings. He was large in person, blond in coloring, very friendly and interesting. He told us about Toynbee

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Hall, and how it came to be, and offered to take us to see it, volunteering the assurance that, being thus introduced, we should not be *slammed*. When we wondered, almost incredulously, at this danger, he informed us that a lady who had ventured there alone was knocked down and stamped on; and this glimpse of the brutality of a lower-class English crowd made a visit to Toynbee Hall seem uninviting.

Mr. Besant was very enthusiastic about Mr. Hardy's work. He thought him as a novelist "second to no living man." This was very interesting from a brother novelist. Mr. Besant's looks and ways were delightful and ingratiating, hearty, wholesome, and kind; one would say he was exactly the man to incite and lead a new philanthropic enterprise. His portrait went on rapidly and was successful—so lifelike, in fact, that in thinking of its fate—for these three portraits, Mrs. Richie's, Thomas Hardy's, and Walter Besant's, were never recovered from the steamship to which they were consigned—I can easily fancy Mr. Besant's face looking down from the wall of some Scandinavian farm-house in our own far West, advising and criticizing the family, and even reproaching them for having absorbed the packing-box which contained him and his companions and carrying it off with their own luggage.

So it happens that—so far as material proof even to ourselves is concerned—our contact with

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these three human personalities might be only a dream, vivid and circumstantial and delightful as dreams sometimes are, but incapable of substantiation.

I append one of Mr. Lowell's friendly notes:

40 Clarges Street,
PICCADILLY, W.
June 1, 1886.

DEAR MISS WHEELER,—You have my entire permission to refer to me as often as you like—provided it be in flattering terms. There will be no need of my bearing witness that you are all that is most charming—for you can convince them of that without difficulty. In short, let me be of service to you in any way, Miss Dora Wheeler, that I can and I shall be only too glad.

With kindest regards to your mother,
Faithfully yours,

J. A. LOWELL.

XV

A SUMMER IN "BROADWAY"

WHEN the painting of portraits was finished and there remained three months before we must sail for New York, we decided to spend it in the lovely old village of Broadway, where the Millets had been established for several years, and where other friends from home had taken rooms at the "Lygon Arms" for the summer.

Mr. Millet had leased a comfortable English country place during the time that the old monastery which he had bought was being rebuilt to fit the needs of an American family. The long-dead monks, who lie somewhere in lost consecrated ground, would have been horrified at the advent of these new people from a land of savages; and if their ghosts ever revisit it, and wander hungrily into the great refectory—the proportions of which suggest vastness of appetites as well as of numbers—and are in such contrast to the little cells of solitude—how they must long to enter upon the work of conversion, sharing the while the warmth and creature comforts the savages

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have introduced. For my own part, I cannot even fancy the Millets being converted to anything without a mental shudder, they are so eminently satisfactory just as they are! Perfect human magnets, drawing to them other delightful and irresistible painting and writing people, both English and American, with whom it is good to be.

In the "Lyggon Arms" were just the few friends whom we have selected from the hundred millions of souls in our beloved land, for both pleasurable and profitable companionship. The party included the Samuel Cabots, of Boston, the painter Edwin Blashfield and his lovely wife, the R. U. Johnsons, and that live spark of a woman, Mary Mapes Dodge.

The inn was venerable, but comfortable, in spite of narrow halls and uneven floors, where the knots of old oak plants stood up in hillocks and the straight grain of them ran in narrow valleys, the fiber having been kicked into dust by century-dead English feet. It was all so old that it was new and gave even the impression of originality. When a little glass window was dug out of a thick outside wall, to brighten the darkness of a closet, we were as excited as if we had come upon a "private hoard." It had been plastered up years ago to avoid the "window tax" which Cobbett inveighs against in his rare old book, *Cottage Economy*, in the chapter teaching cottagers how to manufacture "rush lights."

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I knew my Cobbett, for it was one of the few books outside of the Bible and religious literature allowed us when I was a child. Thanks to Cobbett, I knew all about window taxes and the various sorts of taxes which made the heart of that lover of people burn within him in the days when the masses had no share in lawmaking. And the modern taxing system was one of the underlying, half-hidden differences which made England new to us. So many little differences! The tax on the luxury of man-servants, on chronometers, on family seals for watch-chains, on "spring vehicles"—these individual taxes, allowed by the people because they aimed at the rich instead of the poor, were so new to us; they pointed backward to days of small oppressions which existed before America was born and which were perhaps partly responsible for its separate existence.

The broad, green street which stretched itself in front of the inn was so regardless of limit as to be almost a square, and the space immediately in front was littered with venerable oaken chairs and a dozen or more of tall jet-black greyhounds, whose air of at-homeness suggested that they might be half-human, four-legged patrons of the house left over from its earlier history. The occasional rustic occupants of the chairs, who regarded us ruminantly, added to the dreaminess of effect which dominated us; and at night the whining and wow-wow-ing of the pack of hounds

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in the quarters across the broad waste of street, and the baby clamor of the puppy hounds, carried the dream along. We fairly groped, in the ancient atmosphere of the inn, and felt a faint shock of surprise at the presence of friends at the table in the little breakfast-parlor devoted to "foreigners." Also the sight of a little American boy "cavorting around" and claiming the earth was decidedly incongruous. He happened to be the future Owen Johnson, novelist, and at this moment I am holding my breath to remember that I advised his mother to chastise this coming celebrity, on the one or two occasions which seemed to call for it. The pressure of the dream made us of the elder generation walk softly, but this bud of promise apparently did not feel it.

The Old World effect of Broadway was intensified when I wandered through it with Mr. Millet, visiting the old, old church and its stone-walled inclosure, which was fairly bursting with graves. I fancied some of them must open and let out some later tenant, who would go complaining up and down the streets at the insufficiency of the space allowed him. It was like an incident in a dream to remember the reticent quiet of old "Bonaventure" in far-off Savannah, with its decency of repose and its gray and pendulous veils of moss waving from the outstretched arms of the live-oaks. A too populous graveyard is not to my liking!

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Broadway became like an illustrated "article" in some magazine when I saw old men and women sitting in "ingle-nooks," and cottages with tiled roofs and bits of sculptured stone, filched from some time-ruined castle, built into their plastered outer walls.

Mr. Millet was evidently a welcome visitor in these cottages; he had painted every picturesque bit of house or humanity. He was a part of their daily lives, a kindly and beneficent part of it, and we were accepted as his friends. Every laborer returning from his day's work, with a handkerchief full of freshly gathered field mushrooms hanging from his wrist, greeted him with friendly respect.

The undulating country was green with pastures or yellow with wheat, the heavy crops bisected by sharply cut, foot-wide, "right-of-way" parts, so niggardly in width as to challenge their own existence. This again was a little compromise between ancient and modern life. The paths existed—they were "rights," and no great lord could gainsay them—but they were, oh, so narrow!

This was old, old England, but the atmosphere was sharply changed when we entered the Millet gate in the afternoon, found pretty Mrs. Millet waiting at her garden tea-table, and joined the group of friends. They were sipping tea, and looking over one another's sketches, and discussing them, full of the alertness of creative art. Even the young London model, discreetly withdrawn

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into the summer-house with her cup of tea, was not out of keeping with a painter's summer establishment in America. There was always a notable convocation of painters and people who "do things," in the Millet house, of an afternoon. They were Abbey, and Alfred Parsons, and Sargent, and Blashfield, and Mr. and Mrs. Alma Tadema and their daughter—all painters—down from London for a week-end holiday; and the many-gifted host himself, painter and writer and man of affairs and man of men. Who among his gifted and brilliant friends touched so many of the keys of life?

Sometimes Madam Navarro drove over to afternoon tea and bestowed her loveliness upon this most appreciative group, and those were star occasions. To be "the most beautiful" rarely happens among women, but when Mary Anderson grew into womanhood — line and contour and movement and illumination all combined to that end—just to look at her was an exciting pleasure. How delightful are human beings when one can pick and choose among them!

I remember, too, the evenings spent in the opening, studying moonlight and lamplight effects among the enormous poppies which were in blossom in the garden, each one like a flower-moon upon a poppy stalk. Sargent painted it—a picture of shadows, and illuminations of color, with the Millet children wandering among the poppy-heads carrying lanterns—and to-day it is to be

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seen in the Tate Gallery in London. Everybody painted that garden, but I especially remember Sargent's, not only for its extraordinary color, but also because it was permanently placed and one could always see it.

There were occasional dances in the studio, and if you were of the inner circle you might see these boys at play. I remember one evening when Tadema introduced what he called "the hat dance." As a preliminary, every one fitted himself or herself out with one of the costumes—and they were of all periods—which hung in a line around the studio walls. When all were ready a large old hat which had belonged to some prebendary of previous centuries was laid upon the floor in the center of the room. We made a hand-joined dancing-ring around it, and Sargent played for the circle, which danced across and across the breadth, and up and down the length, of the room. The game was to avoid touching or misplacing the hat. Of course this led to all sorts of leaps and springs, very amusing and not so difficult for the men, but impossible to skirts; and upon our remonstrance, Mr. Tadema put himself in a woman's costume to show us how easily it could be done. As he gathered it together, and his short, rather stout figure leaped the obstacle, it was the most ludicrous and fun-provoking spectacle, and so we danced and laughed long into the summer night.

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Mrs. Tadema was a cream-colored beauty, truly a beauty. With a bunch of tea-roses at her throat, she was just another one of their kind.

Mr. Tadema, like most figure-painters, was a color fanatic about textiles, and I showed him some of the combined color and design experiments which the Cheney silk-manufacturers made for "The Associated Artists" of New York. They were lengths of what we had named "shadow silks," for the design ran constantly into iridescent changes of color, and they appeared in light and shadow where the line of form was plainly visible, or disappeared with every change of light. He was quite as enthusiastic about these new weavings as I could wish, and we tried them on Mrs. Tadema's creamy whiteness with great effect. The gold and gold-browns of her eyes and hair and her creaminess of complexion were intensified by the changing luster of the textiles, until Mr. Tadema's enthusiasm called together the color-loving circle of painters, who showered all sorts of rainbow epithets upon the lady and the weavings.

It is interesting to look back to that time and follow along the line of development of each of the men who composed the group. At that period the school of mural painting had no existence in America. Abbey was a prominent and successful illustrator, and had achieved for himself a method which distinguished his work from all others. A

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sure expression by line gave his drawings something of the character of etchings, his exhaustive study of periods of costume and interior architecture, added to an almost instinctive knowledge of the bodily and facial expression of human emotion, made them permanently valuable. I have sometimes wondered if he saw himself at that period the great decorative painter which he afterward became. Did the enormous spread of color and composition which appears on the walls of the Boston Library foreshadow itself to him on the small pages of his block of drawing-paper as he composed and elaborated his Shakespearian illustrations? Yes, I wonder.

I have wondered also whether Edwin Blashfield foresaw at that time his own great ability to paint dreams of color and idealize dramas of American history for the walls of national and state buildings; or if that beloved of men, Frank Millet, found the seed of his beautiful decorations in Baltimore in the small interior scenes of English life he was painting in that delectable village of England. Sargent alone seems to have had the future well open in his hand. His mastery of interpretation and representation of humanity was as broad and complete in every portrait he painted as in the solemn figures of the prophets which illuminate the Library of our classic city.

The evolution of art into the larger aspect of mural painting was in the near future. The idea

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had its American birth in the ambitious hour of 1893 when Chicago determined to outdo every previous exposition in any country; to accomplish this was to give art an opportunity of expression in all of its forms. When mural painting was called for, no one of our painters had actually practised it, but their study had included the achievements of the Old World and of the immortal painters who covered ceilings and walls of the cathedrals and palaces of Rome, Florence, and Venice with the frescoes which are the heritage of to-day, as the best of our work of to-day will be the heritage of to-morrow and succeeding to-morrows.

Our summer in Broadway was a happy conclusion to the season in London—the painting of some of the literary celebrities of the period, and the visits to the studios of London painters. We knew the history and minds of the painters in Broadway. They were brothers in the sense of being of the same race, and we were rich in the pride and joy of it. We had appreciated a near view of the creators of English art and letters, but we had not known their lives and the influences which gave their work character and color, as we did those of our own painters. We had neither been born nor invited into the mental laboratories where these influences were mixed, but all the same it was a privilege to see the miracle of creation even as we looked. This was the sum-

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ming up of the summer as we came sailing home-
ward, every day bringing us nearer to the land
of our birth and the country of our love, and I
left it in Mrs. Millet's visitors' book.

To a summer that draws to its close
Full of joys as a full-hearted rose
Is of leaves.
Days fall softly apart
Like leaves from rose-heart
Each fragrant of that it bereaves.

When we left Broadway Mr. Abbey told us he had given Mr. James Osgood, of Boston, a letter of introduction to us. As we already knew him to be a friend of many of our preferred friends, we lost no time, with his apparent acquiescence, in getting in touch with him. He was a charming man; spontaneously sympathetic, generous of judgment to all human idiosyncrasies, and broadly awake to the superiority of certain favorites of the gods whom we, too, loved. As to his kindly attentions, he fully justified Mr. Abbey's letter, and we fell into a real and satisfactory friendship. I append the Abbey letter.

RUSSELL HOUSE,
BROADWAY,
WORCESTERSHIRE,
Wednesday.

DEAR MRS. WHEELER,—This will be handed you by a very dear friend of mine, Mr. James A. Osgood, whom I am sure you will find a very pleasant young man to cross the

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ocean with. He carries shawls and wraps very well, and is very clever at weeding out steamer chairs.

Will you kindly remember me to Miss Wheeler and Miss Stimpson, and believe me to be,

Very faithfully yours,

EDWIN A. ABBEY.

There was another happening of the voyage, which had the charm of novelty, since the subject of it was an Englishman who proved to belong to that variety of humanity whom we always instinctively select as friends—the broad-minded, kind-hearted, clever-thoughted, *good people*. I saw him striding up and down the deck, during the first days of our voyage, and noticed him simply as an agreeable specimen of the traveling Englishman—large and healthy and somewhat rustic-looking; and then I saw him take a fretful child of about two years of age from the arms of a pale, seasick nurse. He simply picked up the child and strode on, up and down the long deck, talking to it cheerfully, until the companionship evidently became a pleasure to both; then, after a good half-hour of cheery transportation, he returned the unwilling child to the wretched nurse. After another half-hour of tramp he dropped into a sea-chair near me and fumbled in his pocket for a book. Somehow the sight of it was encouraging, and I spoke:

"It was awfully good of you to take that child and walk with it," I said.

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He turned a rugged, blue-eyed face toward me.

"The nurse hasn't got her sea legs on," said he, "and she is a poor thing!"

That was the beginning. He turned the cover of the book toward me and asked me if I had seen it. Fortunately I had. It was a newly published volume of Henly's poems, and we talked about it. He was a mine of pleasant information, all of it tinged with enthusiasm. He talked of books and travel and ships, and the travel was largely colored with voyaging; I reflected that an Englishman had to go everywhere by water. After our chat was ended, and Dora and Mr. Osgood, who had been tramping the deck, returned to sit with me, Mr. Osgood asked:

"Do you know the name of your English friend?"

"No, but he is an awfully interesting man. Do you know?"

"Lord Brassey."

"Lord Brassey of the *Sunbeam*?"

"The same."

"Goodness!" said I. "I feel like going and thanking him for talking to me! There are endless things I am going to find out—whether Lady Brassey wrote *The Voyage of the Sunbeam* while they were actually at sea, and just where and how she got the great scarlet cloak of feather-work which is in the museum at Manchester, and all about everything. And do you know, he is booky!"

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"Good!" said Mr. Osgood. "That is where I come in."

The acquaintance progressed very satisfactorily. We found that he knew the Crosby Browns, and his opinion of them coincided exactly with ours. He knew the rose-garden at Orange, and the dear and hospitable "Brighthurst," and I told him beautiful stories of the parents of both of these dear friends, of the father and mother Brown so simple and high-thoughted, and of the maternal father and mother, the Reverend Doctor Adams and his wife, the two most beautiful old people I had ever seen. We agreed that children with two such generations behind them should and probably would be a heritage of value to the world; and I must stop talking about Lord Brassey long enough to say that they *are* and have been.

Here was good, safe ground for the beginning of an acquaintance which lasted long after the voyage of the *Germanic*. Lady Brassey sent us a copy of her book and her photograph, and the letters which brought them had the engraved heading of "The Sunbeam"; so the letters and pictures became part of the record of a happy summer. Here is one of them:

Address NORMANHURST COURT

BATTLE, SUSSEX.

Sunbeam R. Y. S., 28th Sept.

DEAR MISS WHEELER,—After a rapid passage, I landed in Liverpool yesterday morning. At sea I read some things

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of Shelley's. I send two extracts. Possibly they may be appropriate to the picture which I saw on your easel, and which the custode told me you had commenced since your return home.

I write from Shrewsbury. This afternoon I meet my wife on the *Sunbeam* at Southampton. I shall have many things to tell her, and nothing will interest her so much as the descriptions I shall give of one or two charming and kind people whom I met on board the *Germanic*. It would be nice for you to send photographs of your father, mother, and yourself to my wife. With every good wish,

Always very sincerely yours,

BRASSEY.

Remember me most particularly to your parents.

My days in London were not entirely concerned with living authors and artists, enticing as they were, for London is peopled with the great personalities who speak through their works. The bodily voice so inadequate as an interpreter of the highest inspiration had long been stilled, and the obedient hands which wielded the painter's brush or the sculptor's chisel or the pen of power are crumbled into dust, but the incomparable thought which guided them still soars and sings. I felt their great utterances as I sat in the museums where they abode, in the places where are gathered the great of the human society of the centuries. I used to wonder if these crystallized aspirations had a voice for one another, a language which is eternal and which can answer the one to the other. To be in these places in our own small

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temporary bodies is to resemble children looking through a window at some great scene of high society. I had many such thoughts as I sat among them day by day and tried to listen humbly with my human understanding. When I read of picture auctions where astonishing sums of money are exchanged for the possession of some perfect expressions of master-thought, I realize that the value exchanged is adequate—not as money, but as the reach of an appreciative soul toward something far above, toward the highest. My study in the Museum of London seemed to develop along the form of artistic thought embodied in tapestries, and finally to center upon Raphael's "Miraculous Draught of Fishes." I had always loved it, perhaps because it was a frontispiece of the old Bible from which we read at family prayers when I was a child (I can see the old wood-cut now, the brown paper, and the coarse black lines of it), and when I saw the cartoon which was the master's own, the full-size cartoon which hangs in one of the British galleries, I was never tired of studying it and the tapestry woven from it. I realized that the cartoon was an enlarged copy made from the original sketch, but I could fancy it made in Raphael's own studio, by his own pupils, under his very eyes, and guided by his voice. An audacious thought of following his thought in a new creation was born into my mind and I mothered it. I had two large photographs

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made from the cartoon, and I copied one of them in water-color, following the original in devotion and humility of spirit. When it was done I was satisfied with it, and, hugging my project, I laid both securely away under my best dresses in the bottom tray of my trunk.

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like Fair
IN spite of the fascinations of travel, I found myself, even during the voyage homeward, eager to begin new experiments in textiles, and to be back in the home and studio, where so many of our interests centered. Ideas suggested by the study of the creations of all periods and races were bubbling in my mind and demanded trial. Threads of cotton and wool and silk, with their myriad possibilities of expression, haunted me like attenuated ghosts. To invest fibers, of whatever origin, with the bliss of color and subject them to the magic of machinery and the manipulations of living fingers became a constant and insistent challenge to my powers of invention and co-ordination.

The fact of being in some sort a pioneer of textile art in America gave impulse to my activities; so I plunged anew into the work of designing, and of teaching and preaching to my willing band of coadjutors; I was happy with the creator's happiness, that little shred of direct inheritance

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from the great Creator who surveyed His work and found it good.

Twice a month I lectured to the classes of the "Artist Artisans," gave occasional talks to the girl pupils of the Cooper Institute, and constantly wrote upon the subjects of industrial efforts for women of farm-houses, trying to invest their work with the charm of improvement. I wrote a little book upon *Farm-house Industries and Domestic Weavings*, and a more important one upon *The Principles of Decoration*, which was intended for art students. I studied home dyeing and weaving, and was greatly pleased to find that the indigo dyes and plantation weaving, which had originated one of the most reliable cotton fabrics in the whole history of manufacture, still existed. This fabric, known as "Kentucky jean," "blue jean," and afterward as "blue denim," came into quite prominent use for the furnishing of yachts and for domestic purposes requiring strength and endurance as well as beauty. We found it possible to extract its blue in lines of design, and some of our best patterns were devoted to this purpose. One of these, known as "the fish design," where large and smaller fish were moving in circling lines of water and globules of spray, was a favorite with architects and decorators. To my joy and pride, it was pronounced by Mr. Drake, who governed the renaissance of wood-engraving inaugurated by the *Century* magazine, "the best

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manufacturing design ever made out of Japan." I know it was used as an argument in the plea for a free-art tariff, because this application of good art to a very meritorious cotton enhanced its value to ten times the original cost.

My efforts toward promoting the growth of manufacturing design were greatly aided by the publication in *Harper's Weekly* of full-page designs for embroidery, with comprehensive notes, including instructions as to general application of color to material as well as to method and stitchery. This, of course, gave a certain authority to my advice and made it much more effective. In fact, all the influences which at this period were brought to bear upon the art of embroidery—including the establishment of many state and city "societies of decorative art"—resulted in a school of American embroidery which made its place in the needlework art of the world.

I was able to judge of this by the large opportunities of the Columbian Fair, where the best of the world's needlework was brought together. American embroidery had held its own, quite indisputably, in all the tested rules and qualities of this fascinating art.

In the course of my investigations in home-dyeing and weaving I found that the dyes used in our Puritan household were still held in esteem. The indigo, the madder, the butternut yellow and walnut brown, were felt to be the most re-

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liable dyes for wool or cotton, in spite of the gradual adoption by manufacturers of cheap chemical dyes "made in Germany." Indeed, I am even now wondering why we should have become dependent upon Germany for staple dyes when better and far more reliable ones could be produced in our own country. This is especially true of indigo, the king of all dyes, and the favorite associate of cotton. Why should the old indigo-vats be allowed to go to dust on many a Southern plantation, and cotton be clothed with an unreliable violet-blue from Germany? Remember that the indigo blue only grows more heaven blue in color as it is subjected to sun and soap.

If one is working from a conviction, it is pleasant to be assured of its truth, and I was perhaps unreasonably pleased at a letter which came with a small rug I had ordered from Maine, and which seemed to me to amply justify my efforts in the direction of domestic art.

I am always wide awake to home-made things, and, having seen an exceptionally colored and well-designed rug in the house of a friend, and learning that it was a specialty of a small town where she had spent the summer, I wrote and ordered one and asked questions about its production.

This was the answer:

DEAR MRS. WHEELER,—You will not remember me under a married name, but I was one of the pupils to whom you

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lectured at "The Artist Artisans," and in your last talk to us you said: "When you go home don't waste your time trying to paint pictures, for there are perhaps as many men and women as the world needs painting pictures. Of course there will be some among you who cannot help painting, who are drawn to it and driven to it by some inner force stronger than you, but if that impulse is not too strong, apply your knowledge in art to some domestic process if it is only a patchwork quilt. Make it hold all you have learned, make it more beautiful than any quilt you have ever seen, and your art study will have been justified because you have applied it."

When I went home I found that "pulled rugs" was the favorite home industry, and that they were constantly sold, although to my mind they are abominably ugly. I decided to see how good a rug I could make, so I bought coarse serge of good colors, cut it into narrow strips, studied out a suitable design, and made it. Now I have seven women working for me and every rug is sold, sometimes before it is finished. I am glad you like them well enough to try one.

Yours very truly,

I think we two, the lecturer and the pupil, laughed together, although we were several hundred miles apart, and that my joy was the greater of the two.

The work of "The Associated Artists" went on in constantly enlarging lines of artistic experiment. We added interior decoration to our list of accomplishments, and had much to do with making that form of art a profession for women. Women were not then and perhaps are not now sufficiently instructed in art knowledge to be equal to the interior finishing and furnishing of what may be

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called mansions, meaning edifices of an importance so far beyond domesticity as to bring them into an official or semi-official category. Domestic interiors, however, fall naturally within the grasp of women, and I look forward to the time when the education and training of women decorators will fit them for public as well as for private patronage.

Facilities for such study are increasing, and my earnest and open-eyed student may have access to museums and libraries which give both theory and history, with illuminatory illustrations of the art.

The Misses Hewitt, granddaughters of Peter Cooper, who are the capable inheritors of that great public benefaction, "The Cooper Union," have established within it a cabinetmaking department which affords instruction in mechanical and architectural drawing, and includes an exhaustive library and museum of examples of the best in ancient and modern furniture; it is a veritable lighthouse to groping students.

It should be as much a matter of course for a woman to be educated with reference to a profession as for a boy to prepare himself by special study for his future. Present life demands trained labor from every member of society, and if a woman does not marry she has every incitement to become an earner. Even if a girl marries, there are two periods in her life when it is important to her-

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self and the world that she should do something well. One comes in a prolonged girlhood, a period of uncertainty which is apt to be restless and unhappy if entirely devoid of the interest of doing; the other is the time when the children are grown up and the experienced and intelligent mother has no alternative but to place her abilities at the service of organized charity, the latter being often over-provided with capable helpers. In short, it seems to me that every woman as well as man should have special training in some craft or profession, so that her life may not become, at some unfortunate period, a burden to herself and to others. This is a long digression, but it belongs to the time of my life when I saw that changed conditions demanded a certain preparedness which had not been necessary to previous generations.

Nothing could better emphasize the difference between the leisure habit of women in the past and the usefulness of to-day than an exclamation of Mrs. Custer at a luncheon in my house, when old conditions still had their influence. We were a company of perhaps a dozen authors, editors, writers, artists, and the like—Mrs. Custer herself, Mrs. Dodge, Kate Field, Mrs. Sangster, Kate Douglas Wiggin, and others—all good friends and all busy and capable women. Mrs. Custer looked across the table. "Why," said she, "we are all working-women; *not a lady among us!*"

The period which followed the twenty years of

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my middle life and its activities brought me to the verge of the meagerly peopled land of old age, and although shorn of much that had interested and occupied me, these were far from being unhappy years. We traveled very constantly, my dear man and I, far and wide over our own country; partly because it held all that was dear to us, partly because we felt competent to judge it by comparison with other countries of the earth, and partly to see if it held anywhere a climate that was perfection and people whose small differences were stimulating. We found them—all sorts of climates with their variously flavored virtues, and all sorts of people grafted and grown on our pure American stock. Our children were almost middle-aged people, and our grandchildren were young folks out in the world, and we were walking on its farther edge. The backward view was very pleasant and we held each other's hands as we looked forward. I was as much in love with women as ever, and cared as much for what should befall them. My own past experiences and efforts gave me friends among the kind of women I liked everywhere. It was a sort of aftermath of my years which I greatly enjoyed and am still enjoying. So we journeyed on happily together, my mate and I, and saw all the wonders of our wonderful land. We both loved travel and people, and we were such good friends, such old friends, that our companionship was company.

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There were summers and summers that we spent at Onteora, breakfasting together in our high, east, off-looking loggia, looking away at the misty distances we were no longer able to travel, and talking over the days when we could and did climb mountains and tread the valleys.

And then came a time when I could no longer say "We," and I found myself in a lonesome land where no one remembered that I had ever been young, or called me by my given name.

It is years since then and yet I am not unhappy or neglected, for, blessed be motherhood! my children's friends motor out to dear old "Nestle-down," partly, no doubt, from an impulse of kindness, and also because they came long ago when they were girls; they flatter me with attentions and tell me how dear Mr. Wheeler was to them in the old days; they praise everything within and without the old home; they wonder at the trees, the great tulip-tree, the wide arches of the "weeping" beech, and the tall, feathery spruce and tamaracks, every one of which I planted; they fill the motor with big boxes of peonies the roots of which came from the old Delaware farm, and the rare lemon-lilies which I put into the ground seventy years ago; and as they drive away, waving their hands from the turn of the highroad, I step back into the sweet flower-brightened rooms filled with shadowy men and

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women who were some of them beautiful and some of them brilliant, and all of them well-beloved friends of my dear man and me.

In retracing the long pathway of my life as I have been doing the past few months, I find cause for surprise at its varied aspects and changes, and more than all at its fullness of companionship. There is a stilled chorus of voices shut in the small trunk where for many years I have laid away my letters, voices which made music for the world as well as for me during those busy years. In the quiet of these latter days I have been hearing them again, rising up one after another with familiar tones and personal accents. Here is a little voice from one of McEntee's letters written from Rome in 1860 during his first trip abroad.

"I think better of our art, of my art, after seeing what these foreign fellows are doing; we are painting what we see and feel in our own way without being cramped by traditions. I am satisfied with it; it is good; we are on the right track." At the close of the letter comes a little homesick clause: "I know what I want. It is a little piece of New York dock-plank under my feet."

Everybody loved McEntee. The pensiveness and sincerity of his pictures were a part of himself.

And there are letters from all the gay young painters of the Tenth Street building at home and

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abroad, and the group of *Century* writers who loved to come out and picnic in our woods; from the more staid and individual older men, Bryant and Stedman and Lowell; and from women—dear women—from Mary Mapes Dodge, whose very sentences jingled, from Ruth McEnery Stuart, whose letters laughed and were unspeakably witty in darky dialect; from decided and forceful Kate Field, whose letters *made* you do what she thought you should; and from dear “Libbie” Custer, always friendly and loving, like her dear, inestimable self.

Why should I even mention them? Their speech was for me, but many of their voices are stilled and the very names they bore are detached from the souls I knew. Yet, even though they are nameless, I think I shall know them without their human labels in the wide land of souls toward which we are all tending. Sometimes I do meet them in dreams, and we greet one another as if it were but yesterday that we lived together, and I am always cheered and heartened by the meeting. I wake and for a few moments I am back in a populous world, instead of the sparsely inhabited land of old age.

I think the world in general hardly realizes how few of its people are more than middle or early-old-aged. If I were to “speak out in meeting,” as uncalled for and unexpected speech was characterized in my childhood, I should say